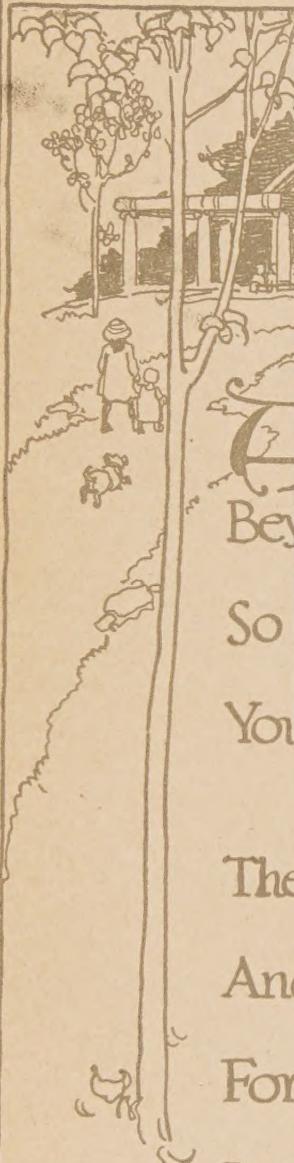




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And no one ever bends or tears
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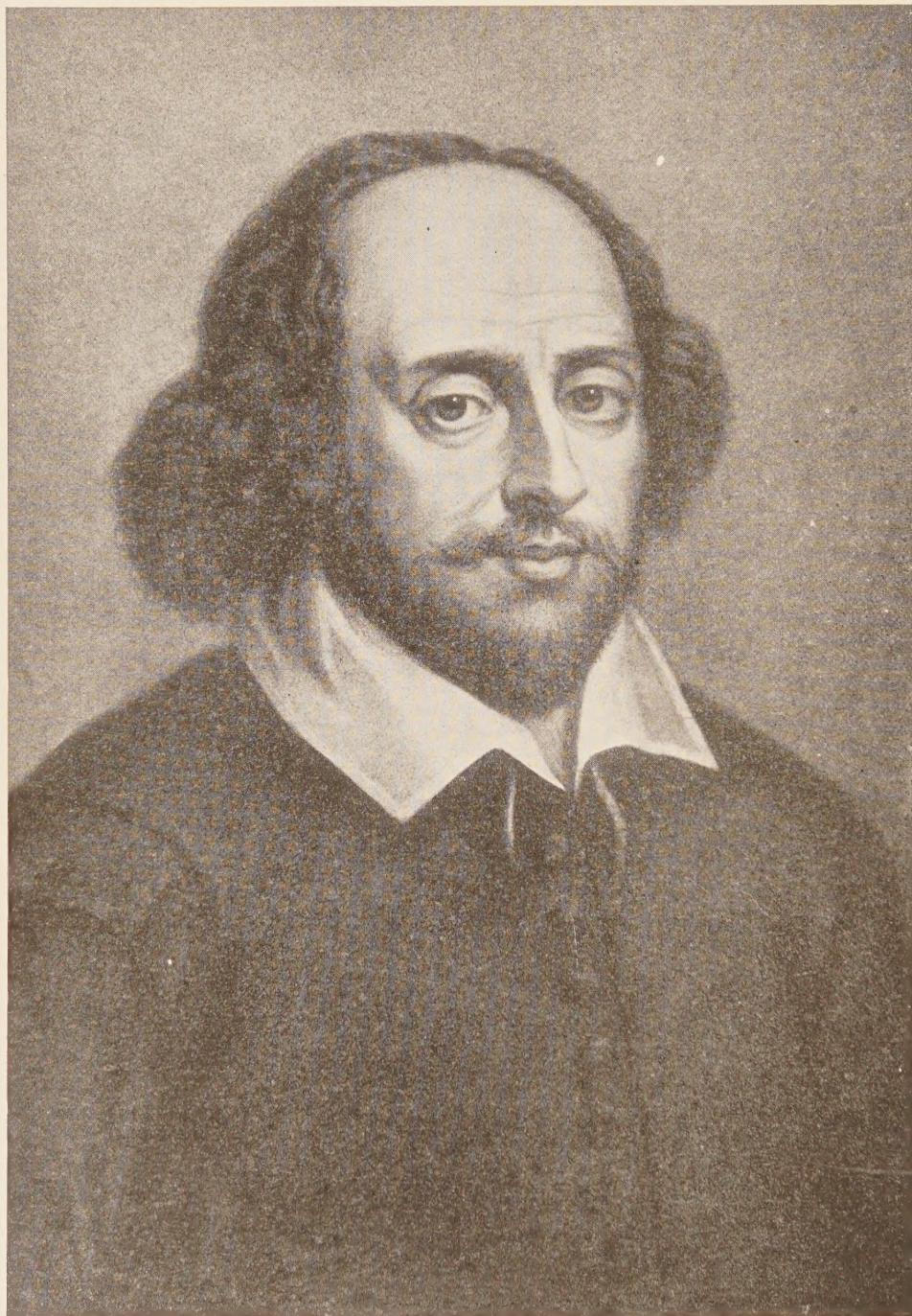




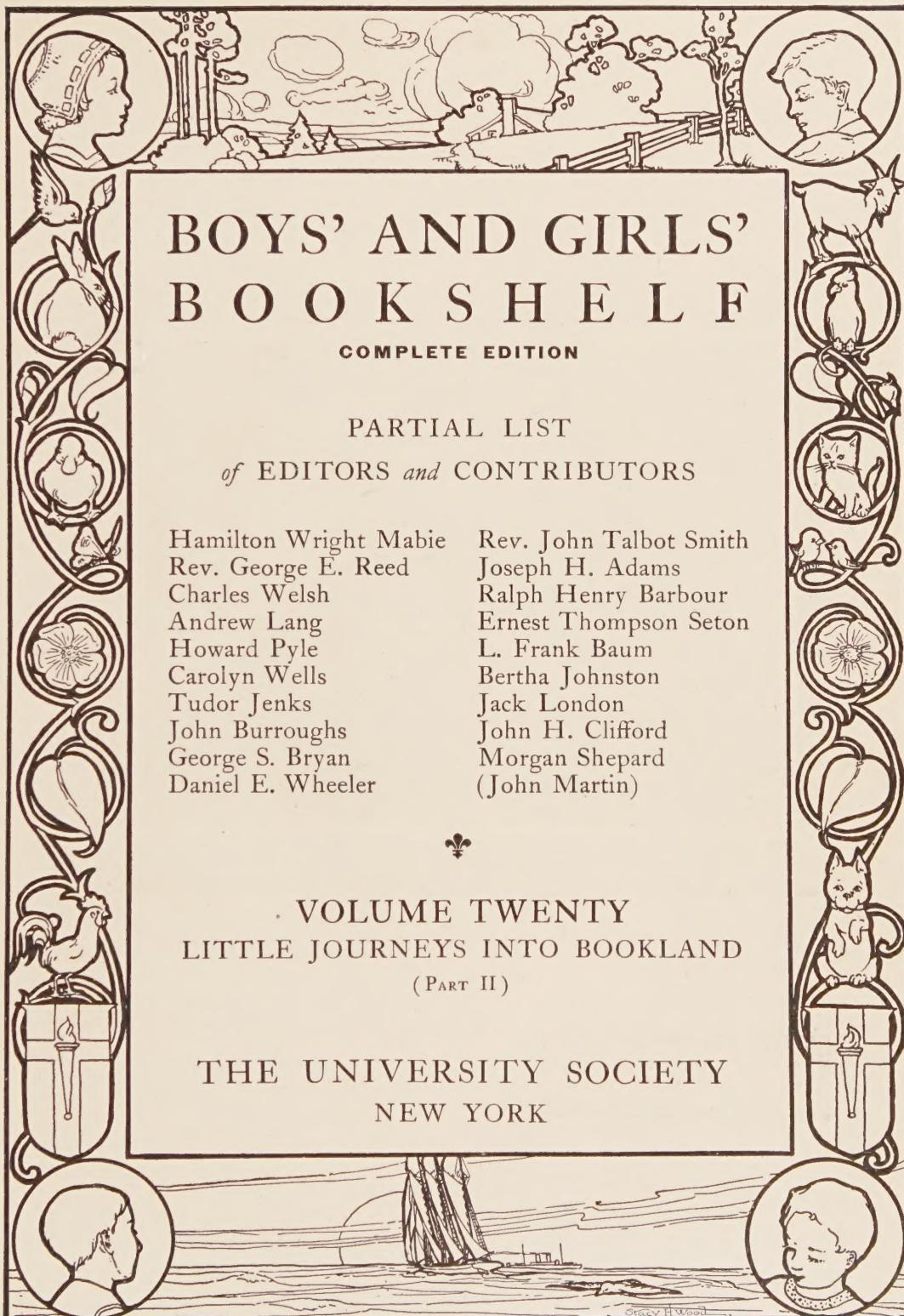
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VOLUME TWENTY LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO BOOKLAND (PART II)

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STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE FOR LITTLE FOLK

PART II

LITTLE TOMMY'S MONDAY MORNING

(*In a meter neither new nor difficult*)

BY TUDOR JENKS

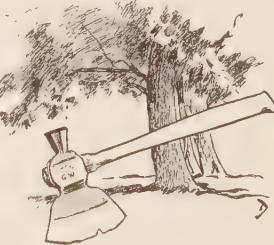
ALL was well on Sunday morning,
All was quiet Sunday evening;
But, behold, quite early Monday



Came a queer, surprising Weakness—
Weakness seizing little Tommy!
It came shortly after breakfast—
Breakfast with wheat-cakes and honey

Eagerly devoured by
Tommy,
Who till then was
well as could be.
Then, without a mo-
ment's warning,
Like a sneeze, that
awful Aw-choo!

Came this Weakness on poor Tommy.
"Mother, dear," he whined, "dear mother,
I am feeling rather strangely—
Don't know what 's the matter with me—
My right leg is out of kilter,
While my ear—my left ear—itches.
Don't you know that queerish feeling?"
"Not exactly," said his mother.
"Does your head ache, Tommy dearest?"
Little Thomas, always
truthful,
Would not say his
head was aching,
For, you know, it
really was n't.
"No, it does n't ache,"
he answered
(Thinking of that
noble story
Of the Cherry-tree and Hatchet);
"But I 'm tired, and I 'm sleepy,
And my shoulder 's rather achy.
Don't you think perhaps I 'd better
Stay at home with you, dear mother?"



Thoughtfully his mother questioned,
"How about your school, dear Tommy?
Do you wish to miss your lessons?"
"Well, you know," was Tommy's answer,
"Saturday we played at football;
I was tired in the evening,
So I did n't learn my lessons—
Left them all for Monday morning,
Monday morning bright and early—"
"And this morning you slept over?"
So his mother interrupted.
"Yes, mama," admitted Tommy.
"So I have not learned my lessons;



And I 'd better wait till Tuesday.
Tuesday I can start in earnest—
Tuesday when I 'm feeling brighter!"

Smilingly his mother eyed him,
Then she said, "Go ask your father—
You will find him in his study,
Adding up the week's expenses.
See what father says about it."



Toward the door went Tommy slowly,
Seized the knob as if to turn it.
Did not turn it; but, returning,
Back he came unto his mother.
"Mother," said he, very slowly,
"Mother, I don't feel so badly;
Maybe I 'll get through my
lessons.
Anyway, I think I 'll risk it.
Have you seen my books, dear
mother—
My Geography and Speller,
History and Definitions,—
Since I brought them home on
Friday?"
No. His mother had not seen
them.
Then began a search by Tommy.
Long he searched, almost
despairing,
While the clock was striking
loudly.

And at length when Tommy found them—
Found his books beneath the sofa—
He 'd forgotten all his Weakness,
Pains and aches were quite forgotten.
At full speed he hastened schoolward.
But in vain, for he was tardy,
All because of that strange Weakness
He had felt on Monday morning.



Would you know the
name that 's given,
How they call that
curious feeling?
'T is the dreaded
"Idon'twantto"—
Never fatal, but quite
common
To the tribe of Very-
lazy.
Would you know the
charm that cures it—
Cures the Weakness "Idon'twantto"?
It is known as "Butyou'vegottto,"
And no boy should be without it.



Now you know the curious legend
Of the paleface little Tommy,
Of his Weakness and its curing
By the great charm "Butyou'vegottto."
Think of it on Monday mornings—
It will save you lots of trouble.

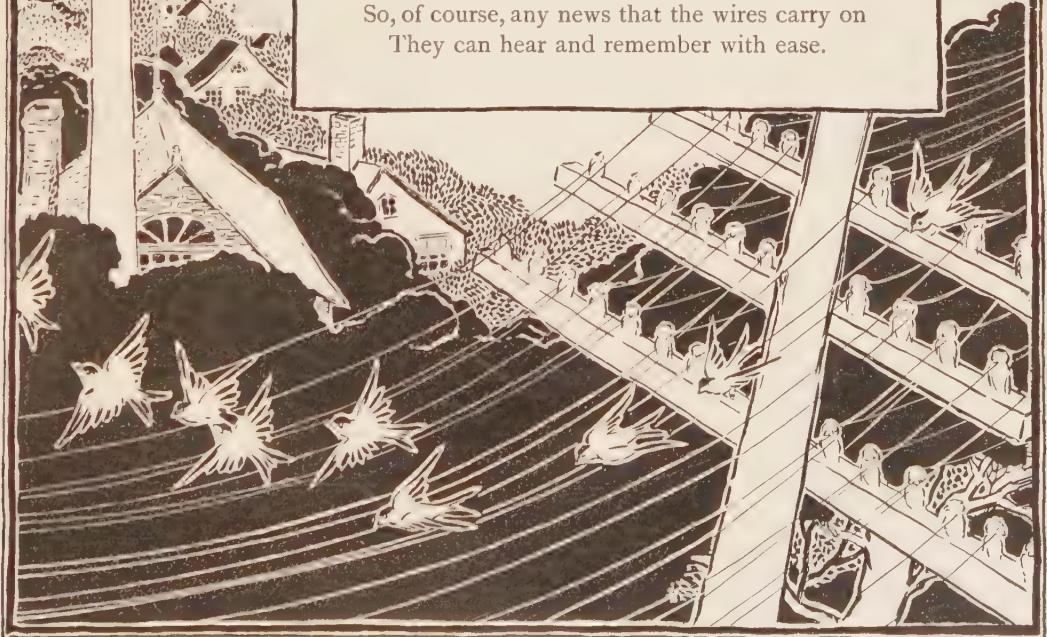
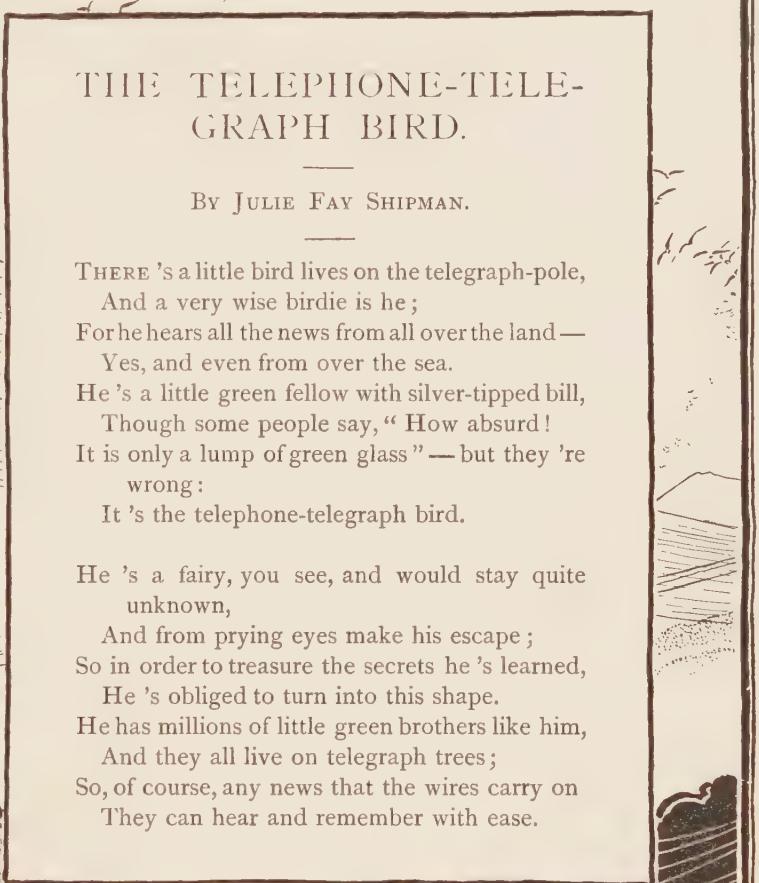
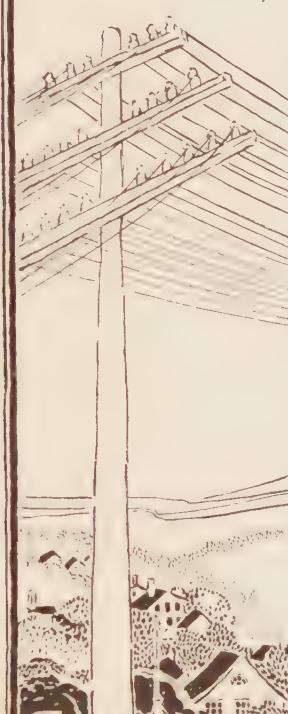


THE TELEPHONE-TELEGRAPH BIRD.

BY JULIE FAY SHIPMAN.

THERE 's a little bird lives on the telegraph-pole,
And a very wise birdie is he ;
For he hears all the news from all over the land —
Yes, and even from over the sea.
He 's a little green fellow with silver-tipped bill,
Though some people say, " How absurd !
It is only a lump of green glass " — but they 're
wrong :
It 's the telephone-telegraph bird.

He 's a fairy, you see, and would stay quite
unknown,
And from prying eyes make his escape ;
So in order to treasure the secrets he 's learned,
He 's obliged to turn into this shape.
He has millions of little green brothers like him,
And they all live on telegraph trees ;
So, of course, any news that the wires carry on
They can hear and remember with ease.



FOLLOW ME!

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

CHILDREN go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright;
'T is a happy sight,
Swiftly turning round and round,
Never look upon the ground;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done,
Play's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a happy little band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free;
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "Twice two";
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as larks upon the wing;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

DAYS AND MONTHS

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS!

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

FOLLOW ME!

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
If he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
With a lul-la-la-by,

With such a dainty curious tone,
As Jack sat on her knee,
That soon, ere he could go alone,
He sung as well as she.

A pretty boy of curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit
In Christmas holidays.

When friends they did together meet,
To pass away the time—
Why, little Jack, be sure, would eat
His Christmas pie in rhyme.

He said, "Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,
And with his thumbs pulls out the plums,
And says, 'Good boy am I!'"

THE LITTLE MAN AND HIS GUN

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And he saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
To his good wife Joan,
And bid her make a fire for to bake, bake, bake,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go fetch her next the drake, drake, drake.

The drake had gone to sail,
With his nice curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark.
But he let off his gun,
And he fired too soon,
So the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

JACK HORNER

"TRADE-LAST."

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



LP

"My frock is green."
"My frock is blue."
"You look pretty."
"So do you."

GOING INTO BREECHES
BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

Joy to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Redcoat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade;
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games
And forget their very names;
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;
Leap-frog, football sport away at;
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady;
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature.
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

RAINBOW SIGNS

RAINBOW at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow at morning,
Sailors, take warning.

HUNTING SONG
BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'T is you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn,
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

THE COW

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

THE REASON WHY

"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why did n't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't *you* like to tell?"
"I did n't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause it was me that fell!"

THE LITTLE DUTCHESS

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

ONCE there lived a little Dutchess,
Just beside the Zuyder Zee;
Short and stout and roly-poly,
As a Dutchess ought to be.

Loudly laughed the Burgomaster,
"Naught I care for Dorking fowls;
Naught for pig, unless 't is roasted,
And on that my doctor scowls."



She had pigs and she had poultry,
She had lands and she had gold;
And she loved the Burgomaster,
Loved him more than can be told.

"Surly, burly Burgomaster,
Will you have me for your love?
You shall be my pouter-pigeon,
I will be your turtle-dove.

"You shall have my China porkers,
You shall have each Dorking hen;
Take them with your loving Dutchess,
Oh, you Dutchiest of men!"



"Frumpy, stumpy little Dutchess,
I do not incline to wed.
Keep your pigs, and keep your poultry !
I will take your gold instead.

"I will take your shining florins,
I will take your fields' rich hoard,
You may go and tend your piggies,
Till your spirits be restored."

Loudly wept the little Dutchess,
Tending sad each China pig;
Loudly laughed the Burgomaster
. 'Neath his merry periwig,

Till the Dutchy people, angry
Conduct such as this to see,
One day plumped the pouter-pigeon
Right into the Zuyder Zee.

ELF SONG

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

I twist the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tinkle the dew-bells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-web twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey; O ho!
I work them woe,
Till crows the cock in the morning.

THE CLIPPER SLED

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

OH for the winters that used to be!
The winters that only a boy may see!
Rich with the snowflakes' rush and swirl;
Keen as a diamond; pure as a pearl;
Brimming with healthful, rollicking fun;
Sweet with their rest when the play was done;
With kingly revels each day decreed,
And a clipper sled for the royal steed.

A wonderful steed was this, in truth,
Fit for the galloping pulse of youth;
Little and pointed, squat and low—
But, bless my heart, how that sled could go!
Winning its owner loud acclaim,
Gemming his deeds with joy and fame;
Never an arrow swifter sped
Than on to its goal the clipper sled.

The Jenkinson hill stretched smooth and free
(In those glorious winters that used to be),
A speedway polished and steep and white,
Rife with turbulent, rapt delight;
Ringing with laughter, jest, and shout;
Gay with frolicking romp and rout;
Where many a courser bold was led,
But fleetest of all was the clipper sled.

Down from the crest with a shrill hurray
(Clear the track, there! Out of the way!);
Scarcely touching the path beneath;
Scarce admitting of breath to breathe;
Dashing along, with leap and swerve,
Over the crossing, round the curve.
Talk of your flying-machines! Instead,
Give me the swoop of the clipper sled.

A TRIP TO TOY-LAND

BY EUGENE FIELD

AND how do you get to Toy-land,
To all little people the joy-land?

Just follow your nose

And go on tiptoes,

It 's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh ! but it 's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land,

And woolly dogs white

That never will bite

You 'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society 's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,

And folks in the ark

Stay out after dark

And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There 's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 't was ever a coy-land;

And steamers are run,

And steam-cars for fun,

They 're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land ;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land ;

And bright are the dreams

And sunny the beams

That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land ?

A few days, at best,

We stay as a guest,

Then good-by, forever, to Toy-land !

COME !

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I 'll find flour,
And we 'll have a pudding in half an hour.

VIOLETS

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

VIOLETS, violets, sweet March violets,
Sure as March comes, they 'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets !

White, with just a pinky dye,
Blue as little baby's eye—
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms come,
And the frozen birds sit dumb,
Up spring violets,

One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me !" as we pass—
Scented violets.

By and by there 'll be so many,
We 'll pluck dozens nor miss any :
Sweet, sweet violets !

Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day :
Mamma likes violets.

THE BROKEN WHEELBARROW

WHEN I was a bachelor

I lived by myself ;

And all the bread and cheese I got

I put upon the shelf.

The rats and the mice

'They made such a strife,

I was forced to go to London

To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,

And the lanes were so narrow,

I was forced to bring my wife home

In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,

And my wife had a fall,

Down came wheelbarrow,

Little wife and all.

A STRANGE WILD SONG

BY LEWIS CARROLL

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I 'll send for the Police."

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill."

He thought he saw a Coach and Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It 's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the Lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny Postage-Stamp.
"You 'd best be getting home," he said:
"The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double-Rule-of-Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
"Extinguishes all hope!"

OLD BIRTHDAY FANCIES

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
TUESDAY's child is full of grace,
WEDNESDAY's child is full of woe,
THURSDAY's child has far to go,
FRIDAY's child is loving and giving,
SATURDAY's child works hard for its living,
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

HIDING

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

WHEN the table-cloth is laid
And the cups are on the table;
When the tea and toast are made,
That 's a happy time for Mabel.
Stealing to her mother's side,
In her ear she whispers low,
"When papa comes in I 'll hide;
Do not tell him where I go."

On her knees upon the floor;
In below the sofa creeping;
When she hears him at the door
She pretends that she is sleeping.
"Where is Mabel?" father cries,
Looking round and round about.
Then he murmurs in surprise,
"Surely Mabel can't be out."

First he looks behind his chair,
Then he peers below the table,
Seeking, searching everywhere,
All in vain for little Mabel.
But at last he thinks he knows,
And he laughs and shakes his head;
Says to mother, "I suppose
Mabel has been put to bed."

But when he sits down to tea,
From beneath the sofa creeping,
Mabel climbs upon his knee,
Claps her hands: "I was not sleeping."
Father whispers, "Where 's my girl's
Very secret hiding-place?"
But she only shakes her curls,
Laughing, smiling in his face.



A GROUP OF CELEBRATED ENGLISH WRITERS

ADDISON AND STEELE, AND BACON, WHO WAS BEFORE THEM

We have already read of some of the most famous English writers, and we are now to learn about others.

In what is known as "the essay," or the writing of short and pleasing discourses on almost any sort of subject, there are two names which always come uppermost when we think of the English authors who have excelled in this form of literature. Addison and Steele were friends and fellow-workers during a great part of their lives, though unhappily they quarreled at the end.

It would be difficult to find two men more unlike each other, and it was perhaps just because they were so different that they so long succeeded in working together, as people seem most ready to admire in their friends the qualities they themselves do not possess. Certainly we owe it to Addison and Steele that a considerable amount of delightful work was added to English literature.

They were by no means the originators of the essay, as a hundred years before them the great English statesman and scholar Sir Francis Bacon, afterward Lord Verulam, had written many essays which are justly considered among the classic treasures of the language. Bacon lived in the great age of Shakespeare, when the English tongue had just changed from its older form into what we call "modern English," but it still retained some quaint words and curious phrases of the old-fashioned speech. But by the end of the seventeenth century, when Addison and Steele flourished, it had shaped itself very closely to the educated speech of our own time, though many words would still be pronounced differently, as indeed the language is constantly changing, enriching itself with new words to express new ideas and changing old words into new meanings.

The seventeenth century, and more particularly the eighteenth, were periods in which the English people were more formal and pompous in their

manners than they are to-day, with the result that their written speech took on a certain stiffness and strove always to be "elegant," just as though a person were always dressed up for some ceremony, and never knew the delight of taking one's ease in old clothes. We can see this as we read the essays of Addison and Steele. They are full of stately phrases, and courtly becking and bowing. Their writers are always bent on showing us how well-bred are their manners. There is just a suspicion that they are looking in their mirrors, and are vastly pleased with themselves. They wrote long before the days of the modern newspaper, whose purpose is to chronicle the events of the fleeting hour, to record the history of the world from day to day. People were not in a hurry then; telegraphs, telephones, and railway trains were still undiscovered secrets.

FAMOUS JOURNALS IN WHICH THE ESSAYISTS WROTE

BUT Addison and Steele set themselves to entertain and instruct their countrymen by writing on all sorts of subjects, and printing their essays in periodical form. Thus "The Tatler," first issued on April 12, 1709, was quite a tiny sheet, published three times a week at one penny. In all, 271 numbers appeared, of which Steele wrote 188, while Addison wrote only 41, but joined with Steele in writing 34 of the issues, the remainder being from other pens. A feature of "The Tatler" had been an imaginary club of gentlemen known as "The Spectator Club"; and two months after "The Tatler" came to an end, "The Spectator," on very similar lines, was started as a daily paper, Addison writing 274 numbers. "The Spectator" ceased on December 6, 1712, after 555 numbers had appeared; but two years later it was resumed, and 80 more numbers of the famous paper were published.

HOW ADDISON AND STEELE SPOKE TO THE PEOPLE

It is very difficult for us to-day to realize how much the writings of these men in the papers mentioned affected the life of their time. This was really the first great triumph of the printing-press. None of the famous novelists who afterward arose to charm the public with their stories had yet given evidence of their powers. Books were by no means numerous; newspapers were still in their infancy; but here, in those little printed sheets, were men of great intelligence speaking to their fellow-countrymen every day, writing them letters, as it were, full of wisdom and wit and shrewd observation. They were, in a sense, great preachers, and these little papers were their pulpits, from which they addressed immensely greater congregations than ever any preacher could reach with the spoken word. And to-day the essays in "The Spectator" and "The Tatler" are still read, and influence the thoughts of their readers two centuries after they were written.

Joseph Addison was born near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. He was the son of a poor clergyman who afterward became Dean of Lichfield. Addison and Steele were scholars together at the famous Charterhouse School in London. Addison afterward distinguished himself at Oxford, and had the luck to write some verses in praise of King William III., which secured him a pension of £300 a year, and enabled him to travel on the Continent, extending his education. But when the King died the poet lost his pension and knew the pinch of poverty for a time; until, with an eye to further profit, he wrote another poem, celebrating the victory of Blenheim and praising the great military hero Marlborough.

THE END OF ADDISON'S HONORED AND USEFUL LIFE

THIS was more than generously rewarded by the gift of an official appointment, whence he rose to be one of the principal secretaries of state. Those were the days when the two great political parties were known as Whigs and Tories. Addison supported the Whigs, and devoted his pen to their service; and if he made good profit out of his politics, receiving a splendid pension when he retired, a year before his death, we need grudge him nothing that he earned, as his services to literature were far beyond the rewards of mere money.

In the later years of his life Addison's happiest

days were spent in meeting his old friends at a London tavern. He was only forty-seven when he died, on June 17, 1719. On his death-bed, he said to his son-in-law, "See how a Christian can die."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF RICHARD STEELE

ADDISON's friend Richard Steele was a rollicking Irishman, born, it is said, on March 12, 1672, though some authorities maintain that he was three years younger than Addison. Thackeray says of him: "I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block."

After this we can understand that his career at Oxford University was a failure. He enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards, and so lost a fortune which a rich Irish relative was to leave him. We fear his life in town was of a rowdy character; and when he, deciding to reform, wrote a religious book, "The Christian Hero," he was only laughed at for his pains. He tried his hand at writing for the stage, and attracted the attention of King William III.; but he soon abandoned dramatic authorship, and we next hear of him, in 1706, as gentleman-waiter to Prince George of Denmark. His affairs prospered for a time, and from 1709 onward he was pouring out those brilliant essays for "The Tatler." He became a member of Parliament, but was expelled for writing in favor of the house of Hanover. On the death of Queen Anne, however, when the Hanoverian King George I. came to the throne, he was rewarded with an official post. But he was by nature improvident and careless, hence he was always in difficulties; and when he died at Carmarthen, on September 1, 1729, he had sunk again into poverty.

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON, SON OF A HUMBLE BOOKSELLER

We turn now to one of the greatest figures in modern literary history, though, strangely enough, his achievements in authorship are comparatively small. Doctor Samuel Johnson ranks among the immortals more by reason of his strong and picturesque personality than because of his literary

achievements. His father was a bookseller at Lichfield, where Samuel was born on September 18, 1709. He was a heavily built, ungainly youth, lazy and untidy, disinclined for boyish pursuits, and interested only in the contents of his father's shop. He was taken from school when he was sixteen, and stayed at home devouring every book that came into his hands for two years before he went, in 1729, to Oxford, which he left after three years without taking a degree.

His father dying soon afterward, the great lumbering fellow tried to earn his living as an usher in a grammar-school, and did not succeed. But, for all his failures, there was probably no one of his years who had read so much or had a better title to be called a "scholar." His knowledge was universal, and he declared that there was no book that was not worth reading for the sake of some fragment of knowledge that it added to one's store. Still, it is well to read the best books that we can find.

At that time publishing was a very different business from what it is to-day. It was then the custom for a number of booksellers to combine, and to get an author to write or translate a book for them, which they sold in their own shops.

HARDSHIPS OF JOHNSON'S EARLY LIFE AS AN AUTHOR

IN 1733 Doctor Johnson went to Birmingham, where he did translations for booksellers, and also wrote for a provincial paper. In that town, two years later, he married a widow twenty years older than himself. With some money which he got from her, he set up a school near Lichfield, where, at the end of eighteen months, he had succeeded in getting three pupils.

He was thus a failure as a schoolmaster, just as he had been as an usher. But there was no gainsaying the richly stored mind of the man. He had something greater than mere routine success. In the ample leisure of his teaching he had written a tragedy, "Irene," and one day, in 1737, with this in his pocket, he set out for London with one of his three pupils, a brisk young man of twenty, who was going to study law, but who very soon became London's greatest actor, David Garrick.

In the great city Johnson had to turn his pen to many uses, and knew the bitterness of writing much for little pay. He was a literary hack. He wrote for a publisher named Cave, who issued "The Gentleman's Magazine," in which Johnson used to write every month an account of the debates in Parliament from information received

at second-hand. He translated; he wrote poems, one a long satire, entitled "London," for which, though successfully published, he received only ten guineas, or about fifty-one dollars. Meanwhile, Garrick had come to the front as an actor, and he produced his old master's tragedy, "Irene," for which he paid £300, though the play was not a success.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S GREAT ENGLISH DICTIONARY

THEN, in 1747, for a group of booksellers, Johnson began his famous "Dictionary of the English Language," which took him seven years to complete, and on which he employed many assistants. While it was still proceeding, he published twice weekly for a time an essay-journal, like "The Spectator," called "The Rambler," and later he ran for two years a similar publication, "The Idler." In these some of his most characteristic work appears.

Curiously enough, although his wife was so much older and was quite without literary taste or culture, they had lived very happily together, and her death, in 1752, was a deep and abiding sorrow to him. But he toiled away at his work with an energy no one who knew him as a youth would have expected—an energy, we cannot but think, that came chiefly from the need to earn his bread. When his mother died, in 1759, he wrote a fanciful story entitled "Rasselas," the payment for which he designed to meet the expenses of his mother's funeral. It is so good a piece of literature that it is probably more read to-day than anything else of his; and it met with immediate success, Johnson receiving £100 for it, and a further sum of £25 when it went into a second edition.

In 1762 the scholarly attainments of Johnson and his literary services were generously recognized by King George III., who granted him a pension of £300 per annum. Johnson lived for twenty-two years more, but during that time did very little work beyond writing his "Lives of the Poets," in which his wide reading and literary knowledge are seen to great advantage, if his opinions are not always to be accepted.

JAMES BOSWELL AND HIS FAMOUS "LIFE" OF JOHNSON

It was in 1763 that Johnson became friends with James Boswell, a Scottish advocate and man of letters, who had settled in London. Although he

had many friends far more notable than Boswell, and was the founder of a literary club whose membership included such illustrious names as those of Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Garrick, it is to Boswell that no small share of the fame which the name of Johnson enjoys in literary history is due. For after Johnson's death, which occurred on December 13, 1784, Boswell wrote a great biography of the friend whom he admired so much, and so well did he write it that it may be described as the finest book of its kind in the world. Indeed, Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" has probably been more read than any of Johnson's own writings.

Boswell had the good sense to realize how rare and great a man was this ungainly, snuffy old fellow, who loved to sit in tavern chairs and discourse on life and literature, often advancing his opinions with much rudeness to others present, but very often uttering things worthy to be remembered. So the fussy Scotsman diligently made notes of Johnson's sayings, and these he set forth with great skill and effect in his famous biography. The grave of Doctor Johnson is in Westminster Abbey.

HUME, THE LEARNED HISTORIAN AND PHILOSOPHER

DAVID HUME, famous as a historian and philosopher, is the next great English writer who calls for attention. It is true that he was a Scotsmen, but as he wrote in the English language he was an English man of letters. Hume's proper name was Home. He came of a distinguished family, but chose thus to alter his name. He was born in Edinburgh on April 26, 1711, and studied at the university there.

Hume was originally intended for a lawyer, but he soon came to prefer literature to law; and though he engaged in commerce for a time at Bristol, he was clearly unsuited for it. A stay in France from his twenty-third to his twenty-sixth year had much to do in directing his mind toward the serious questions of life and thought. But his first book was a failure, and his second only a moderate success. They were on subjects that few young persons would trouble their heads about, and showed a great deal of knowledge; but, for all that, Edinburgh University did not make him a professor, as in 1745 he would have liked to be made.

The next few years he spent first as companion to a young nobleman, and later as secretary to a general officer. In this way he was able to travel a good deal, and he seems to have been so careful

with his money that he gathered together £1000, which he considered quite a fortune!

HOW HUME ACHIEVED SUCCESS AFTER FAILURE

FAILING to secure the Edinburgh professorship, he did not despise the position of librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. If the salary was small, the duties were not heavy, and he had at his command a splendid collection of books of reference for his own use. It was while so employed that he began his great "History of England."

Of the first published volume only some forty-five copies were sold in the year. Hume's disappointment was intense, but in due course the succeeding volumes appeared, and as England had but recently emerged from her successful struggle with France, capturing the rich prize of Canada, readers were more alive to the interest of history, and Hume's work came into favor. When it was completed he was famous. It would be difficult to give a better instance of how failure may be converted into triumph by a man simply doing the best of which he is capable.

In France, as well as in England and his native Scotland, Hume now enjoyed a great reputation, and held an important government post for a time. A good-natured, simple, unaffected man, David Hume had many friends, and the beautiful clearness of his literary style, together with the well-balanced judgment of his opinions and the general accuracy of his facts, made his historical writings of immense value. Those who wish to learn more about his literary work should also find out what his philosophical writings contain. He died on August 25, 1776.

EDWARD GIBBON, WHO WROTE ONE OF THE FINEST HISTORIES

DURING the year in which David Hume died, the first volume of the greatest historical work written in the English language was published; and the dying historian was able to praise the younger man who was achieving greater things than he himself had accomplished. Edward Gibbon was the name of the new historian; his work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Despite all the histories that have been written during the last century and a half, this great work remains, and is likely long to stand, the masterpiece of its class in English literature.

Gibbon, who was rather a queer sort of boy,



FAMOUS ENGLISH WRITERS.

1. THOMAS DE QUINCEY.
2. RICHARD STEELE.
3. EDWARD GIBBON.

4. JOSEPH ADDISON.
5. WILLIAM HAZLITT.
6. THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

7. CHARLES LAMB.

was born at Putney, now a part of London, but then a rural village, on April 27, 1737. His father was a country gentleman. His mother died when he was young. So an aunt undertook the care of the strange, nervous little boy, whose head seemed almost too big for his body. When twelve years old he was sent to Westminster School. There for two years he led a very unhappy life. When, a year later, he went to Oxford, he was noted more for the out-of-the-way nature of the knowledge he had acquired by his ill-ordered reading at home and school, and his ignorance of the commonest affairs, than for any student-like qualities.

GIBBON'S LIFE BY THE BLUE WATERS OF LAKE GENEVA

GIBBON was only seventeen when his father decided to send him abroad, not only for the sake of his education, but in order to change his religious views. The youth at Oxford had been inclined to the Roman Catholic Church, so his father chose to place him under a Protestant pastor at the beautiful town of Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. There the young man returned to the Protestant faith, to which he ever after adhered.

For five years he continued to live by the blue waters of the famous lake, in the household of the French pastor, during which time he carried on studies in French and Latin literature that stored his mind, thanks to his wonderful memory, with historical knowledge unequaled by any other of his age. It was during these early days in Lausanne—for to the end of his life Gibbon was to have association with that town—that the only romance of his quiet and bookish life took place. He was twenty years of age, a small-boned and very thin youth, at the time. The young lady was Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod, the daughter of a humble village pastor in Burgundy. She was clever, but natural; refined, but not priggish; Gibbon found her everything that he considered a woman should be. He made visits to her father's house in Burgundy, and saw the young lady there in the charming atmosphere of a poor but very refined home circle. His heart told him that here was his hope of earthly happiness. But on a visit home he learned that his father would not hear of such a match.

"Without his consent," says Gibbon, "I was myself destitute and helpless. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son."

It is a strange fact that these two young persons, who met in early life, and cared for each

other when they were both poor, humble, and obscure, should both live to become famous. But so it happened. It was at Lausanne, where he had first met the charming daughter of the poor pastor, that Gibbon concluded his immortal history and became one of the first men in Europe.

THE FAMOUS WOMAN WHO MIGHT HAVE MARRIED A FAMOUS WRITER

ON the death of her father, Susanne Curchod, left penniless, retired to Geneva, and there kept body and soul together for herself and her mother by teaching. It chanced that Jacques Necker, one of the richest bankers in Paris, came on a visit to his native city, and there fell in love with the humble and beautiful governess. He married her, and took her to Paris. Necker became one of the greatest statesmen in France, his wife became famous for her beauty and her goodness, and their daughter, Madame de Staél, attained world-wide celebrity, which continues to this day.

When touring in Italy in 1764-65, Gibbon sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol of Rome, while some barefooted friars were singing vespers in a church that had once been the temple of Jupiter. It was then that the idea of writing the most fascinating story in all history came to him—the decline and fall of the wondrous city among whose ancient ruins he was musing. But not till two years after his father's death, which took place in 1770, putting him in possession of a moderate fortune, did he begin the great task. He had then settled in London, where he was a friend of Doctor Johnson and a member of his literary club, and he succeeded Goldsmith as professor of ancient history at the Royal Academy. In 1783, when he retired from public life in England, having been a member of Parliament for nine years, Gibbon went back to Lausanne, and four years later had finished the work of his life on which his fame will rest secure.

A GREAT TASK DONE AND AN IMMORTAL WORK WRITTEN

GIBBON never married. The romance of his boyhood lasted to the day of his death. But the writing of his great history was, perhaps, the true romance of his life. "It was on the day—or, rather, night—of June 27, 1787," he tells us, "between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took sev-

eral turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovering my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Gibbon is described as a dutiful son, a tender, generous friend; and Lord Brougham said of him that "his honorable and amiable disposition, his kind and even temper, were praised by all."

His great merit as a historian is the unique power of describing in glowing and stately phrases the most intricate masses of historical facts, so that they seem to pass before the mind's eye like a splendid and orderly pageant. Broken in health, Gibbon returned to London in 1793, and there died suddenly on January 16, 1794.

CHARLES LAMB, AN AUTHOR WHOM ALL THE WORLD LOVES

WITH the next famous author who steps forth to us from the past it is equally certain that his chief delights were found in books and writing.

Ill health, physical disadvantages, feeble nerves, a dread of insanity, were the inheritance of Charles Lamb. And perhaps because all these disadvantages shut him into his study with his books, and forced him, in a sense, to the solace of literature, he has left to us a very precious legacy in the shape of the most charming essays in our language. Had we known him personally, with his stuttering speech, his moody and melancholy ways, we might not have taken to him so readily as we do in his written word, which reveals to us one of the gentlest and most lovable of characters.

Lamb was the son of a lawyer's clerk. He was a true Londoner, born in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, February 10, 1775, and a lover of London he always remained. When we think of the many famous men of letters who have lived and died in London, and try to picture them as they walked its old streets and byways, the image of Charles Lamb comes as quickly to our mind as that of Doctor Johnson. His life, though uneventful in the main, was really a tragedy in which he quietly played the part of hero.

He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where, of course, he wore the long, ugly blue coat and "loud" yellow stockings of the "Blue-coat Boys," one of whom at that time was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the future poet. At seventeen Charles Lamb entered the service of the East India Company, in which quiet and well-paid employment he remained until 1825, when he retired on a liberal pension. He was thus spared the need to struggle for his living, as so many literary men have had to do; his literary work was the pleasant occupation of his ample leisure.

THE TRAGEDY IN THE SAD LIVES OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

His battle was of another and more terrible nature. When he was twenty-one the great tragedy of his life occurred. There was insanity in his family, on his mother's side, and in 1796 his elder sister Mary, in a fit of madness, killed her mother. The poor young woman was for a time placed in an asylum, but on Charles giving a solemn pledge to watch over and guard her through life, she was released when she had again regained her senses. To this sacred trust he was true all the days of his life, giving up all thoughts of married happiness for himself.

In all the strange and beautiful stories of men and women, we doubt if there is anything more pathetic than that of Charles and Mary Lamb. For often again during her life was Mary visited with fits of insanity, both she and her brother knowing when these were coming on. Charles would then take his sister by the hand, and lead her away to the asylum, where she would remain until the clouds that had gathered round her mind had cleared away again.

Despite this great sorrow, the gentle and beautiful characters of these two were not without times of happy reward. Often they worked together in their literary pursuits; their "Tales from Shakespeare" and their "Poetry for Children" are among the memorials of these serener days of happy literary companionship. But the fame of Charles Lamb rests chiefly on his "Essays of Elia," so called from the name under which he wrote them, suggested to him by the actual name of a colleague in the East India House.

THE END OF CHARLES LAMB'S LIFE OF QUIET HEROISM

CHARLES LAMB was a great writer of letters, and his friendships included most of the famous liter-

ary people of his time. No one has excelled him in the observation of every-day life, in knowledge of human feelings; nor has any equaled him in the quiet and gently humorous expression of his thoughts and fancies. The later years of his life were spent chiefly at Edmonton, near London, where he died on December 27, 1834. He was buried in Edmonton churchyard.

Lamb had been true all his life to his promise to watch over his sister, who survived him by thirteen years. Her madness returning again, she had finally to be put under restraint. When at length her life of trial ceased, she was laid to rest by the side of her brother.

THE SAD LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

A FRIEND of Charles Lamb, three years his junior, had died four years before him, and Lamb was the only one of his old friends present at his funeral. This friend was William Hazlitt, the essayist and critic. Hazlitt was born at Maidstone, on April 10, 1778, the son of a Unitarian minister. He was intended for the ministry, but gave up the idea, and tried his hand at portrait-painting before he turned to literature, in which his first work was "Principles of Human Action."

He engaged in many different kinds of writing, and contributed to all sorts of journals and magazines, for the time had now come when periodical literature was greatly on the increase, and the field of the miscellaneous writer wide and varied.

Hazlitt is certainly among the great writers of our language, and in his essays we find him most often expressing, in perfect phrases, wise and illuminating thoughts on all sorts of subjects, though at other times he can contrive to be curiously heavy. His works have not the even beauty of Charles Lamb's, but his knowledge of literature was no less wide and deep, and where he fails it is chiefly due to his own character, which lacked the winning qualities that distinguished Charles Lamb.

Hazlitt's life was unhappy, and for that he was chiefly to blame himself. He quarreled with most of his friends, and his days came to an end in poverty and sorrow, when he died of cholera in London, on September 18, 1830.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, THE STRANGE SON OF A MERCHANT

THE next figure that attracts our notice as we look back upon these famous writers of the past

is the strangest of all. The life of Thomas de Quincey would require quite a long book to give any proper idea of its eccentricity. His father was a wealthy Manchester merchant, of Norwegian origin, and the boy was born in that great manufacturing town of Lancashire August 15, 1785. His father died when Thomas was seven years old.

Thomas was educated at the Bath grammar-school, where no scholar was more alert of mind, and where he excelled in Latin verse. He was afterward at school in Wiltshire, and traveled for a time in Ireland, before he was sent, in 1800, much against his will, to the Manchester grammar-school. Although only a boy in years, he seemed to have the intelligence of a grown man, and surprised all who met him by his knowledge. His mother now lived at Chester; and after eighteen months at the Manchester grammar-school he ran away, going on foot all the distance to his mother's house. He wanted no more schooling! Instead of going to college again, he received a small weekly allowance, and went wandering in Wales. His next move, was to borrow money from friends and to make for London, where he had many adventures; and having cut connection with his family, he was at starving-point when found by them and taken back.

In 1803 he was sent to Oxford University, his guardian allowing him only £100 a year; but as he was heir to a considerable fortune he found no difficulty in borrowing from money-lenders, and thus drew regularly from the bank of the future. His life at Oxford was quite eccentric; he paid no attention whatever to proper studies, but read just what he liked.

THE BAD HABIT THAT DARKENED DE QUINCEY'S LIFE

It was during this time, while suffering great physical pain—his health had ever been wretched—that he acquired the habit of taking opium, becoming a slave for the rest of his days to that pernicious drug. He left the university in 1807, but not before he had visited London again and made many literary friends. Later he became acquainted with Coleridge, and Lamb and Hazlitt were among his friends. Visiting Wordsworth and Southey at their homes in the Lake District, he finally decided, in 1809, to settle there at Grasmere. Gathering around him a fine library, he began his literary work.

De Quincey wrote for many periodicals, but it was not until his "Confessions of an English

"Opium-Eater" were printed in 1821, that his name became famous. This book was partly a recital of his own experience. He had been married now for five years, and had made a serious effort to give up opium, but without success. But the habit did not interfere with his industry as an author; perhaps by stimulating and exciting the imagination it did something to enrich and color his writings, though the deep dejection that followed when the pleasant effects of the drug had worn off made much misery for its victim. He had a devoted wife, and a family of three daughters and five sons, two of whom won some distinction as soldiers.

In 1828 De Quincey removed to Edinburgh, and for the remainder of his life lived there, with the exception of an occasional visit to Glasgow, where he might have been seen, the oddest of figures, a little shriveled man five feet high, with a fine, intellectual head, dressed in worn and ill-fitting garments, loose carpet-slippers on his feet, shuffling along the streets more like a beggar than a famous writer. He died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859.

MACAULAY, THE CLEVER BOY WHO HATED MATHEMATICS

THE last of the great writers with whom we are particularly concerned here is known to fame as historian, essayist, and poet. He is also known as a statesman.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, though born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on October 25, 1800, was of Scottish ancestry.

Like most of the others we have read about, he was an exceptionally clever boy, the one study he detested being mathematics. He passed from private schools to Cambridge University in 1818, and there carried off prizes for English verse and Latin oration. His college life was well-ordered, studious, and distinguished.

Macaulay was called to the bar to practise law in 1826, but literature was his passion, and as he had made something of a name for himself the

year before by a great essay on Milton in the "Edinburgh Review," he made no effort to rise in the legal profession.

His great talents were now devoted to writing in the "Edinburgh Review," and his powers of oratory were displayed to advantage in the House of Commons, of which he became a distinguished member. His father, who had been a man of wealth, was so generous a giver to charities that he had almost impoverished his family; and chiefly for this reason Macaulay, at the age of thirty-four, accepted an important legal position in India with the large salary of £10,000 a year. But four years later he returned to England and again entered Parliament, becoming Secretary for War. Many other important posts were later occupied by him, and no man's days can have been more packed with work, for he wrote continuously in addition to discharging his public duties.

THE WRITINGS THAT MADE LORD MACAULAY FAMOUS

His "Lays of Ancient Rome," in which he sang in swift and flowing verse some of the great deeds in Roman history, gave him wide popularity, while his collected essays were admired for the vigorous and direct style of the writing. His "History of England" had also an immense success—greater, perhaps, than any work of the kind had ever enjoyed. Yet many think that as a historian he is least to be admired; for though his pages read well by reason of his splendid force of character, the swinging rhythm of his style, and the fine confidence of his statements, he was not always careful of his facts, and often appears to have sought effect rather than accuracy.

For all that, Lord Macaulay, who was raised to the peerage in 1857, has a sure place among the great English writers. On December 28, 1859, he died in his arm-chair at Holly Lodge, Kensington. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.





STORIES THAT MAKE USE OF HISTORY

HISTORICAL TALES AND NOVELS

Historical fiction, as I told you, is supposed to give a correct picture of a certain period in history, and some or all of the characters in it ought to be persons who really played a part in history during that period.

Like the short story, historical fiction is a very recent form of writing. Of course, short tales which gave some sort of a picture of ages gone by were written from very early times, and many such existed in ancient Greece and Rome. The legends of early peoples, too, of which I have already told you something, were historical tales in a way. But the first near approach to a historical tale or novel as we understand it was the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," written by Daniel Defoe in 1720; though even this was more history than fiction.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the first great writers of historical fiction appeared, and it is a peculiar thing that most of the great historical tales and novels of the world were written between the years 1800 and 1850.

The first and the greatest of those writers was Sir Walter Scott, and nearly all of his famous novels deal with different interesting periods of history. "Ivanhoe," for instance, gives a picture of England in the reign of King Richard the Lion-Hearted; "The Talisman" tells about the third Crusade to the Holy Land, and two of its chief characters are the same King Richard and Saladin, the great Moslem leader; "Old Mortality" brings us to Scotland in the time of the great struggle between the Puritans and the Royalists; and "The Abbot" describes Scotland in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, one of the principal characters in it being Queen Mary herself.

Several other writers of good historical

fiction lived in England about the same time as Scott. The most important of these were William Harrison Ainsworth, Lord Lytton, and Charles Kingsley. Ainsworth wrote a large number of historical tales, such as "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," and "Windsor Castle," mostly dealing with life in London at different periods in its history. The best of Lytton's historical novels are "The Last of the Barons," in which the principal character is Warwick, "the King-maker," and which contains much real history, and "The Last Days of Pompeii," a splendid picture of the Roman town of Pompeii in the first century after Christ.

Just think of all the history you could learn from reading those few books alone! Then if you read "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley, you could learn about Egypt in the fifth century after Christ, and if you read the same author's "Westward Ho!" you would get a delightful picture of England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, with a glance at the West Indies besides. "Heward the Wake," another tale by Kingsley, would take you back into the England of the Saxons and show it to you as if you lived in it. Perhaps you would be glad to know all about the great Scottish heroes William Wallace and King Robert Bruce and the stirring events of their time, and if you would you have only to read "The Scottish Chiefs" by Jane Porter and "The Days of Bruce" by Grace Aguilar—two writers who lived about the same time as Scott.

While all those fine historical tales and novels were being written in England, many great ones were also being turned out in other countries. A writer named Hendrik Conscience, who lived in Belgium, wrote a famous historical tale called "The Lion of

Flanders," which gives a fine description of the struggle of the Flemish people to defend their liberties against the King of France; and about the same time Jacob Abbott in America wrote "The Franconia Stories," a collection of some of the most charming historical tales ever written.

In France there were at this time several great writers of historical fiction, among whom I may mention Victor Hugo, the elder Alexandre Dumas, and Prosper Mérimée. Hugo wrote three great historical tales: "Notre-Dame de Paris," which describes Paris in the Middle Ages; "The Man Who Laughs," which gives a picture of English life under the Stuart kings; and "Ninety-Three," which describes the French Revolution. The novels of Dumas nearly all deal with interesting periods of history, but their pictures of life in the past are not very correct. The same is not to be said of Prosper Mérimée's "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.," which is as correct in every way as such a work can well be, and is one of the best historical novels ever written. Another novel which ranks as one of the greatest was written about the same time in Italy. This is "The Betrothed," by Alessandro Manzoni, dealing with life in Milan in the seventeenth century.

Since 1850 fewer great historical tales and novels have appeared than in the fifty years before that date. Yet there have been many works of this kind which deserve a place among the greatest. Historical tales and novels, some of which are very famous, have been written in England by George Eliot, Charles Reade, and Sir Arthur Conan

Doyle; in France, by Théophile Gautier, Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian—commonly spoken of as Erckmann-Chatrian, because they worked together—and Count Alfred de Vigny; in Germany, by Georg Moritz Ebers and Gustav Freytag; and in America by Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, General Lew Wallace, and Winston Churchill. "The Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade's great work, is considered by many to be the finest historical novel ever written. It gives a splendid picture of Europe toward the close of the Middle Ages. Émile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian, as I have told you, wrote their tales together. Most of these tales, such as "The Volunteers of '92," "The Conscript," "Waterloo," and "The Story of a Peasant," tell about the troubles and wars of the French Revolution and of the reign of Napoleon. A fine historical novel written in recent years is "Micah Clarke," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which brings you all through the famous Monmouth's Rebellion in England and right into the heart of the battle of Sedgemoor.

General Lew Wallace owes most of his fame to the historical novel "Ben Hur," which gives a wonderful picture of Rome and Palestine in the first century after Christ, and is full of delightful descriptions of chariot-races and games and other exciting things. You should read Doctor Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," and some of his other novels. "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and "The Crossing," are novels of Winston Churchill's that deal with American history.

THE DEATH OF CORNET GRAHAME

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

(From "Old Mortality")

The account of the battle at Loudon Hill is given in "Old Mortality," the tale of the Covenanters of the time of Charles II. Claverhouse, the King's general, fell in with the insurgents strongly entrenched, prepared for battle, and led by John Balfour of Burley, who not long before had helped to murder Archbishop Sharp.

The issue of the fight was the victory of the Covenanters and the utter rout of Claverhouse.

THE brow of the hill on which the Royal Life-Guards were now drawn up sloped downward, with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavorable for the maneuvers of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain.

Beyond this ditch or gully, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle. Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with firearms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war.

On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists might now be seen returning slowly toward their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless as the gray stones that lay scattered on the heath around them. The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardor of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which

they raised when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defense of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettledrums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that ran along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the first two verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:

In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Israel great,
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.
There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and, after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetic of the issue of their own impending contest:

Those that were stout of heart were spoiled,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.
When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a deep sleep cast.

After consultation with his officers Claverhouse determines to send his nephew, Cornet Grahame, to summon the insurgents to surrender.

Cornet Richard Grahame descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and, meeting in the center, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Toward this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of at-

tention to both armies; and without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves the position of leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

"To summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honorable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the cornet, "to lay down your arms, and dismiss the followers whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted kirk; tell them that we renounce the perfidious Charles Stuart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know, in one word, if you will disperse yourselves on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou ought to say against it?"

"Only," said the cornet, "that as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and

of my commanding officer, it is to these country people and not to you that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldest know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carbine and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Grahame. "Hear me, good people! I proclaim in the name of the King, and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting—"

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but—"

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying?' Let those who dare *now* venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed, for a second's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

"I will avenge him or die!" exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop and that of the deceased cornet, which broke down without orders; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, "Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

A ROMAN BOY'S BIRTHDAY.



By

Bertha E. Bush.

It is doubtful if there was ever a prouder boy than Publius Septimius Antonius Geta on his eleventh birthday, when he drove to the race-course in a gilded chariot with two magnificent black horses all his own. He had reason to be proud, for it is not the lot of many boys to have the march of a victorious army halted, that their birthdays may be celebrated with military games.

The fiery steeds pranced and curveted. The heavy, unsteady chariot, as clumsy as it was magnificent, rocked from side to side. A hundred hands were ready to take the reins should the emperor's young son give the nod; but, though his arms seemed almost pulled from their sockets and his footing shifted with the swaying chariot, he would not give up. Boys were expected to be hardy and fearless in those days. Young Geta had already been two years with his father in the army, sleeping uncomplaining, if need be, on the bare ground, eating anything or nothing, seeing sights which our bravest men could hardly bear. He was a frank and friendly little fellow, whose greatest pride was to endure all the hardships that the Roman soldiers suffered. What wonder that the whole army loved him, and that the Emperor, Septimius Severus, preferred him to his sullen older brother, Caracalla!

When the brilliant cortège reached the amphitheater where the games were to be held, Geta was placed in the seat of honor at the right hand of the Emperor, and a happier face than his never looked down upon an assembled audience. At the left, with a brow as black with anger as Geta's

was bright with happiness, sat the older son, Caracalla, whose heart was full of bitterness at this honor paid to his brother.

It was a little provincial town. The amphitheater did not begin to compare with the wonderful Colosseum at Rome. The citizens had made great effort to adorn it suitably for the Emperor. The place reserved for his train was hung with the richest draperies the time produced, but it was not as far removed from the seats of the common people as was most fitting to the Roman ideas of etiquette. Caracalla scowled as he took his purple-draped seat; for the mass—the vulgar herd, as he called them contemptuously—were so near that he could have touched them with his hand.

Geta, with shining face, watched every movement of the wrestlers. Caracalla looked idly about with eyes of disdain. At last the climax seemed to have come. The whole amphitheater was silent in breathless interest; even Caracalla began to show some faint sign of attention. One combatant after another had been downed by one stalwart Roman soldier, who now challenged the world. Just at that moment a luckless slave child from a tier of seats above Caracalla's left hand leaned too far over, lost his balance and fell, and, clutching wildly at emptiness to save himself somehow, struck the Emperor's heir full in the face.

Oh, what an angry Caracalla started up from the purple seat and, with scowls and fierce imprecations, ordered that the unlucky child who

had unintentionally insulted him should at once be put to death! Pale and trembling, the little lad was dragged before the Emperor and his sons, and the deadly swords of Caracalla's guard of soldiers were drawn from their sheaths.

It was the common punishment for such an offense. The Emperor and his sons were sacred. No one touched them unbidden save at penalty of death. But the little lad who had unwittingly offended was so small and innocent! He scarcely comprehended it all, and was more shaken by the fall than by his impending doom, only realizing that some danger was near and every one else was looking upon him in anger. But Geta's face alone was friendly and pitiful. The little slave boy slipped from the soldier's grasp and flung himself down at the feet of the Emperor's younger son, clinging to his robe.

It would only have made his punishment more swift if it had been Caracalla's robe he seized, but Geta was made of tenderer as well as braver stuff. Reaching gently down, he caught the little praying hands into his own.

"Father," he said, "this is my birthday. I have a right to a boon. I ask for the life of this boy."

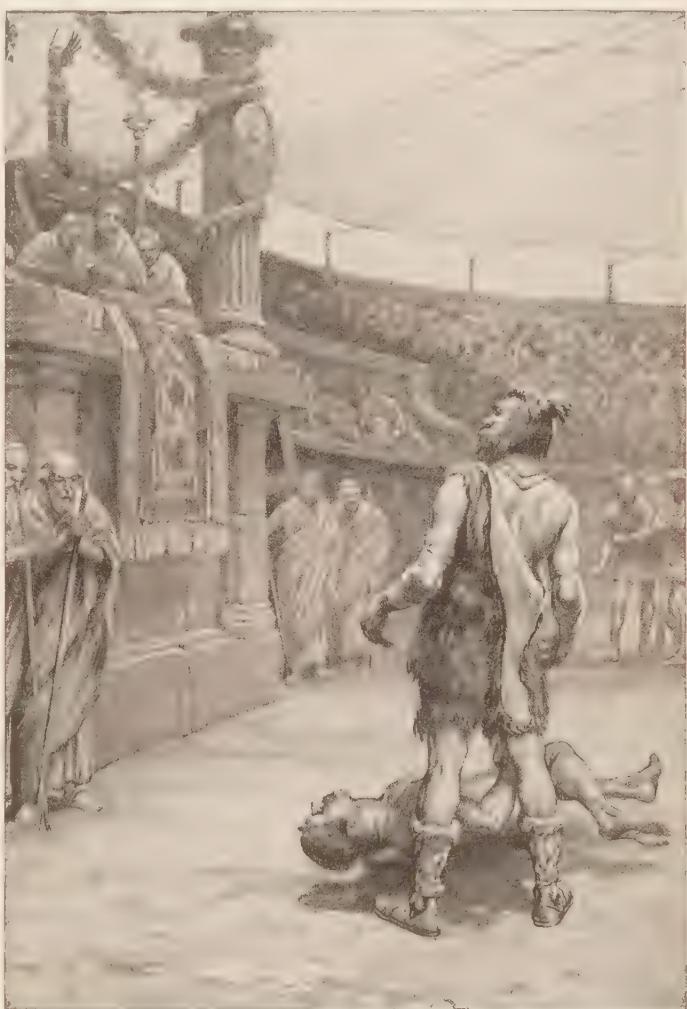
But the stern Emperor's face wore no look of consent. The majesty of Rome had been insulted. What did the life of one slave boy matter among the millions subject to his sway? To him it seemed unfitting to his dignity that such a crime, even though unintentional, should go unpunished.

"It is impossible, my son," he said. "Ask it no more. Give up this request and I will order a whole gladiatorial show to please you. But that such an insult to an Emperor's son should go unavenged! It is as impossible as that yonder Roman soldier in the arena should be overcome by one of these barbarian Thracians."

But Geta, with the small curly head of the slave child between his knees, looked anxiously to the arena. Any delay was to be welcomed.

"Wait, father; only wait till the games are finished," he begged. "Let the boy stay safe with me till the games are over. Then, if a Roman soldier is still the victor, I will give him up."

The Emperor looked at his favorite son. It was hard to deny him. He made a sign to the soldiers who had dragged the child before him, and the swords were sheathed. Once more every eye was fixed upon the arena, and behold! across it came stalking the tallest barbarian that Rome



"THE JEERING CROWD SAW HIM MAKE A SLIGHT MOTION, AND THE ROMAN SOLDIER LAY STRETCHED AT HIS FEET."

had ever seen, a giant rudely clothed in skins, who besought an opportunity to wrestle with the champion.

"My son," said the Emperor—and though he spoke to Geta his eyes were fixed upon scowling Caracalla—"art thou ready to risk this cause on the strength of this Thracian giant?"

"Yes, oh, yes," cried Geta; and Caracalla, sure that no Roman soldier could be overcome by a barbarian, muttered a sullen assent.

Once more the trumpet sounded, and the long line of fresh combatants marched across the arena and bowed themselves before the Emperor. High above the head and shoulders of the others towered the form of the Thracian giant Maximin, and even when he knelt he was as tall on his knees as the soldiers standing about him.

"I challenge all beholders. Come and wrestle with the power of Rome and learn how she lays her enemies low," cried the champion. One after another advanced and received his fall, but Maximin stood leaning against a pillar with downcast eyes.

"He is afraid," sneered Caracalla.

Then the herald, at a word from the challenger, advanced and announced that all who feared might withdraw from the contest. Maximin walked carelessly forward to the champion; the jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet. Another and another came forward to revenge the fall of their brother soldiers and in turn met defeat. Seventeen times in quick succession the Thracian giant wrestled with a Roman soldier, and seventeen times was easily victorious.

The life of the child at Geta's feet was saved.
"This giant shall straightway go into my army,"

said the Emperor; and the Thracian left the arena, himself a soldier of Rome.

When the games were over and the Emperor and his sons driving away, they saw the barbarian, high over the heads of his companions, leaping and exulting. As soon as he caught sight of them, he ran up to the Emperor's chariot.

The horses were not slackened, but for mile after mile the giant ran beside them, and though they galloped at their greatest speed, he lost not an inch.

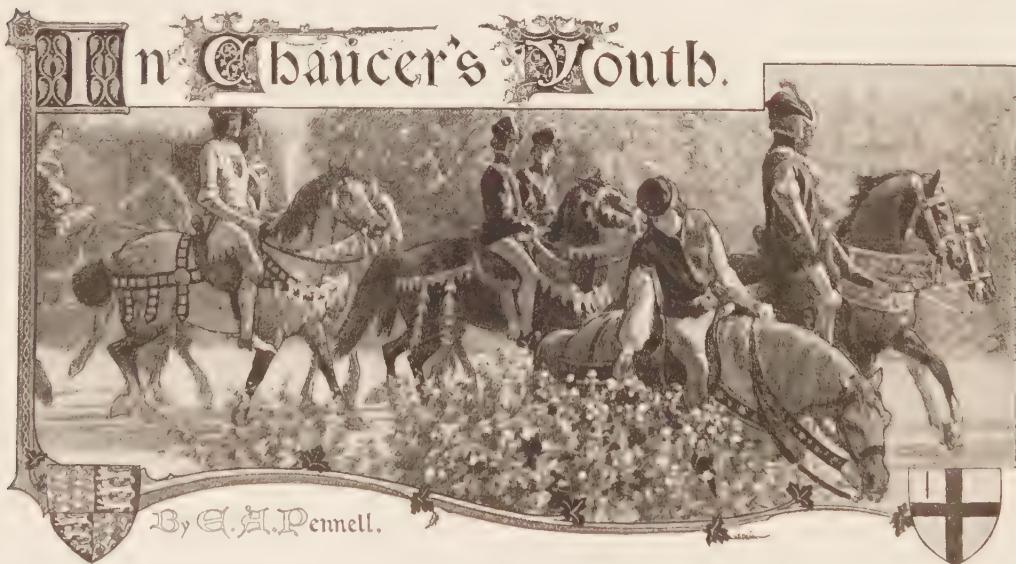
"Thracian," said the Emperor, astonished, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?"

"Most willingly, sir," answered the unwearied Maximin; and thereupon overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army.

"I should not like to wrestle with him," laughed Geta. "Father, thou saidst a Roman soldier was never overcome by a barbarian."

"Hush, my son, hush," cried the Emperor. "Is not this giant now a Roman soldier? Can he be overcome?"

Years afterward, when merry Geta had long been dead, this Thracian giant did overcome the power of Rome and became himself the emperor. But that is a story for which you will have to look in your history.



ON a fresh, sweet morning of May, in 1359, a gay company of lords and ladies might have been seen cantering out of the little English town of Reading. Their merry chatter and laughter mingled musically with the bird-notes that tinkled

through the morning air; and the brilliant coloring of their attire seemed to vie with the glory of the early sunbeams and the dewy, flowery meadows along the way. One might readily know this was a royal party, for the warlike figure at



the head was unmistakably that of King Edward III. Close beside him rode the Black Prince on his black charger. Following them rode the Queen and her ladies; Prince John and his pretty girl-bride, Blanche; Prince Lionel and Elizabeth; and the two young princes, Edmund of Langley and Thomas of Woodstock. After these came a score or two of attendants—knights and ladies, squires and pages.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elizabeth's young favorite, Geoffrey Chaucer, who in later life became one of the greatest of England's poets.

Evidently he was the favorite of others besides the countess; for, as he cantered along on his sleek little palfrey in the midst of his companions, he was telling them tale after tale, and constantly provoking bursts of laughter by his quaint jokes and gestures. Now and then he fell behind, and, riding close to the hedges that bordered the road on either side, plucked a blossom or two to toss into the lap of some smiling maiden; or, growing more bold, he plaited for his fair mistress a tiny wreath of daisies, to him the dearest, daintiest flowers of the field. More than once, too, he was summoned to the side of Prince John, whom he had met at Hatfield the previous year, and who, always a friend to the boy, was afterward the best patron of the poet.

Even without the entertainment that Chaucer furnished, the whole party had cause to be merry. Only the day before, the Sabbath bells had called them to the Benedictine Abbey of Reading to witness the wedding of Prince John and Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster; and now they were hastening to London to spend the week in public games and all sorts of merrymaking at court.

The pleasure of anticipation rang in their voices as they talked of the feasting and dancing in prospect, and in every group there was a rip-

ple of new enthusiasm when one mentioned the festivities of Thursday. On that day there was to be famous jousting. Heralds had proclaimed throughout the country for miles around that a tournament would be held, in which the Mayor of London, with the sheriffs and aldermen, would undertake to hold the field against all brave knights who might accept the challenge.

This was the event of the week, not only to the pleasure-loving nobility, but to the city and country folk as well. Everywhere were signs of preparation for the coming holiday. In the towns through which the highroad ran, and in the streets of London, were displayed the colors and emblems of favorite knights, or the arms of the city of London, according to the sympathies of the people.

At the castle on the morning of the gala-day all was bustle and excitement, and at an early hour the train of courtiers and ladies was on the road again, considerably larger and no less merry than before. Bustle and excitement reigned, too, in the streets of the surrendered city as they passed through. On all sides were people on foot and people on horseback—"peple poore and peple riche," as Chaucer remarked—all of them in exuberant spirits, and all going one way.

Not far outside the city the royal party came to the place where the lists had been prepared for the jousting. It was then a "fair large place" called Crownfield, but is now known as Cheap-side. Here they found a host of eager spectators already in their places—a motley crowd of villagers and city people in the lower tiers of seats, and above them the gentry and the lesser nobility, filling the galleries to overflowing. In the middle of one side was a covered balcony hung with purple and white, the colors of the royal bridal



party. Hither the ladies and guests of the court were conducted, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the assemblage, which rang out again and more cheerily than ever when Lady Blanche took her place on the daintily cushioned throne prepared for the Queen of Love and Beauty. The childish sweetness of her face was dignified by her crown of pearls and amethysts; and her fair hair fell in long plaits adown her robe of royal purple bordered with ermine and gleaming silver. On the front of her pure white gown of sendal was broidered the crest of her husband, Prince John. Around her sat the ladies of the court, and her father, Henry of Lancaster, with King John of France, and many of his nobles, Edward's prisoners at Poitiers.

A splendid sight met their eyes as they glanced around the vast inclosure. Over the rough framework of the galleries hung rich tapestries of many hues, forming a background for the banners of the contending knights. The peasantry and gentry wore colors and shades as varied as their rank; while the lustrous crimsons and blues of the velvet gowns of the nobility were relieved by the spotless white and the heavy gold trimmings of the ladies' coverchiefs. Below in the lists were sergeants-at-arms "priking up and doun" to keep order in the eager crowds; and heralds stood ready to announce the beginning of the contest.

"Daughter," said Duke Henry, after a few minutes' enjoyment of the scene, fascinating though familiar as it was, "methinks the people wax impatient of our delay."

Lady Blanche signaled to the heralds with her slender scepter, the trumpets sounded merrily, and the gates at either end of the lists were thrown open. Twenty-four knights, well mounted and armor-clad, entered through each gateway in double rank. They advanced slowly into the ring to allow their squires and pages to find place behind them. The excitement was visibly increasing throughout the rows of spectators. In the balcony it was no less intense.

"By my halidom!" exclaimed King John of France, looking where the shields bearing the arms of the city of London showed the position of the mayor and his staff, "they are a warlike company! Those young knights, whoever they be, must bear themselves well if they would win."

The contestants were now drawn up ready for the fray. On one side were the mayor and the four sheriffs, protected on the flanks by seven of the aldermen, and in the rear by the remaining twelve. On the opposite side were the twenty-four knights who had first presented themselves in answer to the challenge of the mayor, each one

eager to show his prowess before the lady whose scarf he wore.

A second time the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the rules of the tourney. The weapons allowed were the lance and the sword, the latter to be used only to strike, not to thrust. A knight unhorsed or forced back to his own end of the lists was considered vanquished. A conquering knight might be forced to face two or three assailants at a time, but in that case a second sword would be allowed him.

Again the trumpets rang out "loude and claroun," and the heralds cried, "Do now your *dervoir!*" Instantly the front ranks met with a tremendous shock in the center of the lists. The people gazed breathlessly at the dust-enveloped mass to distinguish the victors.

"The mayor conquers!" shouted many voices, as his opponent was seen to be unhorsed and declared vanquished. Several other knights were rolling in the dust under their horses' feet. Reinforcements from the second ranks were joining in the strife, but the victory was plainly with the mayor's side before the heralds' "Ho!" recalled the knights to their places.

In the second and third encounters the sheriff, whose place was at the mayor's left, was easily the victor, as again and again he drove an enemy back, back to the opposite gate. The interest of the spectators was centered on him, and prophecies of yet another victory were made.

In the fourth encounter, however, he lost his lance and was obliged to draw his sword. Now he was gaining ground again, when two knights came to the aid of his opponent. For a few moments longer the young sheriff held his own bravely, wheeling his horse around, striking now here, now there, and parrying the blows of his assailants with consummate skill. But by an unlucky stroke his steel snapped. He was lost! Already his antagonists were forcing him back and demanding surrender. Suddenly a page dashed to his side, pressed a fresh blade into his hand, and swiftly withdrew. With renewed vigor the sheriff defended himself. The outcome of the contest was very doubtful. Then all at once victory was assured when by a few masterful strokes he scattered his enemies and stood alone, the conqueror of the day.

"The voice of peple touchede the hevene" as all recognized his prowess. Amid cheers and confused shouts of "Largesse! Largesse!" and the blare of trumpets, the heralds led him to the foot of the balcony, where the Queen of the Tourney stood ready to give him the victor's crown. The ceremony was interrupted by cries of "Unmask! unhelm him!" The sheriff obeyed the demands



"SUDDENLY A PAGE DASHED TO HIS SIDE AND PRESSED A FRESH BLADE INTO HIS HAND."

of the people, removed his helmet, and revealed—the face of Prince John of Gaunt! Before the lusty cheers that greeted him had begun to subside, the mayor and his comrades entered the lists again, and, saluting the Queen, uncovered their heads. The mayor was transformed into King Edward, the three remaining sheriffs into the elder princes, and the aldermen into well-known lords.

Cheer after cheer arose, and mingled with shouts of "God save such a king!" were heard

cries of "The page!" "Bring out the page!" And, with slow step and downcast eyes, Geoffrey Chaucer was led before the throne.

That night, while the stars blinked sleepily before the brightness of the perfect moon, young Chaucer stood long by his open window. His mind's eyes were looking far into the future, when he should be in the wars—perhaps a squire of the King himself; for that evening had seen him made squire to Prince Lionel, and a firmer friend than ever to Prince John.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR

BENEDICT ARNOLD was a friend of George Washington, and a general in the American army during the war in which America won its independence. But he grew to love luxury, and became less earnest in the cause of freedom, until at last he betrayed his country and joined the British army. This story shows us how terrible the life of a traitor must be.

BENEDICT ARNOLD sailed from his native land and returned no more. From that time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart—*Arnold the Traitor*.

When he stood beside his King in the House of Lords, a whisper crept through the thronged House, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable lord arose and said he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him while by his side stood—*Arnold the Traitor*.

He went to the theater, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty; but no sooner was his face seen than the whole audience rose—the lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant in the gallery. They rose together, while from the pit to the dome echoed the cry—"Arnold the Traitor."

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant who ate his bread whispered in contempt to his fellow-lackey, as he took his position in his master's carriage—"Arnold the Traitor."

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company, and scowling at his antagonist with his fierce brow, he spat full in his face. His antagonist was a man of courage, and he said: "Time may scorn me, but I never can stain my sword by killing—*Arnold the Traitor*."

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in Nova Scotia, his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouses were burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's—accusing the owner of burning his own property, to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town, and in sight of his very window they hanged an effigy, which bore a huge placard, inscribed—"Arnold the Traitor."

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hotfoot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. All who belonged to the ranks of the aristocracy were fleeing. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of his property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labor. "Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated, and then said:

"There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who during his life was bishop, prince, prime minister, ascended the stairs, knocked at the stranger's door, and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His

face was striking in its outline; his mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and, under the impression that the gentleman who sat before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may earn my bread. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, saying:

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand and say I have not one friend—not one—in all America!"

"Who are you?" cried the exile, as the strange man retreated. "Your name?"

"My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—*"Arnold the Traitor!"*

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. The manner of his death is not known; but we cannot doubt that he died friendless, and that the memory of his treachery to his native land gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring: "True to your country, what might you not have been, *O Arnold the Traitor!*?"



POMPEY AND CICERO IN THE APOLLO ROOM WITH LUCULLUS.



TWO BOOKS BELOVED OF GIRLS AND BOYS

LITTLE WOMEN

THIS is one of the most delightful of the many stories for boys and girls that have been written by American authors. The writer of "Little Women," Louisa May Alcott, about whom we have told you in another place, had three sisters, you must remember, and their characters are all sketched for us in this story. Meg, Amy, and Beth are only fictitious names for them, and in the character of Jo, as you are already aware, we see Miss Alcott herself. Mr. and Mrs. March are based upon her own father and mother, and other personages in the story are taken from real life, as well as many of the incidents described. We will now give you an outline of the story.

IT is in the time of the American War of Rebellion, when the Southern States were fighting the States of the North, that our story begins. But its scene is a quiet little village of New England, not far from Boston, where only faint echoes of the war are heard.

Tucked away in a quaint, old-fashioned house here were four sisters, named Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, and a happier quartet never shared a home-nest together. Their father, Mr. March, was away, serving as chaplain to one of the regiments of the North, and their mother, a gem among housewives, had hard work to provide for the family. They had very little to live on, but their cheerfulness and courage never failed.

Meg and Jo were the two elder sisters, and they helped their mother by earning a little money, Meg looking after the young children of a wealthy family, and Jo running errands for her rich aunt, who was a kind-hearted, but rather exacting, old lady. For all their own narrow means, the sisters contrived to do little acts of kindness to the poorer people in their neighborhood, and perhaps that was one of the reasons why they were always so bright and cheerful, as there is

no satisfaction like that which comes from doing service to others.

A new companion came into the little circle of the Marches when old Mr. Laurence and his grandson Theodore came to live in the big house next door. Theodore was a dark, handsome boy of foreign appearance. His mother had been an Italian lady, whom Mr. Laurence's son had married against his father's wish. Theodore was now an orphan, and heir to his grandfather's wealth. The home of the Laurences was richly furnished, but that was nothing to the lonely boy who lived there with the old man, until the merry girls from next door brought laughter and sunshine into it.

Jo was Laurie's greatest chum, as she was something of a boy herself, athletic and prankish, and yet fond of books and reading. He confessed to her that he wanted to be called Laurie, as he was afraid the boys might think his proper name rather "girly," and might be tempted to christen him Dora!

In that snowy winter when this new friendship began, there were constant comings and goings between the two houses. The girls got up the most exciting plays, of which Jo was the author, Beth supplying the music, and in these Laurie took his part. They had their amateur magazine, "The Pickwick Portfolio," the organ of their Pickwick Club, of which all were members, and each was known by the name of one of the characters in Dickens's story. But perhaps best of all was their post-office, which maintained a regular service between the two houses, and through which, in the years that were to come, many a love-letter passed from one house to the other. Of the girls, Beth was the shyest and most retiring, a real home-bird, but her sweet and gentle nature had considerable influence upon her sisters. If there was a touch of vanity in any of

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT AND HER HOME AT CONCORD, MASS.

The Alcott home is known by the pleasant name of Orchard House, and is one of the few literary shrines in America. It has been purchased by public subscription as a memorial to Louisa May Alcott, who laid the scenes of her famous "Little Women" here.



them, Amy, the youngest, had it, but for all that she was as bright and lovable as any. While Beth stayed at home and helped in the house-work, with their old servant Hannah, Amy went to school.

WHY AMY WAS TAKEN FROM SCHOOL, AND HER MOTHER'S ADVICE

Now, the children of New England in those days had a fondness for pickled limes, and were apt to bring these for eating in school hours, which was a great offense—and Amy greatly offended. The teacher punished her so severely for this that her mother took her away from his school, as she did not like his way of teaching.

"That's good! I wish all the girls would leave, and spoil his old school. It's perfectly maddening to think of those lovely limes," sighed Amy, with the air of a martyr.

"I'm not sorry you lost them, for you broke the rules and deserved some punishment for disobedience, although I should not have chosen that way of mending a fault," was the mother's severe reply, which rather astonished the young lady, who expected nothing but sympathy. "You are getting to be rather conceited, my dear, and it is quite time you set about correcting it. You have many little gifts and virtues, but the great charm of all power is modesty."

"So it is!" cried Laurie, who was playing chess in a corner with Jo.

MEG GOES TO TOWN AND HAS A TASTE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE

It was not long after this that Meg received an invitation to visit her old school friend, Annie Moffat, and as the Moffats were wealthy people who enjoyed the "fashionable life" of the great city where their home was, there was a great deal of preparing for Meg's two weeks with them. As each of her sisters helped to fit her out, and her own good looks made even the simplest clothes seem dainty, Meg cut quite a figure at the Moffats' parties.

Laurie had also received an invitation to one of these parties, and Meg behaved rather badly to him, perhaps because she found herself the center of so much interest among the Moffats' friends; perhaps, also, because she heard it whispered there that Mrs. March was trying to make a match between her and Laurie. When she "fessed" this at home on her return, Jo and her mother were indignant.

"Well, if that is n't the greatest rubbish I've

ever heard!" cried Jo. "Just wait till I see Annie Moffat, and I'll show you how to settle such ridiculous stuff. The idea of having 'plans' and being kind to Laurie because he's rich, and may marry us by and by!"

"But, mother, do you have 'plans,' as Mrs. Moffat said?" asked Meg.

"Yes, my dear, I have a great many; all mothers do, but perhaps mine differ from Mrs. Moffat's. I want my daughters to be beautiful, accomplished, and good; to be admired, loved, and respected; to have a happy youth, to be well and wisely married; and to lead useful, pleasant lives, with as little care and sorrow to try them as God sees fit to send."

A MOTHER'S PLANS FOR HER DAUGH- TERS' FUTURE HAPPINESS

"To be loved and chosen by a good man is the best and sweetest thing which can happen to a woman. But I'd rather see you poor men's wives, if you were happy, than queens on thrones, without self-respect and peace."

Meg's little journey into Vanity Fair, represented by this fortnight amid the fashionable life of the city, had not been without its use in showing her the silliness of the gossip people talked in "fashionable circles," and only made her love her simple home-life more.

Time slipped away in this pleasant companionship, and the girls grew into young women for whom the good fortune their mother had wished was perhaps near at hand. Jo's amateur contributions to "The Pickwick Portfolio" had made her ambitious of appearing in real journals, and when one day she had news that two of her stories were accepted, her delight knew no bounds. Laurie was as proud when he heard of it as if he had written the stories himself. And it was he who then let her into a secret when he said he more than suspected Mr. Brooke, his tutor, was in love with Meg, for he had seen one of Meg's old gloves in Mr. Brooke's pocket. But the idea of any one coming to take Meg away did not please Jo. "I'd like to see any one try it!" she said fiercely.

One November day a telegram was received stating that Mr. March was in hospital at Washington and asking Mrs. March to come at once. It was as though the gray November sky had suddenly turned black indeed. All the girls were busied at once helping the mother with her preparations to leave that evening; but Jo disappeared mysteriously, and Laurie went in search of her. When she came back she was proud to

hand her mother twenty-five dollars to add to the little sum of money Mrs. March possessed for the expenses she was now to meet. How had Jo managed to get this useful addition? By the simple process of selling her beautiful tresses, for she now appeared before them with her hair cut short.

DARK DAYS FOLLOWED BY JOY AT FATHER'S HOME-COMING

THESE were indeed dark days, for though news came at length that the father was recovering, poor Beth was stricken with fever, which she had contracted from the child of a poor woman in the village to whom the girls were always rendering some little service. Jo had no time now for her poems and stories. Frolics were all forgotten in her devotion to her sister, whom she nursed so tenderly and so well that when Mrs. March came home with the good news that father was rapidly improving, Beth was already convalescent.

Christmastide had come round once more, and they all felt that if only their father were strong enough to be with them, nothing would be lacking to make it the merriest season they had known. But on Christmas night Laurie came in with such an air of delight and suppressed excitement that they all felt he was the herald of good news. And in a moment more, while they waited for Laurie to speak, in came Mr. Brooke supporting Mr. March himself, who stepped smiling into the room. Four loving pairs of arms were round him in an instant, and Jo, in her excitement, almost fainted, while the dignified Amy fell over a stool and did not even endeavor to get up, but hugged her father round his legs, and quite by accident Mr. Brooke kissed Meg; and Beth, in her little red wrapper, ran out from her room straight into Mr. March's arms, strong again in the joy of her father's return.

SOMEBODY COMES TO STEAL MEG FROM HER LOVING SISTERS

IT was soon after this that Mr. Brooke proved the truth of Laurie's suspicion, and much to Aunt March's disgust—for the old lady wished to see her nieces marry wealthy men—Mr. and Mrs. March agreed that Meg should become Mrs. Brooke in three years' time, when she would be twenty. Before that happy day came round, John Brooke had taken his share in the war, and had been wounded in the good cause; but the war was now over and he was back in the village again, working hard to prepare the home for Meg.

The years had made Amy into quite a beauty, while Beth was still the sweet, shy creature she had ever been; and Jo, as boyish as ever, was still dreaming of authorship and doing, too, for other things she had written were finding acceptance at the hands of real editors. Mr. March had settled down to his own work at home, and though his wife's hair was grayer than before, she was still strong and happy. Laurie, away at college, was still the fast friend of this little household.

To the last her parents and her sisters seemed loath to let Meg leave the old nest; but her marriage made hardly any difference, as she came and went in her mother's house almost as when she had been a girl.

THE GREAT DAY WHEN JO WON A PRIZE FOR A STORY

IT was a great day for Jo, when, having won a hundred-dollar prize for one of her stories, she was able to send her mother and Beth, who seemed to grow paler as the days went by, for a month at the seaside.

Jo also wrote a novel which was moderately successful, and the three hundred dollars she got for it made her feel quite wealthy. Her great longing was to visit Europe, and see something of the life of those famous cities she had read so much about. But Amy was the one to whom that good fortune came, Aunt March furnishing the money to send her favorite niece abroad with another relative, who was to make a tour in Europe. Jo, however, concealed her own disappointment, and worked loyally in helping Amy to prepare for her long journey.

Now, all this time Laurie had been such friends with all the girls that, when Jo had spoken of the possibility of his "marrying us," she meant that there was none of them he seemed to care for more than the others.

WHY JO WENT AWAY, AND SOME- THING ABOUT A PROFESSOR

BUT of late she had felt that this friendship for herself was deepening into love, and she made up her mind that that was not to be, as she half suspected Beth was in love with him. And that was why Jo suddenly betook herself to New York as a teacher.

Before long she was writing home about the good and gentle Professor Bhaer, from whom she was receiving tuition in German. It was clear that the professor was very much in Jo's thoughts. That was one of the reasons, but not the only one, for her declining to be the wife of Laurie when

that dearest friend, who had now graduated with honors from his college, put the tender question to her one summer day at home.

Old Mr. Laurence now determined on a visit to Europe, and Laurie went away with him. In Laurie's travels he met Amy in the south of France, and was filled with pleasure to find how beautiful she had grown in womanliness. He had thought that Jo's refusal of him would leave him with a wounded heart for years, but somehow in the presence of Amy the wound seemed quickly to heal.

LAURIE AND AMY, AND A PRETTY SCENE ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA

BEFORE long he discovered, to his own surprise, that Amy was the sister whom he loved. One day, when they were rowing on the Lake of Geneva, whither he had followed her, Amy took an oar, and together they kept time as the boat went smoothly through the water. Neither of them spoke for a little.

"How well we pull together, don't we?" said Amy, who objected to silence just then.

"So well that I wish we might always pull in the same boat. Will you, Amy?"—very tenderly.

"Yes, Laurie," she answered, very low. Then they both stopped rowing, and unconsciously added a pretty little picture of human love and happiness to the dissolving views reflected in the lake.

Meanwhile, away at the old home in New England Jo was very lonely; but she worked hard at her writing, and busied herself in household affairs to help the slow months along. Then one day came a new burst of happiness, when Laurie and Amy arrived—already married! Jo and Laurie were really better friends than ever, for the

unselfish elder sister found a new joy in Amy's happiness. But Professor Bhaer was becoming quite a frequent visitor at the home, and it was noticed that Jo had a habit of blushing when he entered, or even when his name was mentioned.

This being so, in due course it was no great surprise to all who were interested to know that the good professor had seized an opportunity one rainy day, when he and Jo had to share the same umbrella, to ask her if she loved him well enough to have him for her husband, whose heart was full of love even if his hands were empty. And, putting her hand in his, for she dearly loved a jest, she answered: "Not empty now," and kissed the professor under the umbrella.

HAPPY DAYS FOR ALL AT THE HOME OF "MOTHER BHAER"

It was more than a year afterward that Aunt March died and left Jo her country house. This gave her and her sweetheart the happy idea of founding a boys' school, where she was to reign over a regiment of boys as "Mother Bhaer." It never was a fashionable school, and the professor did not lay up a fortune; but it was just what Jo intended it to be—"a happy, homelike place for boys who needed teaching, care, and kindness." And in the years that followed, during many a happy holiday, the sisters, with their husbands and their children and Mr. and Mrs. March, the happiest of grandparents, gathered there in loving companionship to talk over the days that had been, recalling the tender memories of their own childhood. On these occasions a toast that was always honored was "Aunt March, God bless her!" For the professor could never forget how much happiness he owed to that crotchety old lady with the kind heart.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

WE have already told you about Daniel Defoe and his "Robinson Crusoe," which has been called the greatest story of adventure ever written, and on account of which Defoe became known as the father of English fiction. The following outline will give you a very good idea of what the story is like.

HOW CRUSOE RAN AWAY AND BECAME A SAILOR

AT the beginning of his story Robinson Crusoe tells us that he was born in York, in 1632, the

third son of a good family. His father intended him for the law, but he would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. His father, a wise and grave man, gave him serious and excellent counsel, telling him that it was men of desperate fortunes, on the one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes, on the other, who went abroad upon adventures; that his was the middle state, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world.

"A few days wore it all off. And about a year after, being one day at Hull, leaving my father and mother to hear of it as they might, and with-

out asking God's blessing or my father's, on September 1st, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London."

This vessel was wrecked, but the men made their way on shore in a boat sent from a light-ship. They landed near Cromer, and walked to Yarmouth, where they had money given them to carry them to Hull or London, as they thought fit. Without heeding the warning of the master of the wrecked vessel, who bemoaned the fact that he had taken one so like Jonah in his ship, Robinson Crusoe hardened his heart against going back and went on to London, where he took passage as a gentleman adventurer on board a vessel bound for the coast of Africa, the captain of which, taking a fancy to him, instructed him what to buy for trading purposes, and on the voyage taught him much about navigation.

"This voyage, the only voyage which I may say was successful in all my adventures, made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold-dust, which yielded me in London, at my return, almost £300, and this filled me with those aspiring thoughts which have since so completed my ruin."

Investing £100 of his new-gained wealth in another adventure, and lodging the other £200 with the friendly captain's widow, Robinson Crusoe once more set out on the same ship, which was this time captained by its former mate. One morning when they were making their course toward the Canary Islands, they were surprised by a Moorish rover of Sallee, and, after a severe fight, were carried prisoners into that port.

While the other men were carried up-country to the emperor's court, Robinson Crusoe was kept as a prize by the pirate captain, and made his slave.

"When," he says, "my new master went to sea, he left me on shore to look after his little garden, and to do the common drudgery of slaves about his house; and when he came home again from his cruise he ordered me to lie in the cabin to look after the ship."

A HEAVY FOG AT SEA AND HOW THE PIRATE WAS CAUGHT IN IT

AFTER about two years had passed, the pirate stayed on shore for a longer time than usual. He took Crusoe with him in his pinnace when he went a-fishing, and Crusoe soon became so skilful at catching fish that he was sometimes sent alone, with a kinsman of the pirate's and a young Moor as his sole companions.

On one occasion when the pirate was out in the pinnace a thick fog arose, and they had rowed

out to sea a long distance before they were aware of it. After this the pirate had the longboat of the English ship that he had taken fitted up for future excursions of the kind, and this was the beginning of the events that led up to Crusoe's escape, the whole circumstances of which may well be told in his own words:

"It happened that he (the pirate) had appointed to go out in this boat with two or three Moors of some distinction, and had therefore sent on board overnight a larger store of provisions than usual, and had ordered me to get ready three muskets with powder and shot, for that they designed some fowling as well as fishing. The next morning my patron came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going, and ordered me, with the man and boy, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, for that his friends were to sup at his house.

WHY CRUSOE WOULD NOT CATCH FISH FOR HIS MASTER

"THIS moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was likely to have a little ship at my command, and, my master being gone, I prepared to furnish myself, not for fishing, but for a voyage. Thus furnished with everything needful, we sailed out of the port to fish.

"After we had fished some time and caught nothing—for when I had fish on my hook I would not pull them up—I said to the Moor, 'This will not do; our master will not be thus served; we must stand farther off.' He, thinking no harm, agreed, and, being in the head of the boat, set the sails.

"When we were about a league farther out, giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and, making as if I stooped for something behind him, I took him by surprise with my arm under his waist, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea.

"He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and begged to be taken in, telling me he would go all over the world with me. But there was no venturing to trust him, so I stepped into the cabin, and, fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and would do him none if he would be quiet. 'But,' said I, 'you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm. But if you come near the boat I'll shoot you through the head, for I am resolved to have my liberty!' So he turned about and swam for the shore; and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

CRUSOE AND HIS BLACK BOY
MAKE A VERY LONG VOYAGE

"WHEN he was gone I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said, 'Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I'll make you a great man; but if you will not stroke your face to be true to me'—that is, swear by Mahomet and his father's beard—I must throw you into the sea, too!' The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently that I could not mistrust him, and swore to be faithful to me, and to go all over the world with me.

"While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea," the story goes on to say. "But as soon as it grew dusk I steered my course that I might keep in with the shore, and made such sail that I believe by the next day at three in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than 150 miles south of Sallee.

"It was not till I had sailed for five days, however, that I ventured to make the coast. We came to anchor in the mouth of a little river. I neither saw nor desired to see any people; the principal thing I wanted was fresh water.

"We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark. Then we heard such dreadful noises of wild creatures that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged not to go on shore till day. 'Well, Xury,' said I, 'then I won't; but it may be we may see men by day who will be as bad to us as those lions.' 'Then we give them the shoot-gun,' said Xury.

"But we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat. Xury said, if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any water, and bring some to me. I asked him why he would go? He answered me with so much affection that made me love him ever after. Said he, 'If wild mans come, they eat me; you go 'way.' 'Well, Xury,' said I, 'we will both go, and if the wild mans come we will kill them—they shall eat neither of us.'

"So I gave Xury a piece of rusk-bread to eat, and a dram out of our patron's case of bottles; and we hauled the boat in as near the shore as we thought was proper, and waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms and two jars for water.

A SEARCH FOR WATER, AND
XURY'S DEVOTION

"I DID not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the coming of canoes with savages down the

river; but the boy, seeing a low place about a mile up the country, rambled to it, and by and by I saw him come running toward me. I thought he was pursued by some savage or wild beast, and I ran forward to help him. But when I came nearer to him I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature he had shot, like a hare, but different in color, and longer legs. However, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat.

"But the great joy that Xury came with was to tell me he had found good water and no wild mans. But we found afterward that we need not take such pains for water, for a little higher up the creek we found the water fresh when the tide was out; so we filled our jars and feasted on the hare, and prepared to go on our way."

. After an encounter with a party of peaceable negroes, Crusoe coasted till he came near Cape de Verde, where he was picked up by a Portuguese ship bound for the Brazils. The captain proved very friendly, and, refusing to take anything from Crusoe, offered instead to buy both the boat and Xury. Crusoe was loath to sell the boy, but on the captain promising to give him his liberty in ten years if he turned Christian, and Xury saying he was willing to go, Crusoe let the captain have him.

After a good voyage they reached the Brazils. Here Crusoe entered into partnership with a sugar-planter. He wrote to his friend the widow and asked her to send out one half of the value of the money he had left with her, in English goods, consigned to Lisbon, whence the Portuguese captain brought them to him on his next voyage to the Brazils.

CRUSOE GETS RICH AND MAKES READY
TO SAIL TO AFRICA

SELLING these goods to advantage, Crusoe started a tobacco plantation, and at the end of four years, being wealthy, but still unsatisfied, thought out a scheme whereby he might gain riches at even a quicker rate.

So he spoke to his fellow-planters and the merchants at San Salvador of his early voyage to Africa, and of how easy it was, in exchange for trifles, not only to get ivory, gold-dust, etc., but slaves for service in the plantations. And one day three of the planters came to him with a proposal that they should furnish a ship for such a purpose as he had outlined, and that he should go in it as a supercargo and do the trading.

Unable to resist this offer, according to which he should have a share of the proceeds without

providing any part of the cost, Crusoe made a will disposing of his plantations and effects in the event of his death.

"In short," he says, "I took all possible caution to preserve my effects and keep up my plantation. Had I used half as much prudence to have looked into my own interest, and have made a judgment of what I ought to have done, and not to have done, I had certainly not have gone away from so prosperous an undertaking, and gone upon a voyage attended with all its common hazards, to say nothing of the reasons I had to expect particular misfortunes to myself. But I was hurried on, and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason."

ROBINSON CRUSOE ESCAPES A WATERY GRAVE

WHEN the ship in which Crusoe and his companions sailed from the Brazils had been about twelve days out, it was caught in a violent hurricane, and they were taken quite out of their reckoning. One of the men died of fever, and a man and a boy were washed overboard.

It was resolved to make for the West Indies, the vessel being in a very battered condition, when they were taken by another great tornado, and for twelve days together they could do nothing but drive before the wind.

While they were still at the mercy of wind and wave, one of the men espied land. The others had no sooner run out of the cabin to see where they were when the ship struck upon a sand-bank, and, the waves breaking over her, they committed themselves, being eleven in number, to the boat, to God's mercy, and the wild sea. For though the storm had abated considerably, the sea ran dreadfully high.

After they had been driven about a league and a half, a raging wave, mountain high, took them with such fury that the boat was overturned, and its occupants were all swallowed up in a moment.

"The sea landed me," says Crusoe, "or, rather, dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force that it left me senseless. And had it returned again immediately I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waters, and got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the clefts of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of reach of the water.

"I was now landed and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes

before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave. I walked about the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being wrapt up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades who were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterward, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows. I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, as it lay so far off, and considered, Lord, how was it possible I could get on shore?"

When, however, Crusoe began to look about him, his comforts began to abate. He was wet. He had no change of clothes. There was nothing to eat or drink. He had no weapon—nothing but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. And night was coming on. All the remedy that occurred to him was to get up into a thick, bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, that grew near, there to pass the night.

But first of all he walked inland a bit, and, to his great joy, found fresh water, which somewhat revived him. Having drunk and put a little tobacco into his mouth to prevent hunger, he went to the tree, got up into it, and endeavored so to place himself that if he slept he might not fall.

He soon fell asleep. And so fatigued had he become that he did not wake till it was broad day. He then found that the storm had abated, and that the weather was clear.

HOW PROVISIONS AND CARGO WERE GOT FROM THE WRECK

WHEN Crusoe awoke from his sleep in the tree, he saw that the wrecked ship had been lifted from the sand-bank and carried much farther inland. At the ebbing of the tide he was able to get within a quarter of a mile of her. So, hoping to get some things from her that would be useful, he swam out, and by the help of a piece of hanging rope managed to clamber on board. A dog and two cats were the only living creatures left on board, and these became his companions.

There being no time to lose, he filled his pockets with biscuits, which he ate as he went about, and he made a raft. On this he fastened some seamen's chests. He filled these with provisions, tools, and ammunition, and then got his raft ashore.

The next day he again swam to the ship, and,

making another raft, brought more stores ashore. For eleven days he kept returning to the vessel, and so brought away pretty well all that was on board. The next morning, when he left the hut he had made for himself on the shore, he looked out to sea, and behold! the ship was no longer to be seen.

Then, finding a little plain on a rising hill of rock which commanded a good view of the sea, so that if any ship came in view he might be able to signal to her, he resolved to fix up a tent of sails here.

THE INGENIOUS DEFENSES OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND HOME

In front of where his tent was to be he drew a semicircle some twenty yards in diameter, and touching the rock at both ends. Along the edge of this semicircle he planted two rows of strong stakes, one six inches behind the other, driving them into the ground till they stood about five and one-half feet above ground.

He sharpened the tops of the stakes, and filled the gap between them with cable from the ship, and then placed other stakes inside, leaning against the others, about two and one-half feet high, like a spur to a post. He thus had a fence so strong that neither man nor beast could get over it. He left no door, but made a short ladder, which, when he was in, he lifted over after him.

Into this fence or fortress he, with infinite labor, carried all his riches, provisions, and stores. Having fixed up a kind of double tent, a smaller one within and one larger above it, he covered the whole with a large tarpaulin which he had saved among the sails.

Finding the rock behind—which was slightly hollowed out like the entrance to a cave—soft, he enlarged the hollow into a cave, and this he called his kitchen. His gunpowder he put into about a hundred bags, and put these into different parts of the rock, so that if any exploded it would not mean the loss of all his store.

In order that he might not lose his reckoning of time, he cut the following words on a large post: "I came on shore here on September 30th, 1659," and, making a kind of cross, set this up on the shore. On the sides of the post he every day cut a notch, making every seventh notch as long again as the rest to mark the Sundays.

HOW CRUSOE WAITED FOUR YEARS TO GET SOME BREAD

MEANWHILE, he discovered that there were goats, rabbits, and wild cats on the island, as well as

wild birds. Of every creature he shot he preserved the skin.

When his fortress was completed, he made some chairs and a table, having, for every board he wanted, to cut down a tree, hew it thin with an ax, and smooth it with an adze. Later, after a storm, parts of the old wreck were washed ashore, and he was thus provided with planks and bolts.

One day, just before the rainy season, he emptied what appeared to be a quantity of husks and dust from an old barley-bag on to the ground. After the rains he saw a few stalks of something green shooting up. Later, a number of ears of barley and rice came out. He saved these ears, and sowed them again and again; but it was not until he had been four years on the island that he ventured to use any of the grains to make bread.

He tells us of the precautions he had to take against the rabbits and birds that threatened his growing grain; how he was terrified by an earthquake, which, however, caused no harm; how he fell sick, and, recovering, found comfort in the Bible he had brought from the ship; and how, going to the other side of the island, he found a fruitful valley, where he built himself a country seat or "bower."

In another part of the island he found abundance of turtles, wild hares, and fowls. He caught a parrot, and taught it to repeat his name. He caught a number of goats, and, breeding them in enclosures, was safeguarded against the failure of ammunition, and supplied with milk as well as meat, for the boiling of which he made some rough earthenware pots.

CRUSOE MAKES A CANOE AND GOES FOR A LONG SAIL

AFTER he had been on the island for six years he made a canoe, in which he attempted to sail round the island, and was all but drowned. He made himself clothes out of the skins he saved, and became proficient in making baskets. He gives us this sketch of himself in his new garb:

"I had a great, high, shapeless cap made of goat's skin, a rough jacket of the same coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches made of the skin of an old he-goat, and a pair of buskins. I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried; and in a frog on either side of this I hung a little saw and a hatchet. At the end of another belt, which hung over my shoulder, hung two pouches, made of goat's skin, too. In one hung my powder, and in another my shot. At my back I carried my bas-

ket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly goatskin umbrella. My beard I had cut pretty short, but on my upper lip I wore a large pair of Mahometan moustachios."

When not tending his plantations or his animals, Crusoe went out on short trips in his canoe or took walks about the island. Altogether, he found his time fully occupied.

THE COMING OF MAN FRIDAY AND OTHERS

ONE day, when he had been on the island for fifteen years, Crusoe was exceedingly surprised to see the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. He stood like one who had seen an apparition; then he fled back to his fortress like one pursued. That night he did not sleep. He did not stir out for three days and three nights for fear.

When, some time later, he discovered a number of skulls and human bones, the remains of a cannibal feast, he hurried back to his dwelling with a feeling of thankfulness that he had been cast on a side of the island where the savages did not come. One morning, after he had been on the island for about twenty-three years, he was amazed to see a party of savages on his side of the island, and, going down to the shore after their departure, he found the remains of another cannibal feast. This caused him to redouble his precautions against discovery.

Some months later another wreck was cast up, and from this he obtained a quantity of new stores. Two years afterward he was again alarmed by the arrival of another party of savages. They brought two prisoners. While they were cutting one up, the other ran away in Crusoe's direction. Three of the cannibals gave chase. Crusoe rescued the fugitive, who became his devoted servant. This incident taking place on a Friday, Crusoe called the black man Friday. He taught him many words of English, and the man became very useful and a welcome companion.

One day Friday came running to his master in great alarm. A party of savages had arrived, and Friday was sure they had come for him. Comforting him as well as he was able, Crusoe armed himself and Friday, and sallied out from his castle.

When they came in sight of the savages, the latter were seen eating a prisoner, while another captive was lying bound upon the sand. This captive was a white man. Crusoe and Friday fired upon the party, killing some and scaring the others. While Crusoe was attending to the white man, Friday found a third prisoner lying in the

bottom of one of the canoes, and this captive proved to be his father. Crusoe now had three companions.

As soon as he was able to give an account of himself, the white man, a Spaniard, proved to be one of a band of seventeen who had been shipwrecked and cast among the savages of the nation to which Friday belonged.

Crusoe and Friday had made a canoe before this occurrence, and it was decided that in this the Spaniard and Friday's father should bring the other Spaniards to the island.

After their departure an English ship came in sight. From this vessel a number of men landed near Crusoe's habitation. They brought three prisoners. At dusk, while the men were asleep, Crusoe approached the captives, and found that they were the officers of the ship. There had been a mutiny on board.

CRUSOE LEAVES THE ISLAND —HIS LATER ADVENTURES

CRUSOE released the three men, and after some exciting episodes the captain was restored to his ship, in which, after leaving the survivors of the mutineers on the island, Crusoe, taking Friday with him, left the island on December 19, 1686, the same day of the month in which he made his escape from Sallee.

In this vessel Crusoe arrived in England on June 11, 1687, after an absence of thirty-five years. Soon after he went to Lisbon, and he found out from letters that so well had his estate in the Brazils been managed that he was master of more than £5000, and an estate worth about £1000 a year.

Returning to England, Crusoe married, and settled down on a farm in Bedfordshire. But the old roving spirit came upon him again, and, his wife dying, he started out once more, revisiting his island, now a fairly thriving colony. He had many other adventures in China and Russian Tartary. Eventually, he reached London again on January 10, 1705, after another absence of over ten years.

"And here," he says, "I resolved to prepare for a longer journey than all these, having lived a life of infinite variety seventy-two years, and learned sufficiently to know the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace."

Defoe really wrote three books about Robinson Crusoe, not only telling his life, but giving his thoughts on many things. The story we have just read is told in the first and most interesting of these books.



BY JOHN BENNETT

"HULLEE, hullo!" cried little John,
"It is a Monday morn.
I see the sheep upon the hill;
I hear the shepherd's horn.
I 'll take my good long bow of yew;
I 'll take my arrows bright;
I 'll find some merry tale to tell
Before the fall of night."
Then he hath donned his garb of green,
And to the woods is gone
All underneath the merry greenwood
Went sturdy Little John.

Away he went by field and fen,
By hollow and by hill;
The dun deer in the green fern
Lay shivering and still.
He had not gone through merry Sherwood
Two miles or scarcely three,
When he was 'ware of a little young maid
Weeping against a tree.
She was clad all in linen white,
A ribboned stave she bore,
A rose-garland was on her head,
Yet still she weepeth sore.

"Why dost thou weep, sweetheart?" he cried,
"And wash thy cheeks away?
Why dost thou weep so bitterly
On such a bonny day?"
Her heart stood still with deadly fear,
She scanned him o'er and o'er;
But when she saw his merry blue eye
She feared that man no more.
"I was the Queen of May," she said,
"But all the rest are gone;
And who can play at queens alone?"
Then up spake Little John:

"Cheer up, sweetheart; the sun doth shine;
It is the month of May;
Take no more thought on bitterness
Till thou art old and gray.
If thou wouldst play at being queen,
Then make no more ado:
I am the Khan of Tartary
And I will play with you.
We 'll hunt the deer on hill and dale;
I 'll fly a shaft for thee;
We 'll rest beside a little brown brook
Beneath the greenwood tree."



LITTLE JOHN MEETS THE LITTLE MAID.

Then he hath taken her in his arms,
Like a little bird to his breast,
And smileth behind his yellow beard
At such a merry jest;
For never a sight like this was seen
Beneath the greenwood tree—
Bold Little John a-serving gone,
A nursemaid for to be!
"Who is thy father, sweetheart?
And who is thy good dame?"
"My father is Sheriff of Nottingham,
And Nell is my mother's name."

Now Little John's brown face is grim,
And he hath grasped his knife;
For the proud Sheriff of Nottingham
Hath sworn to have his life.
But up spake then the Sheriff's daughter,
And leaned upon his knee:
"Art thou afraid of the wild outlaws
That in the forest be?"
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John—
Then loud and long laughed he:
"I do not fear the wild outlaws,
No more than they fear me."

"I fear bold Robin Hood so," she said,
"I dare not sleep at night;
And when I dream of Little John,
I waken in affright."
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John—
Then loud and long laughed he:
"Have no more fear of Little John
Than thou hast fear of me.
He is a stout and sturdy knave,
But no more wild than I;
And if it did not bite him first
He would not harm a fly."

XX—4

"And of bold Robin Hood," said he,
"Now be no more adrad;
For a kinder heart than Robin Hood's
No woman ever had."
Now they are gone by sunny dale,
By green and leafy nook;
They dance among the daffodils
That smile beside the brook.



HE TALKS WITH HER.

Through Sherwood forest deep and green
Together they are gone:
The dun deer on the uplands stood
And stared at Little John.

He made a horse of his broad back
And pranced along the bank;
He made a bowl of his tall hat,
And out of it she drank.



THEY DANCE AMONG THE DAFFODILS.



HE TALKS OF ROBIN HOOD.

He made a throne of ferns and moss;
He wove a primrose crown;
And bound his baldric for a sash
About her linen gown.
He gathered sweet-flag in the brook,
And spice-roots in the wood;
He sat beside her in the grass,
And talked of Robin Hood.

Anon he sang a merry song
About a merry man
Who went to sleep in London town,
And woke in Ispahan;
And when he found that he was lost,
Just covered up his head,
Woke up again in London town,
A-tumbling out of bed!
The Sheriff's daughter clapped her hands,
And merrily she cried:
"I never had such a good playmate
In all the world beside!"

"Wilt thou not come to my father's house,
And be my father's man?"
"Nay, I must return to Tartary,
And conquer Ispahan."



HE BLOWS HIS BUGLE HORN.



NOTTINGHAM FOLK WERE ALL ASTIR.

Two hundred merry men there be
 Who follow in my train,
 All rich in cloth of gold and green
 As any don in Spain.
 My army is of Tartars fierce,
 Three hundred thousand strong.
 Five thousand camels all are mine –
 Unless I count them wrong.

"The under side of all the sea
 Is mine—when it gets dry."
 The Sheriff's daughter looked at him,
 And doubt was in her eye.
 "Upon my word," cried Little John—
 And wondrous grave he grew—
 "If I be Khan of Tartary,
 I'll swear the rest is true!"
 Then straight he took his bugle-horn,
 And loud began to blow,
 Until a score of outlaws bold
 Came running in a row.

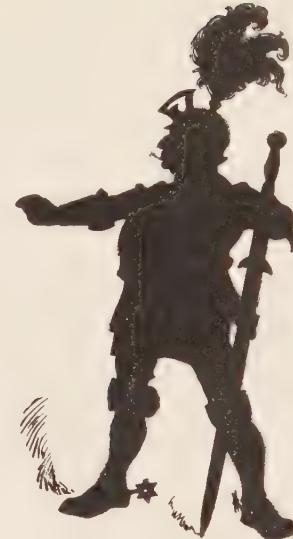
Out rang the bells of Nottingham;
 Astir was all the town:



OUT STEPPED A STURDY YEOMAN.

The women wept; the cripples crept;
 The men ran up and down.
 Some shouted here; some shouted there;
 Some went with bated breath:
 For the Sheriff of Nottingham's daughter was
 lost,
 And the Sheriff was pale as death.
 And he hath offered a golden horn
 And a purse of an hundred pound
 To whoso findeth his daughter dear
 And bringeth her safe and sound.

Now the warder stands at the city gate,
 With his hand above his eye:



THE SHERIFF COMES TO THE GATE.

A band is coming from merry Sherwood,
 As straight as a crow can fly.
 "What ho! thou warder of Nottingham!
 Bring hither thy Sheriff to me."
 The Sheriff is come to the city gate,
 With all of his company.
 "Who calls for the Sheriff of Nottingham?
 Who calls for the Sheriff so keen?"
 Out stepped a sturdy yeoman,
 Clad all in Lincoln green.

Clad all in Lincoln green was he,
 And his face was fair and bold;



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER RIDES IN STATE.



THE SHERIFF GREETS THE "KHAN OF TARTARY."

A long brown sword hung by his side,
And its hilt was wound with gold.
"Now who art thou?" the Sheriff cries,
And his lips are white with foam.
"I am the Khan of Tartary,
Bringing thy daughter home."
Then out stepped two tall bowmen,
Clad all in gold and green,
With their long bows over their shoulders,
And a litter swung between.

"My daughter!" cried the Sheriff,
"Oh, tell me she is not dead!"
Up rose the Sheriff's daughter,
With a garland upon her head.
"Why do ye weep, dear father?
And why so pale?" she cried,
"And why do ye come to the city gate,
With your company by your side?
I have been the Queen of the merry May,
All under the greenwood tree;
I have been to the court of Prester John
With the Khan of Tartary!"

Now the Sheriff hath come to the outer gate,
And the Sheriff can hardly stand:
He hath met with the Khan of Tartary,
And hath taken him by the hand;
And he feareth that he shall have tasted death
Ere he go through that gate again;
For the hand that he holdeth is Little John's,
And the men are Robin Hood's men.
"How now, Sir Sheriff! Why tremble so?
And why so woebegone?
It is not bale for a man to look
In the face of Little John."

The sun hath set; the twilight falls;
The birds have gone to rest;
The Sheriff of Nottingham sits by the fire,
His daughter held fast to his breast.
"I have been the Queen of the May," she sighs—
His face she cannot see—



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER HOME AGAIN

"I have been to the court of Prester John
With the Khan of Tartary."
The dun deer run in merry Sherwood;
Yet ere the week is gone
There cometh a purse and a golden horn
From the Sheriff to Little John.



SOME FAMOUS FRENCH WRITERS

WHILE Cicero was charming the people of Rome with the magic of his silver voice and wonderful language, and while the shy little boy Vergil was still running free about his father's farm, the rough soldiers of Cæsar were marching through the beautiful country of Gaul laying waste its fertile fields, putting its men and women to the sword, and spreading throughout the length and breadth of that fair land the fame and terror of the great name of Rome. And having brought the people of Gaul under their sway, the rude Roman soldiers forced them to imitate their customs and learn their language, so that nothing of the old Gaul should remain, but everything, even the speech of the people, should bear the stamp of mighty Rome. Now this country of Gaul is what we know to-day as France, and the language its people learned from the Roman soldiers became in course of time what we call French.

For hundreds of years after the power of Rome departed from France very little was written in the new French language. The monks and priests wrote much, it is true, but always in Latin. As time went on, however, many minstrels sprang up who sang of the lovely country of France and celebrated the brave deeds of its heroes and the beauty and virtue of its high-born dames. These minstrels were called *trouvères* in the north of France and *troubadours* in the south. From court to court and castle to castle those minstrels rode about on gaily bedecked chargers. They were richly dressed in silks and velvets, with silver-hilted swords at their hips and richly ornamented harps or guitars slung over their shoulders. They were welcomed and honored by kings and princes, for poetry and song were highly prized in old France. King René of Provence was himself a minstrel and prouder of being a minstrel than of being a king, while Richard the Lion-Hearted, even after he became King of England, was proud to be the pupil of the minstrel Blondin.

Now, of all the heroes the minstrels loved to sing about, the most famous by far was Charle-

magne, the great King of France, who lived from about the year 742 to the year 814. And out of all the songs and stories about Charlemagne and his knights there finally grew a great epic poem called the "Chanson de Roland," or "Song of Roland." I have already told you what an epic poem is, so you will understand what I mean when I say that the "Song of Roland" was the first epic poem written in France; and it remains the greatest that has yet been written there. It was written about eleven hundred years after Christ, and it tells about the great deeds and heroic but tragic death of Roland, a knight and companion of Charlemagne. Not long afterward was written another long poem, called "Aucassin and Nicolette," which you may read when you grow older; it is one of the most famous and beautiful love-stories ever written.

Other things besides poems of love and adventure now began to be written. For a long time the most popular writings, especially among the common people, were fables. This form of writing probably came originally from India, but the fables written in France were different in many ways from the Indian fables and were very charming, though they would sound rather coarse to us. They are, however, very important on account of their influence upon many great French writers who lived in later times.

You can well understand that this age of brave knights and gay minstrels and constant adventures is very interesting to read about, and we may be thankful that one man who lived in the middle of it was wise enough to see that. His name was Jean Froissart, and he was born about the year 1337. Froissart lived all his life in courts and in the society of kings and princes and nobles. He was a friend of the Black Prince and King Richard II. of England and of many other famous persons. He saw with his own eyes the life of the courts, the great battles and tourneys, and other stirring events of that stirring time. And all those things Froissart wrote down in a simple, natural way in his "Chronicles." Every-

body who wants information about that time goes to Froissart, and they get as much of enjoyment from him as they get of information, for the "Chronicles" read from cover to cover like a delightful story. Froissart died about 1410, leaving behind the first great name in French literature.

About eighty years after the death of Froissart a boy was born in the little town of Chinon who was possessed from birth with the spirit of fun and mischief. He became a monk when he grew up, and was a very learned man. But the spirit of fun and mischief he was born with could not be kept under, and so the young man let it have its way in several books which made him famous. The name of this man was François Rabelais, and he owes his fame to four books which tell about the great giant Gargantua and the terrible deeds and adventures of the giant's son Pantagruel and his companions.

While Rabelais was still laughing at the comical stories he had given to the world, a young page at the court of the King of France was attracting much attention by his skill in making graceful verses. His name was Pierre de Ronsard, and he is known as the founder of modern French poetry. Ronsard is almost forgotten now, but he had great fame in his own day. Four kings of France showered honors on him. Queen Elizabeth of England gave him a diamond of great value, and Mary Queen of Scots sent him a rock of solid silver with a message of praise carved on it. He died in 1585.

A writer was born not long after Ronsard whose name is not likely to be soon forgotten, although he did not receive so much praise in his own day as did Ronsard. This was Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, whom I have mentioned to you before as the creator of the essay. Montaigne was a man of noble birth and, what is still better, of noble character. He spent most of his life in study and thought, the fruits of which he put into his famous essays. He was born in 1533 and died in 1592.

I have told you before that every country has a golden age of literature, an age in which many great writers live together or nearly so. This golden age began in France not long after the death of Montaigne, and the first of the great writers who made it famous was Pierre Corneille, who was born in 1606. He first became known as a writer of comedies for the stage, the best of which, perhaps, are "Mélite" and "Clitandre." But it was not until he began to write his tragedies that he really became famous. Though King Louis XIII. and his powerful minister, Richelieu, were jealous of him and did all they could to keep him down and to turn the public

against him, Corneille's greatness triumphed in spite of them, and the French people recognized and honored him. He was the first great dramatic genius that France had known, and the history of French literature owes much to him. The most famous of Corneille's tragedies are "The Cid," "Cinna," "Horace," and "Polyeucte." He died in 1684.

Hardly was Corneille dead when another stepped into his place and became even more famous. This was Jean Baptiste Racine, who was born in 1639. Racine was left an orphan at the age of four, and so his childhood was not very happy. But he consoled himself by reading poetry, which he loved, and by making friends with the trees and flowers in the big forests that surrounded his birthplace. When he grew up he went to Paris and began to write plays. At first he had no success, but he was determined to succeed and in the end he did, in spite of the fact that the King, Louis XIV., and Richelieu, the minister, opposed him just as Louis XIII. and the same minister had opposed Corneille. Racine is certainly the greatest French writer of tragedy and one of the greatest writers of tragic drama the world has ever seen. He wrote many works, but it will be enough for you to remember that the best of them are "Andromaque," "Britannicus," "Phèdre," "Esther," and "Athalie."

Corneille and Racine often made people weep, but there was a greater writer than either of them who lived about the same time, and this great writer chose to make people laugh. The name that he is known by is Molière, although his real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin. He was born in Paris in 1622. His father was a valet to the King, Louis XIII., and so the young Poquelin had a chance to watch the life of the court and of society at close range. But what pleased him still more was the chance he had of going to the theater and hearing the plays of Corneille and other writers of the time. This gave him a great love of the stage, and he made up his mind to become an actor in spite of the fact that actors at that time were looked down upon by almost everybody. First, however, he went to college and then studied law. But his love of the stage was too strong, and he finally became an actor, changing his name from Poquelin to Molière.

Molière's life on the stage was a hard one. His company did not succeed in Paris, and for twelve years he wandered about the provinces, playing here and there. By the time he got back to Paris, some of the plays he had written had attracted attention and he was commanded to play before King Louis XIV., who had succeeded Louis XIII. He was then made manager of a troupe belong-

ing to the King's brother, and for the rest of his life he enjoyed the favor of the court.

The society of Molière's time was much given to pretense and false airs and far-fetched ways of acting and speaking. It was all comical, yet the society of that day took itself and its odd ways very seriously indeed. Molière, however, saw the comical side of it and saw also the harm in it. So he made up his mind to show society how ridiculous it was and cure it of its follies by making it laugh at itself. And this he undertook in a number of famous comedies which are the finest things of their kind ever written. The best of these are "Le Misanthrope" (The Melancholy Man); "Tartuffe," a play attacking hypocrites; "Le Malade Imaginaire" (The Man Who Thinks Himself Sick); "L'Avare" (The Miser); "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" (A Doctor in Spite of Himself); and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (The Citizen Turned Nobleman).

Molière was honored by Louis XIV. as no other man was. It is said that when the King heard that some of his courtiers looked down on Molière because he was an actor, he invited the writer to eat with him and served him with his own hands. And as Molière was loved and honored by the King, so was he loved and honored by everybody that knew him well, because he was high-souled, generous, and good. When serious illness came upon him, and all his friends urged him to leave the stage, he refused because, he said, there were too many of his fellow-actors depending on him for their bread. And for the same reason he refused to become a member of the Academy—the greatest honor a writer could wish—because he would have to quit the stage. He died in 1673.

I have told you that fables were very popular in France at one time. Well, there was a friend of Molière, Jean de La Fontaine, who became very famous in that sort of writing. La Fontaine was a very peculiar fellow. He was careless and absent-minded, and wandered about from place to place during most of his life without ever making much of himself. It is told of him that one time he made up a very nice speech to say to the King when presenting him with a copy of his "Fables," and when he had come before the King and said his nice speech he found that he had left the book behind him. He was always doing funny things like that, but he was so kind and gentle and loving that everybody was fond of him, and he was the friend of princes and nobles. And he is honored to-day as perhaps the greatest writer of fables that ever lived.

About twenty years after Molière's death another great writer was born in Paris whose teach-

ings had a very strong effect on the minds of the French people. This was François Marie Arouet, who is known to fame as Voltaire, this being the name that he assumed—we do not know why—when he was a young man. He was educated by the Jesuits, and moved from his earliest youth in the most brilliant society of his time. But he was always ready to speak out his thoughts without caring much whom they pleased or displeased, and this often led him into serious trouble, such as exile and imprisonment. For more than two years (1726-29) he lived in England. There he made friends with the great English writers and learned to admire the laws and manner of government that were so different from those of France and which gave the people so much more freedom.

On his return to France he wrote of these and many other things and soon won a fame greater than that ever won by any other French writer during his lifetime. Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, invited him to his palace and showered honors on him. Toward the end of his life, when he visited Paris after several years spent on his country estate, his entry into the city was like the triumph of a great conqueror, and people lined the streets and windows to see him pass. One man who supplied him with a change of horses on his way to Paris said: "There are ten kings in Europe but there is only one Voltaire on earth."

Voltaire won fame in many different forms of literature—novels, essays, poems, dramas, and history. His essays, his play "Zaire," his novels "Zadig" and "Candide," and his history of the time of Louis XIV. ("Le Siècle de Louis XIV.") are the most famous of his works.

The writings of Voltaire helped to some extent to prepare people's minds for the great and terrible French Revolution, but not nearly so much as did the writings of another man who lived about the same time. This was Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712. Rousseau was the son of a watchmaker, and was apprenticed to an engraver. But he ran away from his master and for several years lived a vagabond life, working in turns as a clerk, a teacher, a music-master, and a servant. For a time he went through Italy showing a little toy fountain that seemed to change water into wine. Then he wrote two little operas, which did not succeed.

He seemed to have failed at everything, when at last he attracted the attention of learned men by a discourse on science and art. Then he drew the attention of the whole world by his great work, his "Contrat Social," or "The Social Con-

tract," which helped to bring on both the French and the American revolutions. He followed this up with "*Emile*," a great work on education, which nearly caused his arrest. He had to fly to Switzerland and then to England on account of it, but the work has had a great influence on education since that time. One of the latest of Rousseau's great works was his "*Confessions*," in which he tells a great deal about himself and his life. His last years were saddened by illness and disappointment, and he died in 1778.

During the lifetime of Rousseau, there was a great encyclopedia published in France which was supposed to contain all the knowledge the world had gained up to that time, and for which most of the great writers of France did some of their best work. The chief of these writers were Diderot, D'Alembert, and Condorcet. Diderot was a famous philosopher and gained very great fame all over Europe. D'Alembert was picked up as a baby on the steps of a church in Paris by a kind glazier, who reared him as his son and gave him a good education. He was the greatest writer on mathematics of his time, and wrote much on that subject for the encyclopedia. Condorcet was unfortunate enough to get into trouble during the Revolution and, it is believed, poisoned himself in prison to escape the disgrace of being beheaded.

Two other very great writers may be mentioned now—Montesquieu and Chateaubriand. Montesquieu was born in 1689 and died in 1755. Chateaubriand was born in 1768 and died in 1848. Both were men of noble birth, but while Montesquieu led a life of quiet and retirement, doing good in secret wherever he saw a chance to do it, Chateaubriand spent a life of wandering and trouble and unrest. Montesquieu's great work was his "*L'Esprit des Lois*" (*The Spirit of Laws*), in which he examined into all the laws of the world and showed their good points and their bad ones. Chateaubriand was driven from France by the Revolution and came to America, and here he was met and welcomed by George Washington. He traveled about the country a great deal and studied the lives of the Indians. On his return to Europe he fought against the armies of the Revolution and was wounded. Then he went to England, where he lived in poverty for a few years, supporting himself, as well as he could, by literary work. The end of his life was spent peaceably in his own country. Chateaubriand wrote much about America and the Indians. His great work, however, is called "*Le Génie du Christianisme*" (*The Nature of Christianity*), for which he was rewarded by Napoleon.

About fifty years before the death of Chateau-

briand a boy was born who grew up to be, as many persons think, the greatest novelist of France, and of course one of the greatest novelists of the world. This was Honoré de Balzac, born at Tours in 1799. For a while he studied law, but this he gave up and in 1819 went to seek his fortune as an author in Paris. For ten years he led a life of struggle and poverty, his writings not being successful.

But in his thirtieth year Balzac found success through the publication of "*Les Chouans*," or, as known in English, "*The Last of the Chouans*," one of the first and best of French historical novels. After this he wrote several other novels, and then planned his greatest work, "*La Comédie Humaine*" (*The Human Comedy*), in which he aimed to give a complete picture of human society. All ranks, professions, arts, trades, all phases of manners in town and country, were to be represented in his imaginary system of things.

Balzac was a hard worker. He represents himself as working regularly for fifteen and even eighteen hours a day. He wrote eighty-five novels in twenty years, and he was not a ready writer, being very particular about style. In 1849, when his health had broken down, he traveled to Poland to visit Madame Hanska, a rich Polish lady, with whom he had corresponded for more than fifteen years. In 1850 she became his wife, and three months after the marriage, in August of the same year, Balzac died at Paris.

Now we come to another very great French master, Victor Hugo, who was born at Besançon, in 1802. His father was a soldier and became a colonel in the army of the King of Naples not long after Victor was born. The boy, whose early life was passed partly under the blue skies and within sight of the shining sea and amid the bright, gay life of Southern Italy, was delighted with these surroundings. From his earliest years he had a love of beauty and color.

When the elder Hugo was sent from Naples to Madrid, his family went to live in Paris. There they had a big house that had once been a convent, with large rooms, broad windows and an extensive garden. Victor had happy times in that house. He and his brothers and companions romped about the garden to their hearts' content, and drilled themselves into armies, and stormed forts, and had the best sort of fun you could imagine. Sometimes they got themselves very dirty and received a good scolding from Madame Hugo; but she was not too hard on them, for Victor and his brothers were pretty good boys and earned their playtime by dyeing clothes for their mother and working in the garden.

The open-air sport and the habit of work which



FRENCH WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Victor got during his boyhood stood to him very well in later life. He was always remarked as a wonderfully healthy and hard-working man. Even in his old age he rose regularly at three o'clock in the morning and worked steadily until noon; and, except on rare occasions, he went to bed every night at half-past nine. He had a bath-tub on the roof of his house, and he took his cold bath there in the open air even during the coldest days of winter.

If Victor had not been so healthy and hard-working he never would have become the great man he was, because he had new ideas of his own on literature, and he had a very hard fight making people listen to them. The great French writers before his time were called "classical" writers, and Victor Hugo was the leader of a new school of writing called the "romantic." The fight between the supporters of the classical school and the supporters of the romantic school was very bitter. When Hugo's drama "Hernani" was first played at the theater it almost caused a riot. But Hugo's genius and strength finally won, and for years the romantic school of which he was the leader ruled the literature of Europe.

Besides "Hernani," among the greatest works of Hugo are the drama "Ruy Blas," and the

novels "Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame de Paris." He was one of the really great poets of France, and his influence both in his own country and out of it has been greater than that of any other French writer since Rousseau. He died in 1885.

I could not close this little talk without saying just a few words about the elder Alexandre Dumas, born in 1802, whose novels are still widely read. His grandfather was a French nobleman, and his grandmother was a negress. Dumas was one of the most extraordinary characters in the history of literature. At the age of twenty he landed in Paris with a few dollars in his pocket and a firm resolve in his heart to bring the world to his feet. He did it pretty well, too! When he realized his need of education, he set himself to study with all his might, and in a few years became a well-informed man. Then he began to write with the same wonderful energy, and soon was both famous and rich. He wrote more than any other man we know anything about—nearly three hundred novels, besides dramas and other works, bearing his name. Among the best known of his writings are "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died in 1870.





TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

SOMETHING ABOUT GREAT TRAVELERS

You have often heard people planning what they would do if they had a lot of money, and in many cases you will hear them say: "Well, the first thing I would do would be to take a trip around the world." Everybody wants to travel, and it is really natural enough that they should, because there is hardly any more delightful and instructive recreation.

Few people have money enough to travel around the world in reality, but everybody can travel around it in books. There is not a corner of the world that the poorest person can not visit by means of a book, and it often happens that one can get more enjoyment and information by reading about a place than by visiting it. If you have any grown-up friends who have visited Europe or the Holy Land or the Far East, you may remember that they read books about those places before they started in order to learn things they never could find out on a short visit. Then again, you can travel in a book with daring explorers, with whom, in fancy, you may visit places where the foot of civilized man never stepped before. You can go with Stanley into "Darkest Africa," or with Peary to the north pole, while all the time you are sitting comfortably at your fireside without having to brave any of the dangers and hardships that those men met. Such are the uses of "fireside travels."

You can learn more about the world you live in by books of travel than in any other way, and while you are learning you are also having a really enjoyable time. You can travel in a book as you never could travel in any other way, even if you had all the money in the world and were the most skilful explorer that ever lived. Anybody in the Eastern States can take a train now

and go within a few days to any part of the West that he wishes to see, but nobody could take a train and go to the West as it was when the only towns were Indian villages and the only inhabitants were the savage beasts and almost equally savage red men. Yet you can sit down with a copy of the journal of Lewis and Clark, for example, or Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," and travel in what was once "the Wild West" almost as if you were a pioneer yourself.

You can take up Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" and accompany the great discoverer from the little port of Palos in Spain to the wonderful new country of America; you can follow the Cabots in their voyages of discovery to different parts of the world; or you can sail in Hakluyt's Voyages with the great English navigators who extended the dominions of Britain beyond the seas.

The most ancient peoples, the Greeks, the Egyptians, and others, were devoted to tales of travel. Their descriptions of distant countries were more the fruits of their imagination than of real knowledge; but they had very few means of travel in those days, and they had to depend, more or less, upon their imagination. But they loved to write and read about travel, and nearly every great Greek and Egyptian story contained an account of a journey, real or imaginary, into some distant land.

An early and trustworthy writer on travel was the Roman author Pliny the Younger, nephew of the scientist Pliny the Elder. He was born in the year 62 A.D. Of course, there was a certain amount of what might be called description of travel in the histories that were written before that time, as

there is sure to be in every history; but we leave history, as such, out of consideration in talking about books of travel. The same may be said of adventure tales, many of which contain a great deal about travel.

In the Middle Ages the Italian Marco Polo caused a sensation in Europe with an account of his travels in the Far East. It created a great interest in travel, and helped to prepare the way for the famous explorers whose history begins the age of discovery. So many great travel books have been written since then that the mere names of them would fill a volume; but you will have no difficulty in finding books about any country you may wish to visit.

If you read the following books you will have a knowledge of travel and exploration that many grown-up people do not possess, and besides you will have much delight in the reading: R. H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"; F. T. Bullen's "Cruise of the 'Cachalot'"; "The Library of Universal Adventure by Sea and Land," edited by W.

D. Howells; "The Story of Geographical Discovery," by Joseph Jacobs; W. H. Johnson's "The World's Discoverers"; "Notable Voyagers from Columbus to Nansen," by W. H. G. Kingston and Henry Frith; "Boy Travelers in the Levant," "Boy Travelers in the Far East," and "Boy Travelers in the Congo," by T. W. Knox; E. R. Shaw's "Big People and Little People in Other Lands"; Joshua Slocum's "Around the World in the Sloop 'Spray'"; "The Boys' Book of Explorations," by Tudor Jenks; and Sir H. M. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent."

The following selections are intended to give you a foretaste of the good things in store for you—if you will find and enjoy them—in the scores of interesting and instructive travel books within the reach of all who really wish to read them. In other parts of this series you will find similar selections that will still further quicken your appetite for such books as are here referred to.

SOME CLEVER MONKEYS

BY THOMAS BELT

(From "*The Naturalist in Nicaragua*")

ON the dryer ridges near the Artigua River, a valuable timber tree, the "nispera," as it is called by the native, is common. It grows to a great size, and its timber is almost indestructible; so that we used it in the construction of all our permanent works. White ants do not eat it, nor, excepting when first cut, and before it is barked, do any of the wood-boring beetles. It bears a round fruit about the size of an apple, hard and heavy when green, and at this time is much frequented by the large yellowish-brown spider-monkey, which roams over the tops of the trees in bands of from ten to twenty. Sometimes they lay quiet until I was passing underneath, when, shaking a branch of the nispera tree, they would send down a shower of the hard round fruit; but fortunately I was never struck by them. As soon as I looked up, they would commence yelping and barking, and putting on the most threatening gestures, breaking off pieces of branches and letting them fall, and shaking off more fruit, but never throwing anything, simply letting it fall.

Often, when on lower trees, they would hang from the branches two or three together, holding on to each other and to the branch with their fore feet and long tail, while their hind feet hung down, all the time making threatening gestures and cries.

Sometimes a female would be seen carrying a young one on its back, to which it clung with legs and tail, the mother making its way along the branches, and leaping from tree to tree, apparently but little encumbered with its baby. A large black and white eagle is said to prey upon them, but I never saw one, although I was constantly falling in with troops of the monkeys. Don Francisco Velasquez, one of our officers, told me that one day he heard a monkey crying out in the forest for more than two hours, and at last, going to see what was the matter, he saw a monkey on a branch and an eagle beside it trying to frighten it to turn its back, when it would have seized it. The monkey, however, kept its face to its foe, and the eagle did not care to engage with

it in this position, but probably would have tired it out. Velasquez fired at the eagle, and frightened it away. I think it likely, from what I have seen of the habits of this monkey, that they defend themselves from its attack by keeping two or three together, thus assisting each other, and that it is only when the eagle finds one separated from its companions that it dares to attack it.

Sometimes, but more rarely, a troop of the white-faced cebus monkey would be fallen in with, rapidly running away, throwing themselves from tree to tree. This monkey feeds also partly on fruit, but is incessantly on the lookout for insects, examining the crevices in trees and withered leaves, seizing the largest beetles and munching them up with the greatest relish. It is also very fond of eggs and young birds, and must play havoc among the nestlings. Probably owing to its carnivorous habits, its flesh is not considered so good by monkey-eaters as that of the fruit-feeding spider-monkey; but I never myself tried either.

It is a very intelligent and mischievous animal. I kept one for a long time as a pet, and was much amused with its antics. At first, I had it fastened with a light chain; but it managed to open the links and escape several times, and then made straight for the fowls' nests, breaking every egg it could get hold of. Generally, after being a day or two loose, it would allow itself to be caught again. I tried tying it up with a cord, and afterward with a rawhide thong, but had to nail the end, as it could loosen any knot in a few minutes. It would sometimes entangle itself around a pole to which it was fastened, and then unwind the coils again with the greatest discernment. Its chain allowed it to swing down below the veranda, but it could not reach to the ground.

Sometimes, when there was a brood of young ducks about, it would hold out a piece of bread in one hand, and, when it had tempted a duckling within reach, seize it by the other, and kill it with a bite in the breast. There was such an uproar among the fowls on these occasions that we soon knew what was the matter, and would rush out and punish Mickey (as we called him) with a switch; so that he was ultimately cured of his poultry-killing propensities. One day, when

whipping him, I held up the dead duckling in front of him, and at each blow of the light switch told him to take hold of it, and at last, much to my surprise, he did so, taking it and holding it tremblingly in one hand.

He would draw things toward him with a stick, and even use a swing for the same purpose. It had been put up for the children, and could be reached by Mickey, who now and then indulged himself with a swing on it. One day I had put down some bird-skins on a chair to dry, far beyond, as I thought, Mickey's reach; but, fertile in expedients, he took the swing and launched it toward the chair, and actually managed to knock the skins off in the return of the swing, so as to bring them within his reach. He also procured some jelly that was set out to cool in the same way. Mickey's actions were very human-like. When any one came near to fondle him, he never neglected the opportunity of pocket-picking. He would pull out letters and quickly take them from their envelopes. Anything eatable disappeared into his mouth immediately. Once he abstracted a small bottle of turpentine from the pocket of our medical officer. He drew the cork, held it first to one nostril, then to the other, made a wry face, recorked it, and returned it to the doctor.

One day, when he got loose, he was detected carrying off the cream-jug from the table, holding it upright with both hands, and trying to move off on his hind limbs. He gave the jug up without spilling a drop, all the time making an apologetic chuckle he often used when found out in any mischief, and which always meant, "I know I have done wrong, but don't punish me; in fact, I did not mean to do it—it was accidental." When, however, he saw he was going to be punished, he would change his tone to a shrill, threatening note, showing his teeth, and trying to intimidate. He had quite an extensive vocabulary of sounds, varying from a gruff bark to a shrill whistle; and we could tell by them, without seeing him, when it was he was hungry, eating, frightened, or menacing; doubtless, one of his own species would have understood various minor shades of intonation and expression that we, not entering into his feelings and wants, passed over as unintelligible.



PICTURES FROM THE ISLAND EMPIRE
OF JAPAN



FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, SEEN FROM THE LAKE.



THEATRE STREET, TOKIO.



ON THE BAY OF MATSUSHIMA.



THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL OF YU-NO-TAKI.



JAPANESE FISHERMEN ON LAKE HIKONE.

Charming Caracas

A Tropical City
with a Temperate Climate

By Geo. M. L. Brown



In traveling in Venezuela it is not enough to ask how far distant a place is, but also how far up or down—in other words, what its altitude is—and, no less important, what hills and valleys have to be crossed. Thus it is not only necessary to know that Caracas is six miles distant in a straight line from La Guayra, its seaport, but that it lies at an elevation of nearly half a mile above sea-level, and that to reach it one has to cross a mountain-wall rising far above the clouds. This to the experienced traveler means that he must prepare for an entirely different climate.

There are, in all, four ways of reaching Caracas from La Guayra; but almost every traveler, except a few adventurous tourists, goes by the railroad. This trip, indeed, seems perilous enough to those taking it for the first time, as the train winds and twists its way up the mountain-side till one trembles to look into the dizzy depth beneath him, and shudders to think what might happen if the power should fail, or a car become detached and dash down the steep incline. As a matter of fact, however, the railroad is one of the safest in the world, and so much care is taken by the management that not one passenger has lost his life during the twenty years that the road has

been operated. The distance by rail is 24 miles, and the journey lasts two hours.

Previous to the opening of the railroad, the people traveled back and forth on an old highway built by the early Spaniards; and even today much freight is transported by pack-donkey over this route, especially cans of kerosene, which seem just fitted—as I believe they are—for the backs of these sturdy little burden-bearers. The other two routes are simply paths.

The second path or trail leads directly over the mountain, and is the shortest route in distance—not in time—that one can take. This I tried to climb in company with the ship's surgeon on the day of my arrival, and the experience is one that I shall not soon forget.

The scenery along the way is magnificent. Nowhere else on earth—even Teneriffe not excepted

is such a mighty cliff to be found rising abruptly from the ocean; and when one reaches a height of 3000 or 4000 feet and takes his parting view of La Guayra, it seems as if he were looking down upon the town and the decks of the vessels from another world. At this altitude we were well above the clouds, and when they closed in, as they presently did, shutting off the sea and the sun-parched strip of coast, I could almost imag-

ine that an ocean of froth had hidden forever the familiar waters of the Spanish Main.

But we had much to think of besides the scenery. We were tired and thirsty, and had yet a long way to climb.

"I should like to meet the man who told us we could walk it in four hours!" growled my companion.

"But, doctor," I exclaimed, suddenly jumping to my feet, "he said we could go from Caracas to La Guayra in four hours. Whatever were we thinking of!"

"Well, is there any difference?" asked the doctor.

"Of course there is," I laughed—"a difference of 3000 feet down instead of up!" Strange to say, it had not occurred to either of us till that moment.

The valley of Caracas, in fact, is simply a pocket situated high up among the hilltops, and the wonder is how Losada, the Spanish knight who founded the city, ever reached such an inaccessible place. Indeed, fortunate would it have

traveler and scientist, who declared it to be an ideal spot.

Nevertheless, Humboldt knew from the formation of the land that Caracas would always be



STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN CARACAS.



A DANGEROUS CURVE ON THE LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY.

been for succeeding generations if he had never discovered it, though the valley is so beautiful and the climate so cool and refreshing that one is at first inclined to agree with Humboldt, the great

in danger of destruction by earthquake, and the first fulfilment of his prophecy took place in 1812, when the entire city was reduced to ruins, and 12,000 people were killed. Between 1812 and 1900, though many slight shocks were experienced, only one caused sufficient damage to be recorded in history; but in the latter year the city was badly shaken, several lives were lost, and a great many buildings injured. The people were in a dreadful panic and camped in the gardens and public parks for three weeks. This was in October, and as most of the violent shocks have occurred at that time (although the greatest catastrophe took place in April), the autumn months are known as the earthquake season.

As a slight offset to this, Caracas, like most Spanish-American cities, is singularly free from fires; and although an occasional blaze takes place, the police have no difficulty in preventing the spread of the flames. This, of course, is due to the structure of the houses, both the outer and

inner walls of which, and frequently the floors and ceilings, are of masonry.

Small need is there in the average South American city for elevators, and I doubt if one could be found in all Venezuela. But the telephone, the telegraph, electric lights, and many other modern inventions have long since been introduced.

I arrived in Caracas in the wet season, which, strangely enough, lasts throughout the summer months, winter being dry and pleasant. South of the equator, of course, in Brazil, Argentina, and the neighboring republics, June, July, and August—our summer—also constitute the wet season; but these are the winter months of the southern hemisphere, and seem the proper time for the rains. Caracas, however, lies ten degrees north of the equator, and its seasons, one would suppose, should correspond with our own. But the traveler in South America soon ceases to marvel at such contradictions, for he may find two districts, separated only by a few miles of mountains, and frequently of the same altitude, one of which has two seasons and the other four. Indeed, he may find adjacent valleys enjoying seasons the reverse of each other, while near by may be a coast town which can boast of but one season, year in, year out, a sultry, never-ending July.

Just what Caracas would do without its rainy season I cannot imagine, for the city is far from being clean and sanitary. Garbage is thrown into the yards for the vultures to feed upon; dust and papers accumulate in the streets; and the visitor is about to pronounce the city the dirtiest he has ever seen, when Nature suddenly decides to put

deluge is forming, and presently a great, black vapor overspreads the valley. It comes slowly at first, as if to warn the people to go indoors, but when it has acquired sufficient density it falls.



A VENEZUELAN NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

In a moment, almost, the streets and courtyards are flooded, the fantastic waterspouts that overhang the sidewalks pour out their streams as if from gigantic kettles, and so loud is the noise of the splashing and spattering that the stranger is really alarmed lest the roof should give in.

Half an hour later one tiptoes along shiny pavements as clean as a newly scrubbed floor; above him is a sky of spotless blue, while the only clouds to be seen are insignificant patches of white along the mountain-sides. Yet, in an incredibly short space of time the whole process may be repeated.

Those who have read of Caracas as the "Paris of South America" may wonder how a city so backward can claim such a title. But Caracas was not always in her present condition. For some years in the second half of the last century Venezuela had a president, or dictator, named Antonio Guzman Blanco, who was a most remarkable man. He was extremely arbitrary in all that he undertook, and often unjust; but he did more for the country, and especially for the capital, than all the presidents who have preceded or followed him.

It was during his régime—which means *rule*, and is a more correct word to use than presidency—that foreign investors were invited to build



A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN GOING TO TOWN.

things to rights. An ordinary rainfall would not suffice now; a thorough flushing is needed, and nothing short of a deluge will do it.

But somewhere up in the mountain-tops the

railroads, establish steamship lines, and to develop the great resources of the country. He did a great deal for education, too, and urged the people to make Venezuela the most enlightened and progressive republic in all Spanish America.

Blanco laid out a fine park on a rocky hill within the city limits, and beautified the many plazas, erecting statues of the national heroes, not forgetting himself.

The idea of a president erecting statues in his



THREE POTENTATES. THESE BOYS, DURING A RECENT CARNIVAL, REPRESENTED THE THREE RACES IN VENEZUELA: THE INDIAN, THE WHITE, AND THE NEGRO.

As a Venezuelan president cannot remain in office two terms in succession, Guzman Blanco appointed a successor at the end of his first term, and went as ambassador to Paris, where, however, he ruled the country as arbitrarily as if he were at home. At the end of his "dummy's" term he returned to assume office, and by this means he kept the "reins of power," as they say in the histories, for a long period.

It was from living so much in Paris that he conceived the idea of making Caracas a distant rival of the French metropolis; and although it is absurd to compare them, yet it must be admitted that he accomplished wonders. He paved the streets with stone, and had them kept scrupulously clean; he built a magnificent capitol; an opera-house that would not look out of place in Madrid; a national pantheon, where the bodies of Bolivar and other patriots were placed; and so many hospitals, charitable institutions, and public buildings that one wonders what all the presidents before him did. The later presidents, it must be admitted, have even failed to keep the public institutions in repair. Besides all this, Guzman

own honor strikes an American or an Englishman as so funny that he can hardly credit it when told that Guzman Blanco did it repeatedly, besides having his portrait placed in so many public buildings that one could not go anywhere without being confronted with his likeness. He also called himself the "Illustrious American," and placed his name and title upon all the other statues that he erected, as if to divide the honors with the dead. But he overstepped the mark, and when he was overthrown and sent into exile, his portraits and statues were quickly demolished, his beautiful home was looted, and even his valuable coffee and cocoa estates ruined. Poor Venezuela! she has never had the same prosperity since; and as for Caracas, it is a very different city from the "little Paris" of Guzman Blanco.

Yet Caracas is a charming place to spend a vacation in. One never tires of watching the pack-trains arriving with loads of coffee, cocoa, or market-produce, or setting out with all manner of queer merchandise for the country estates. Then there is the market, where one is sure to find some new variety of fruit or vegetable, no

matter how often he visits it. Even more interesting to me are the quaint houses which seem so many centuries behind the times, and yet present such delightful vistas as one glances through their

I say *tramp*, for that is the exercise I have usually indulged in; but to the boys and girls who visit Caracas I would recommend a much livelier diversion—riding donkey-back. What the hire



A VENEZUELAN HOUSEHOLD.

forbidding doorways. And, of course, there are excursions to be made on every side: tramps across the valley among the banana and sugar-cane plantations, or up the hillside to see a coffee-estate.

per hour would be, I cannot state; but when I stopped to admire a lively little burro, which I said to myself would be just the thing for a wee lassie I know in New York, the driver offered to sell him to me outright for twelve dollars.



THE STORY OF WORDS

THERE are stories about words, just as there are stories about fairies and battles and kings and queens. Of course we cannot learn the story of every word in the world; we can only take a few, and try to find out all we can about them.

I am sure you must often ask yourselves questions like this: What is the meaning of my own name? Why is this flower called pansy, and that heliotrope? How did towns and countries get their names? Such questions are constantly coming up in our minds.

A word is a simple sound or a collection of sounds to which a certain meaning has been given. If we use the word *bread*, that is a simple sound, and our friends know at once what we mean when they hear it; so they do when we use the word *butter*, which is not a simple sound; it is a collection of two sounds, *but* and *ter*. But the sound *bread* by itself means nothing. If you were to say it a hundred times to a Russian who did not know a word of English, he would not have the slightest idea what you meant. To him it would be a sound, not a word at all. For all practical purposes a sound becomes a word only when it has a certain meaning given to it, and carries that meaning from the person uttering it to some one else.

A language is a collection of all the words used by people who understand one another's sounds. Each nation chooses for itself what words it will use, and decides what those words shall mean. For example, we call this volume a *book*, but in France they would call it a *livre*. In the very beginning of the English language, long, long ago, the people living then might have called a book a *pudding*, if they had liked—that is, they could have given to the two sounds, *pud*, *ding*, the meaning that we give to the sound *book*. If they had done so, we to-day should have spoken of this volume as a *pudding*, and it would not have seemed the least bit funny.

Now, how did languages begin to be? It was so long ago that we cannot say exactly. But as soon as two persons met, they would want to talk to each other—we may be sure of that. They

would begin by pointing, then go on to grunting and making strange sounds, and gradually rise to the use of words. Some people to-day think that there was at one time only one language in the world, and that all the hundreds of languages now existing came from that one language. But it seems more likely that different groups or families of languages arose in different parts of the world. Then, just as families get split up to-day, and some members go to one country, and others to another, so in the old days the people speaking one language would scatter up and down the world, taking their language with them. Gradually their children and grandchildren would forget some of their old language, and alter some of the words and add new ones. The people who settled down in one country would make different alterations from those who settled in another, and so it would come to pass, after hundreds of years, that people whose forefathers all spoke the same language had languages very different from one another.

This is what has happened to the English language. Long, long ago there was a big family living in the center of Asia speaking one language. By degrees the family grew too large for its home, and the members had to turn out and look for other homes. Some went to India, and others to Russia; some settled in the South of Europe—Greece, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal—and others in Germany. Slowly their language changed, and at last it has gone so far that a German cannot understand a Frenchman, or a Spaniard an Italian. English is really a part of the German language, and that is why it is not very hard for us to learn German. So we can say that English is a brother to German, a first cousin to Latin and Greek—and all the languages that came from them, as French, Italian, Spanish—and a second cousin of Russian and the old language of India, called Sanskrit. All these languages are related to one another, and the family to which they belong is called the Indo-European family.

We shall not be surprised, then, to find many

words in English very like words in these other languages. "Father," for example, is *vater*, pronounced fater, in German; *pater* in Latin and Greek—p and f can always change places—*padre* in Italian; *père* in French, and so on. This shows that these all come from the same word in the beginning.

Some of these words have always been in our language, but others we have borrowed or imported from other languages. For just as we import goods from the ends of the earth, so we import words. And, further, just as one country buys copper ore from another and changes it into copper by smelting, and then makes articles out of the copper, so one country takes words from other countries, changes them in its speech, and then uses them for making other words. In this way our own language is constantly growing, and the dictionary is becoming bigger every year.

There are many other ways in which new words are made. Some are just "sound-words," copying the sound that we wish to talk about, such as *buzz*, *boom*, *murmur*, *hush*, *hiss*. Others are called after names of places, as *calico*, from Calicut; *port* wine, from Oporto; and others again from names of people, as *mesmerism*, from Dr. Mesmer, a German physician.

Words are also liable to change their meaning in course of time. It seems funny to think that *silly* used to mean "blessed"; and a *nice* person was one who was foolishly simple or very hard to please.

There is one more thing that ought to be said here. You will often hear people talk of the *root* of a word. What does that mean? Well, just as the root of a plant is that from which the plant grows, so the root of a word is that from which the word grows. If we look at the four words *nation*, *native*, *nature*, *nascent*, we see that the two letters *na* form part of each one of them. These two letters are really the *root* from which all those words have grown. So we can say that the root of a word is that part of it which it shares with other words that relate to the same idea. The importance of roots is seen in the fact that we can trace back a language to a comparatively few roots, for from one root, perhaps, a hundred words will grow, and then we can compare these roots with the roots of other languages. These can be further traced to fewer roots still, until, as we get back and back to the earliest times, we can find out the words that the earliest people used. These will be found to be very few and very simple, and it is one of the wonders of the world how, out of these few simple root-words, all the millions of beautiful words to be found in the best books have been formed.

WORDS THAT TELL STORIES

VERY many of the words in our English language have interesting stories to tell, and a dictionary is not at all a dry book, as some people think. Quite a number of volumes have been written on the histories of words, and here we shall see some of the words that have stories to tell.

ALPHABET is made up from the first two letters in Greek, Alpha and Beta.

ANGEL comes from a Greek word meaning "messenger." It now nearly always means "a messenger from God," but it used to mean any messenger. "Apostle" has very nearly the same meaning.

BIBLE just means "book," or "the book." We have now narrowed it down to our one sacred volume, *The Bible*, but at one time it could mean any book.

BISCUIT means "twice cooked," because these little cakes were originally baked twice, but modern methods have abolished the need for this.

BOUDOIR, a lady's private room, really means "a place to sulk in," from the French *bouder*, to pout, to be sulky.

CAMERA means "a room." It is the same word as "chamber." Its use in photography is, of course, quite new.

CANDIDATE is an interesting word. In the elections at Rome the competitors had to present themselves in the Forum, clothed in white; and as the Latin for "white" was "candidus," all who sought election were called "candidati."

CURFEW is from two French words, *couvrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire; it used, in olden days, to be spelled "covrefeu."

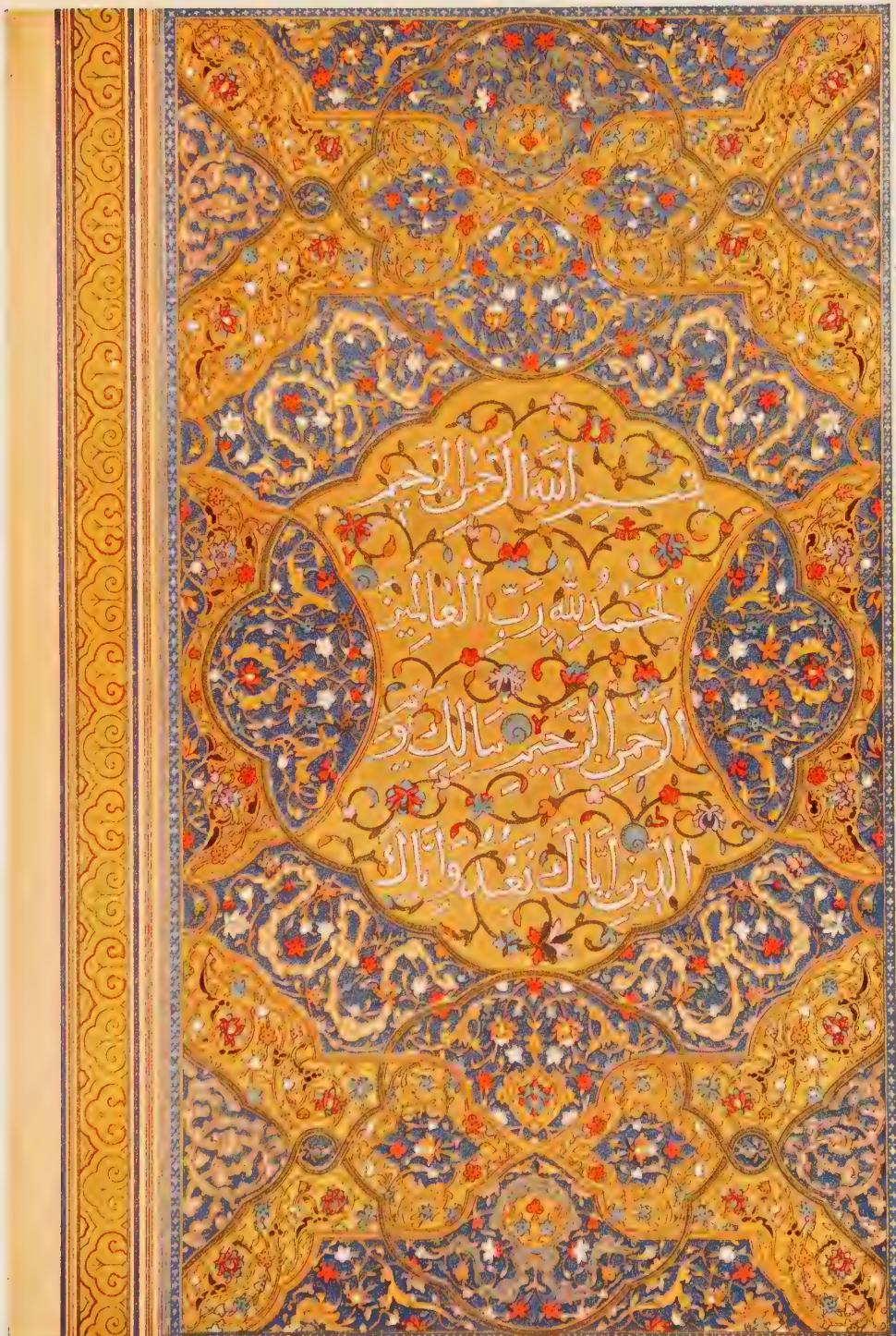
DIAMOND is the same word as "adamant," but the first a of "adamant" was dropped, and the word underwent some change. "Adamant" means something that cannot be tamed or broken, and diamond really has the same meaning.

DYNAMITE is the Greek for power.

ENCYCLOPEDIA means "the circle of human knowledge," or, more exactly, "circular instruction."

ETIQUETTE is a French word meaning "a label," such as we tie on our trunks and bags when traveling. So it came to be applied to all those little niceties of behavior that are the stamp, or label, of good society.

GAS is the best-known example of a word being actually made up, and not derived from any other word, to express a new discovery. It was invented by a Dutch chemist about 300 years ago. He probably had in his mind the Dutch word *gheest*, "spirit," which is very much like our English word ghost.



The First Half of the First Sura (Chapter) of the Koran.—This picture is reproduced in colors as faithfully as we can make it, to show exactly how one of these beautiful manuscripts of the Koran or Sacred Book of the Mohammedan religion really looks. Mohammed forbade his followers to make any drawings or paintings of a living form, and so the Mohammedan artists were obliged to use what we call Arabesques from the Arabs, who developed them in their architecture to a point of very great beauty, as we see them, for example, in the famous Alhambra in Spain. You will notice these Arabesques on this page wonderfully interlaced, yet always preserving a certain definite pattern, often so complicated that your eye can scarcely follow it.

GOOD-BY is another interesting word, or, rather, group of words. It is short for "God be with you," and very like the French *adieu*, "to God."

GOSSIP is a word that has come down in the world. It was "godsb," meaning "related to God," and was first used of a godfather.

GRAMMAR is from the Greek word *gramma*, meaning a letter, and this in turn comes from *grapho*, I write, as in the words paragraph or geography.

GYMNASIUM is from the Greek *gymnos*, naked, because in olden times the athletes stripped before performing.

HICCUP is often spelled hic-cough, but this is wrong. It has nothing to do with "cough." It is a word formed to imitate the sound that people make when they have hiccups.

HOMAGE comes from the Latin *homo*, a man. So when we do homage to a person we really mean that we are his "man" or servant. It was originally the service due from a knight to his lord, in the old times of the feudal system.

INSECT means "cut into"; if you look at any insect, you will see that its body seems to be cut in the middle.

JOURNAL should really be spelled diurnal. It comes from the Latin *dies*, a day, and means "daily." So it has come to be used of a paper that comes out daily. Those who know French will remember that *jour* is the French for "day."

KINDERGARTEN is made up of two German words, meaning "a garden of children" or "a children garden."

KINEMATOGRAPH is from the Greek; *kinema* means "motion," and *grapho* means "I write." Therefore the word is really "motion written down," so that we can all see and read it.

MARMALADE is a Portuguese word, meaning "made from quinces." The Portuguese word came from two Greek words, *meli melon*, which meant "honey-apple."

MARTYR at first meant simply "a witness," any one who gave evidence, but now it is used only of those who have suffered death as witnesses to the truth in which they believed.

MYSTERY comes from a Greek word meaning "to shut one's eyes," and so it gets the meaning of something dark and hidden.

OMNIBUS is a Latin word meaning "for everybody." It is rather a long word, so we shorten it to *bus*.

OVAL means "egg-shaped," from the Latin *ovum*, an egg.

PANTOMIME is from the Greek *pantomimos*, "imitator of all." It used to mean a person who expressed his meaning by action without speaking—that is, by dumb show.

PAPER is a short form of papyrus, a plant that used to grow by the Nile in Egypt. The people of long ago made their writing-paper out of it, and on this material the books of the New Testament were originally written.

PARABLE means "something thrown alongside" something else, and so compared with it. So when Jesus used parables he used comparisons, as "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a mustard-seed."

PARLIAMENT is "the speaking-place," from the French *parler*, to speak. The Speaker of the House of Commons in England used to be called the "Parlour" or "man who speaks."

PARLOR is from the same word as Parliament, and so means a room for speaking, or talking, in.

PECULIAR is from the Latin *pecus*, cattle. As cattle were the earliest kind of property that men possessed, the word came to be used for any sort of property. Peculiar, therefore, means "private property," and when we say a man has a peculiar habit, we are really saying he has a habit of his own. It was only later on that the word came to mean odd, funny.

PHOSPHORUS is a Greek word which means "light-bearer." It is really the same word as the Latin Lucifer, and both are used as meaning "the morning star."

PHOTOGRAPH has the same Greek word in it that phosphorus has, meaning "light." Photograph means "light-writing," or "writing by means of light."

PILGRIM means a foreigner, a traveler. It is interesting as showing how words change. The Latin was *peregrinus*, from *per*, through, and *ager*, the land; this became *pelerin* in old French, *pelerin* in modern French, and *pilgrim* in English.

PNEUMATIC comes from *pneuma*, wind or air. It also means spirit, and pneuma is the word used in the New Testament for the Holy Spirit. It is curious that this word should now be connected with bicycle tires.

POET meant originally a maker—one who made anything, not necessarily verses.

REASON is the same word as ration and rational. They all come from the Latin *ratio*, meaning "thinking"; but ration and rational come straight from the Latin, while reason has come through the French and been changed on the way.

REMORSE means "biting again," and any one who feels remorse after doing a cruel deed well understands why it is so called. The same word comes in morsel, meaning a bite.

SALARY has a very interesting story. When the Roman governor used to travel on his rounds

through the provinces which he governed, the people had to provide him at each halting-place with food for his horses and salt for himself. This was his *salarium*—*sal* is the Latin for salt—or his “salt-money.” So when any one earns a salary he is really earning his salt. From this comes the phrase “He is not worth his salt.”

SALMON means “a leaper, a jumper,” from the Latin *salire*, to jump. A very good name for the fish, for it *can* jump.

SCHOOL is a funny word, for it is the Greek *schole*, and means “leisure.” We do not think it a place of leisure nowadays, but in old times people used to have to work hard in the field and elsewhere, and could only read books or learn lessons in their leisure hours.

SINCERE is supposed to be from two Latin words *sine cera*, “without wax.” It is said that the old Romans used to make cracked and chipped vases look as good as new by filling up the cracks with wax. So a sincere vase was a genuine one—one that had no wax put in to make it look better than it was.

SPIRIT is a word something like “pneumatic,” for it means simply “breathing.” We have the same word in inspire, perspire, conspire.

THIMBLE is really thumbel, a cover or stall for the thumb. The Germans call it by a word meaning “finger-hat.”

TRIBULATION is a very interesting word. It comes from *tribulum*, a threshing-sledge or wooden platform studded with iron nails. This helps us to understand what those martyrs suffered who “came out of great tribulation,” having been threshed like the wheat. The best in them was brought out.

TRIVIAL is a word which we now use to mean unimportant, as: “I am too busy to talk about trivial matters.” The word really means “belonging to the street-corner,” from the Latin *trivium*, “cross-roads,” or the place where three roads met. It was here that all the idle people would meet and spend their time talking about things that were of no importance.

UMBRELLA has changed its original meaning, as is shown in another place, where we tell you the history of the umbrella and how it is made.

WORDS THAT TIME HAS CHANGED

We are now going to look at some of the words that have come to mean something quite different from what they used to mean, showing us how language changes as time goes by.

BLACKGUARD, which is pronounced “blagard,” now means a scoundrel, a bad man; it used to

mean one of the lowest kitchen servants, who had to look after the pots.

HUSSY is really short for a housewife, the mistress of a house; but it now means an impudent girl.

IDIOT meant simply a private person who took no part in public life. It is a Greek word, and the Greeks thought all such people were very foolish; so it has come to mean a foolish, weak-minded person.

INFANT really means “speechless,” or some one who cannot talk. Now it is used as meaning a baby.

KNAVE meant at first a boy; now it means a false, deceitful fellow, as “The Knave of Hearts” who stole the tarts.

LET used to mean “to hinder”; it now means exactly the opposite, “to allow.” “Let or hindrance” is still used in law.

OWE used to mean “to own, to possess,” as in Shakespeare: “This is no mortal business, nor no sound that the earth owes.” Now it means to have what belongs to some one else, and to be bound to pay it.

PAGAN now means a heathen, one who does not worship the true God. But it used to mean a person who lived in a village. The people in the towns became Christians before the village people, and the word villager or pagan came to mean heathen.

PREVENT really means “to go before,” as in the sentence “Prevent me with thy kindness.” It gradually altered in meaning, and now means “to hinder.”

PROPHET used to mean a preacher, any one who spoke out his message. As the Hebrew prophets preached to the people that unless they repented they would suffer certain dreadful punishments, the word came to mean one who foretells the future.

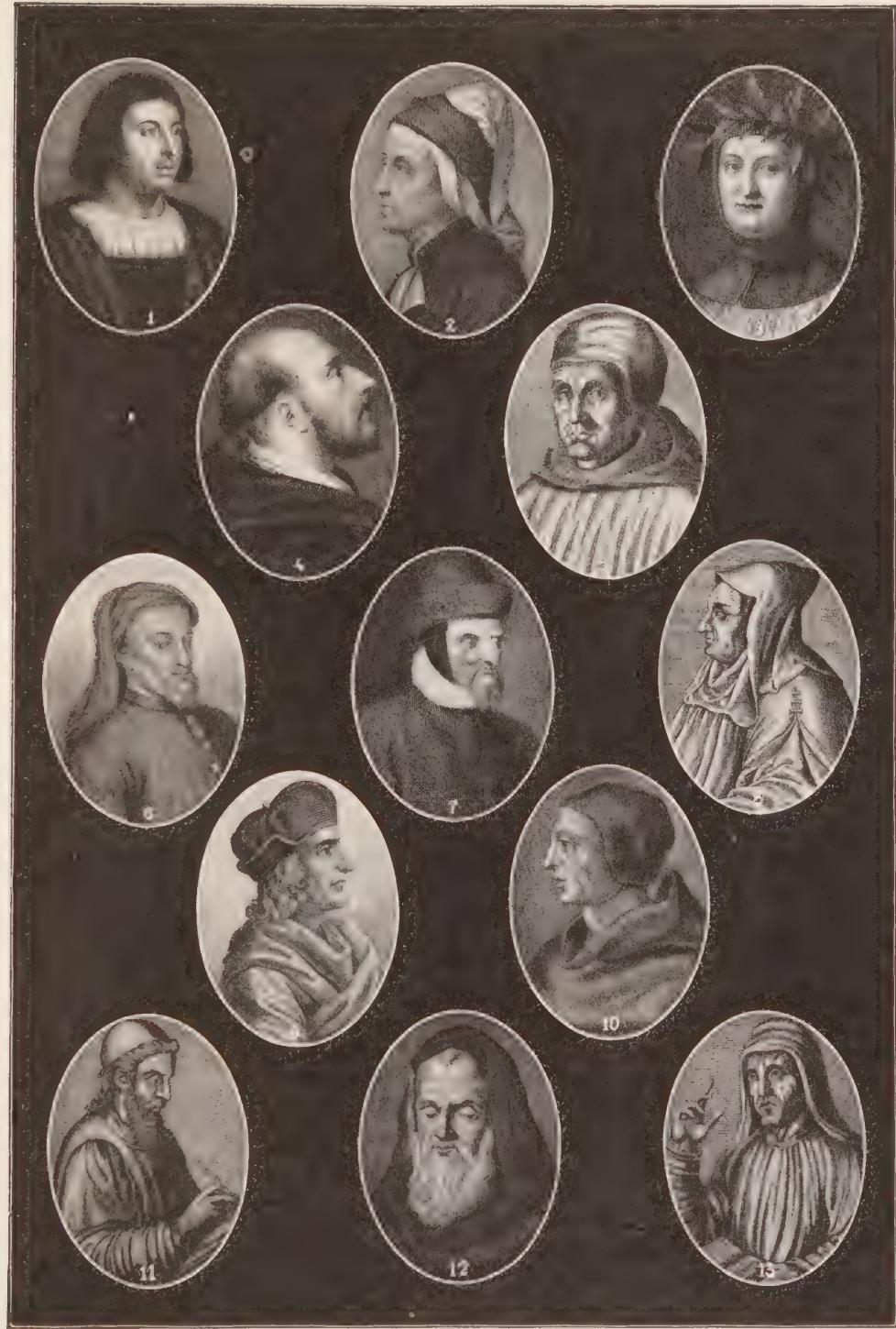
SOLEMN meant at first “happening every year,” and so “established, usual, customary.” It has now almost completely changed, and means “impressive, grave, awful.”

SURGEON used to be spelled *chirurgeon*, which is a Greek word meaning “a worker with the hand.” It has now been narrowed down to mean one who operates on the human body.

TYRANT was at first used in a good sense, meaning a prince or governor. It has now come to mean a cruel and oppressive ruler.

VILLAIN used to mean a slave attached to a farm; now it means a wicked wretch.

WEALTH really means “weal or welfare”; it is a pity that such a noble word should have been narrowed down until it has come to mean simply money or any kind of worldly goods.



WRITERS AND SCHOOLMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. BOCCACCIO 1313-1375; 2. DANTE 1265-1321; 3. PETRARCH 1304-1374; 4. THOMAS AQUINAS 1225-1275;
5. PIERRE LOMBARD 1100?-1160; 6. CHAUCER 1340?-1400; 7. JOHN GOWER 1325?-1408;
8. ALBERTUS MAGNUS 1193-1280; 9. JEAN FROISSART 1337-1410; 10. DUNS SCOTUS 1265?-1308?;
11. VENERABLE BEDE 673-735; 12. ROGER BACON 1214-1294; 13. ALCUIN 735-804.

WORDS MADE UP FROM NAMES

It often happens that words are formed from the names of places or people, especially words describing new inventions and so on.

BAYONET gets its name from Bayonne, a town in France, where bayonets were first made.

BEDLAM, meaning a lunatic asylum or a place where much noise and confusion are going on, is short for Bethlehem. The convent of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London was turned into a lunatic asylum, and so the English people began to call all their asylums Bethlehems, and soon they came to call them Bedlams.

CERRIES were first grown at Cerisus, on the Black Sea. So the French people called them "cerises," and we changed this into "cherries."

DAMASK is named from Damascus, where damask was first made.

GYPSY is short for Egyptian, because gypsies were once supposed to come from Egypt.

Hallelujah is really two words. "Hallelu" means "praise ye," and "Jah" is short for Jehovah, or Jahveh, the Hebrew title for God.

HANSOM-CAB is called after the inventor of that kind of cab, Joseph A. Hansom, an Englishman. It has nothing to do with "handsome."

JOVIAL is derived from Jove, or Jupiter, supposed by the Greeks (who, however, called him Zeus) to be the chief god. His name was given to the planet Jupiter, and it is considered lucky to be born under that planet. So "jovial" means "merry, happy."

MACADAMIZE, meaning to make a smooth road in a certain special manner, is called after John L. Macadam, a Scottish engineer, who invented this kind of road-making.

MACKINTOSH is so called after the name of a Scotsman, Charles Mackintosh, the inventor of waterproof cloth.

MUSLIN takes its name from Mosul, in Kurdistan, where it used to be made. It has come to mean almost any fine uncolored cloth.

PANIC takes its name from the Greek god Pan, who was supposed to be half man and half goat. He was the god of surprises, and whenever he appeared to his worshipers they became very much excited. So, whenever people become excited and frightened to-day, we say they are in a pan-ic. The same word also comes in *pan-pipes*. It is not, however, the name of the god Pan that comes in pancakes.

PARCHMENT is called after Pergamos, a place in Asia, from which this kind of writing-material came; the full name was "Pergamena Charta," paper from Pergamos.

PHEASANTS are so called because there were

great numbers of them near the river Phasis (now called Rion), which enters the Black Sea.

SHERRY was shipped from the port of Xeres or Jerez, near Cadiz, in Spain, and that is how it got its name. Xeres itself is really "Cæsar," because a Cæsar founded the town.

STENTORIAN, in the phrase "a stentorian voice," meaning a very loud one, is from the name of a Greek herald in the Trojan war, who had a voice as loud as fifty other men. His name was Stentor.

TANTALIZE, meaning "to tease or torment," is called after Tantalus. He was believed by the Greeks to have been punished after death by being placed up to the chin in water, which he could never drink, and with branches of beautiful fruit over his head, which he could never eat. Every time he put out his hand for them, they moved away just out of reach.

VOLCANO is called after Vulcan, the Roman god of fire. He was thought to have his forges and workshops inside the burning mountains, so that these mountains were called after him.

WHY DO WE LEARN LATIN WHEN
NO COUNTRY TALKS IT

Not so many hundreds of years ago Latin was the universal language of all scholars. In those days, any one who had a book to write wrote in Latin. So Newton in England, and Galileo in Italy, and Copernicus in Denmark, for instance, all wrote the same language. Any one who meant to be a scholar, then, of course had to learn Latin.

Things have utterly changed now, but children are still taught Latin, and the real reason is that children used to be taught Latin, and therefore children are taught it to-day. One reason commonly given is that we must learn Latin in order to enjoy the great authors who wrote in Latin. If that were the only reason, then the teaching of Latin would be a terrific failure, as not one boy or girl in ten thousand ever gets to that point. Besides, nowadays all the great writers of antiquity have been well translated into every modern language by great scholars who spent their lives in finding out the exact meaning of what those authors wrote.

Yet there is still a very good reason why every one who has plenty of time for his education should learn a little Latin. This is, that it helps us to understand and appreciate the value of English. For instance, take that last sentence. Every one who has learned Latin knows that appreciate means "put a price to," and that the word value comes from a Latin word meaning *to be strong*, as when we say a valiant man,

or that a person or a thing is invalid—not strong. If a boy has learned Latin for a few years at school, it thus helps him to use and enjoy his own language—which contains so much of Latin.

WHY HAS ENGLISH SO MANY WORDS FROM OTHER LANGUAGES?

THE English language would be a very poor thing if it had not the advantage of helping itself to all the words it wants from other languages. Men had been reading and writing and thinking for many ages when the ancestors of English-speaking people were savages. The various races who invaded England long ago brought with them their languages, and scholars who have read Greek and Latin have introduced words from those languages, such as the word "introduce," which means "lead within." English is the most mixed language in the world, and that, as many say, is the reason why it is the best, having more variety, more power of expression, more power of being turned equally well to purposes of beauty, to purposes of dignity, or to purposes of exactness, than any other language there is. Most of our commonest words are Anglo-Saxon in origin, a great many are Norman-French; a few are Celtic, many are German, and many more—the number of which is daily increasing—are Latin and Greek.

WHY HAVE WE DIFFERENT WORDS FOR THE SAME THING?

LANGUAGE would be rather dull if we had only one word for everything. For instance, we should have to repeat it so often that it would become tiresome. If we have different words for the same thing, we can use them, if we are clever, so as really to mean different varieties of the same thing. A poor language will have only one word where a very rich, full language, like our own, will have such words as joy, delight, pleasure, happiness, bliss, rapture, ecstasy—which all mean practically the same, and yet do not mean quite the same thing. We should use them to express different shades of meaning, and so we could say of somebody who became happier and happier that joy became bliss, and bliss became ecstasy.

Apart from this, there are many cases where we have two or more words for the same thing simply because they have come from different languages. For instance, commencement is sometimes used instead of beginning; the former comes from Latin, the latter is the good old

Anglo-Saxon word, and we should always use it in preference to the other. Then, also, we have words which are really the same, only that one of them has come to us from Latin through the French; while the other is a word which came into English directly from the Latin at the time of the revival of learning. Such words are called doublets, like loyal and legal, royal and regal, sure and secure, and many more.

HOW SOME ANIMALS GOT THEIR NAMES

WE learn something here about the names of animals, which are quite as interesting as those of flowers.

ANTELOPE is from the Greek *anthelops*, which may mean "bright eyes," although it is not quite certain. The name Dorcas, which is Greek for gazelle, also has the same meaning, and so has our word dragon.

Ass is a word found in several languages: it is *assa* in Anglo-Saxon, *asilus* in Gothic, and *asinus* in Latin. The Latin word is seen in the "Pons Asinorum," or "Asses' Bridge," a name given to a proposition of Euclid. It is thought to be connected with the Hebrew word *athon*, a she-ass.

BADGER means "a dealer in corn." The name was given to this animal because it was supposed to feed on corn. Similarly, a badger was called *blaireau* in French, from the French *blé*, meaning corn.

BEAR is the Anglo-Saxon word *bera*; in German this appears as *Bär*, and in Latin as *fera*, meaning a wild beast. B and F can change places with each other in languages, so *bera* and *fera* are not so different as they look. Our words fierce and ferocious come from the Latin *fera*, and are therefore connected with bear.

BEAVER is from the Anglo-Saxon *befer* or *beofor*, and from the Latin *fiber*. Here again an f has become a b, and fiber has become beaver.

BUFFALO is from the Greek *boubalos*, a species of antelope. The *bou* means ox, and is seen in our word beef.

CAMEL is found in Latin as *camelus*, in Greek as *kamelos*, and in Hebrew as *gamal*. It is a very old word indeed, and means a carrier, or bearer.

CAT is a word found in many languages in almost the same form. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called a cat a *catt*, or *cat*, hundreds of years ago. Kitten is a little cat. The Gaelic for cat is *puss*, from which we get *puss* and *pussy*. Tabby, in tabby-cat, gets its name from Attabiya, a part of Bagdad, in which a kind of rich wavy silk was made. Tabby-cats look like striped silk.

Cow is from the Anglo-Saxon *cu*, of which the plural form was *cy*; from this plural we get our word *kine*. The original root of the word was *gu*, meaning to bellow.

DEER is the Anglo-Saxon *deor*; the same word comes in German as *Thier*, meaning an animal. Its original meaning was "a wild beast," and it is no doubt connected with the Latin *fera*. Compare with bear.

Dog is from the Middle English *doggē*. The Dutch word *dog* means a mastiff.

DONKEY is a familiar word for ass. Some think it comes from Duncan, which may have been the name, perhaps, of a very stupid person, just as dicky, which is the word for ass in some parts of England, comes from Dick, or Richard. But others think it is dun-ik-ie, a double diminutive of the word *dun*, from its color; *dun* means "of a dark color," and was a common name for a horse or an ass. The second of these explanations is probably correct.

DROMEDARY gets its name from its quick running powers. The Greek word is *dromos*, running. This word comes also in hippodrome, a place where horses run.

ELEPHANT used to be thought to come from the Hebrew word *eleph*, meaning an ox. But it is far more likely that it comes from a word which is the root of our word "ivory." The Anglo-Saxon form, *olfend*, is used for our word "camel" in old versions of the Gospel according to St. Mark.

Fox is another Anglo-Saxon word; it was *fox* in Anglo-Saxon, and is *Fuchs* in German to-day. In the feminine it becomes *vixen*.

GIRAFFE is from the Spanish *girafa*, and the Arabic *zaraf*. This animal is also called the camelopard, because its shape is something like a camel and it is spotted like a leopard.

HIPPOPOTAMUS means river-horse, from the Greek *hippos*, a horse, and *potamos*, river.

HOG is probably connected with the verb "to hack," or "to hag," as in haggle, meaning to cut. In parts of England to-day, to hog means to cut.

HORSE is from the Anglo-Saxon *hors*; in German the word appears as *Ross*, meaning horse. It is probably from a root meaning "to run," found in the Latin *curro*, I run, and in the English current, course.

HOUND is the Anglo-Saxon *hund*, and is really the same word as the Greek *kyon*, a dog, and the Latin *canis*, a dog, though the words do not look alike. But *h* and *k* and *c* can interchange, just as we saw was the case with *b* and *f*. The French *chien*, dog, is from the Latin *canis*, and was therefore the same word as hound originally.

JACKAL is from the Persian word *shaghāl*. The

Hebrew for fox is *shual*, and these words are probably connected.

LEOPARD is made up of two words, *leo*, a lion, and *pardus*, a panther. This animal was supposed to be a cross between a lion and a panther.

LION is found in many languages: French, *lion*; Latin, *leo*, *leonem*; Greek, *leon*; German, *Löwe*.

MOLE means "earth-thrower," and is short for mold-warp. Mold means earth, and to warp means to throw.

MONKEY is from the Italian *monicchio*, meaning "a little old woman." It is the same word as madonna, which means mistress. Madonna was shortened to monna, and monna became monicchio.

MOUSE means a thief, a stealer. It is found in Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek as *mus*, which comes from the old Sanskrit word *mush*, to steal.

MULE is a word that has lost a *c* or a *k* from the middle. It is connected with the Greek *muklos*, an ass. In Anglo-Saxon it is *mul*.

Ox comes from the Sanskrit word *ukshan*, the root of which means to sprinkle. This is also connected with the root appearing in *humid*, wet.

PANTHER is from the Greek *panthér*, and the Latin *panthera*. Another word for panther is pard, from the Latin *pardus*; this word comes in leopard. The Greeks thought that the pard was the male, and the panther the female.

PIG is the Anglo-Saxon *pēcē*; it appears as *big* in Dutch, *p* and *b* being interchangeable.

PORCUPINE means "spiny pig." It comes from the Latin *porcus*, a pig, from which our word pork comes, and *spina*, spine. Any one who has seen this animal prick up its spines or quills will understand why it is so named.

RAT is perhaps from a root *rad*, meaning to scratch; if so, it is connected with rodent. There is a Sanskrit word *rada*, meaning a tooth.

RHINOCEROS comes from two Greek words—*rhinos*, meaning "of a nose," and *keras*, horn. It was so called because of the horn on its nose.

SHEEP is the Anglo-Saxon *sceap*, and the German *Schaf*. Its actual meaning is not known.

SOW is from the Anglo-Saxon *su*; it is related to the Latin *sus*, a pig, and the Greek *hus*. Swine is another form of the same word. The root of them all is *su*, to produce.

STAG now means a male deer. But it used to be applied to the males of other animals, for the word simply means male.

TIGER is from the Latin *tigris*, which comes from a Persian word meaning an arrow. This name was given to the river Tigris because it was so swift-running. Compare our English phrase "as swift as an arrow."

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART IV

CHRISTMAS SNOW

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE air is full of frozen flowers;
The snow, the snow is falling,
And all the voices of the north
Upon the winds are calling.

Come, high winds, low winds, sing across the snowing
Swell and falls and dying lulls and wild breath blowing !

Weird realm of wonder and of awe,
With ice-fields darkly crashing,
Where cohorts of the cold go forth,
With great auroras flashing,

Your high winds, low winds, blow across the meadows,
Blow, with all your bitter will, with all your eery shadows.

Blow, you dark north, o'er hill and dale,
With many a mile of drifting,
From dawn till purple twilight blow,
Swift, swift your silver sifting,—

Yet sweet world, yet glad world, despite the stormy singing,
The heart of all the earth is warm while Christmas bells are ringing !



"HIGH WINDS, LOW WINDS, SING ACROSS THE SNOWING."

DRAWN BY J. ALDEN PEARSON.

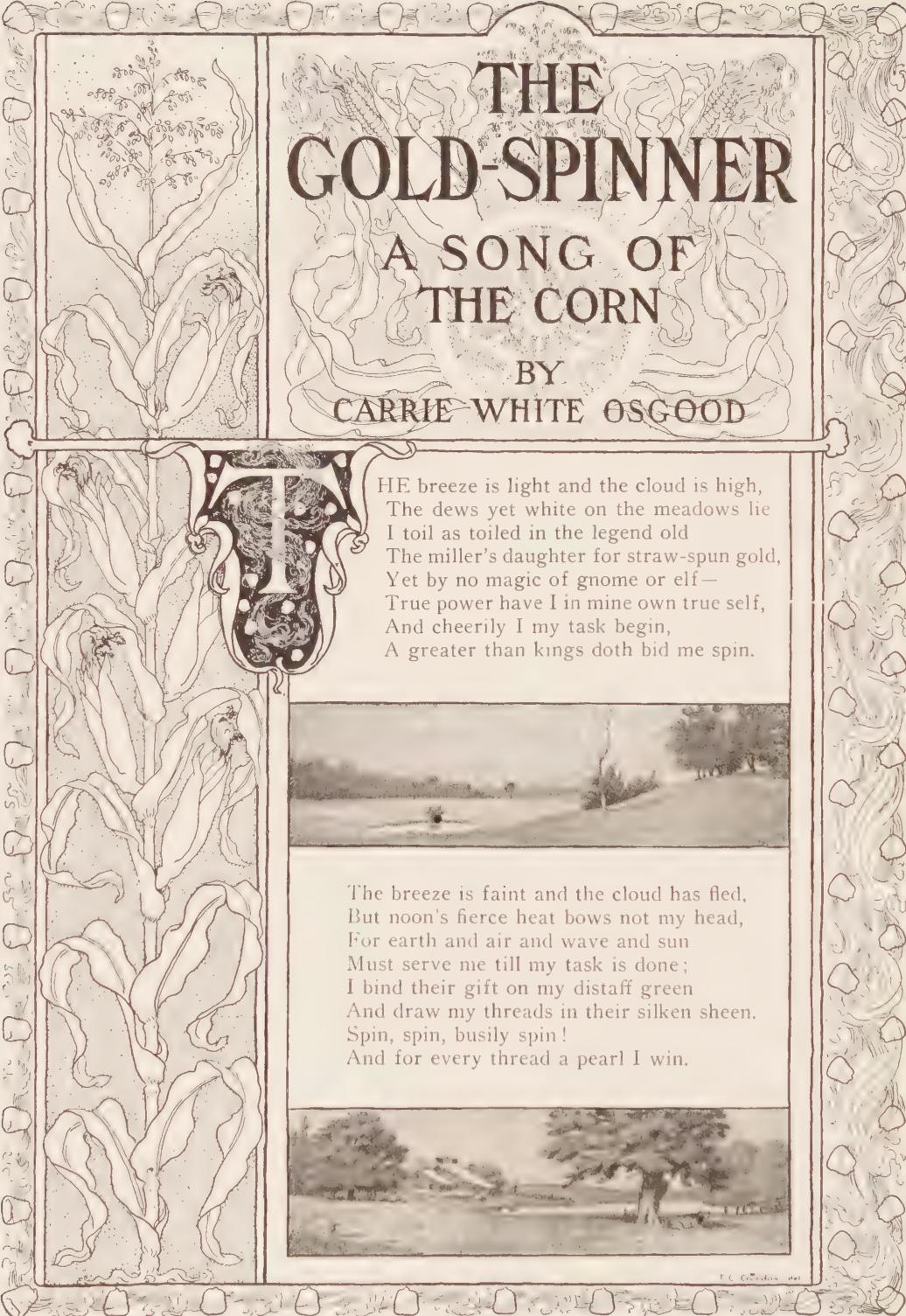
The Popular Poplar Tree.

A Song for Margaret and Harold

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD

WHEN the great wind sets things whirling
And rattles the window-panes,
And blows the dust in giants
And dragons tossing their manes;
When the willows have waves like water,
And children are shouting with glee;
When the pines are alive and the larches—
Then hurrah for you and me,
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of
the popular poplar tree !

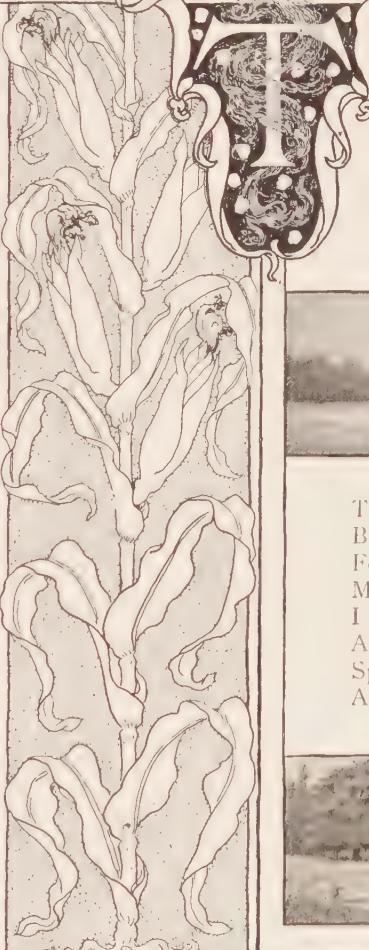
Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk—
He did not climb half so high!
And Alice in all her travels
Was never so near the sky!
Only the swallow, a-skimming
The storm-cloud over the lea,
Knows how it feels to be flying—
When the gusts come strong and free—
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of
the popular poplar tree !



THE GOLD-SPINNER

A SONG OF THE CORN

BY
CARRIE WHITE OSGOOD



HE breeze is light and the cloud is high,
The dews yet white on the meadows lie
I toil as toiled in the legend old
The miller's daughter for straw-spun gold—
Yet by no magic of gnome or elf—
True power have I in mine own true self,
And cheerily I my task begin,
A greater than kings doth bid me spin.



The breeze is faint and the cloud has fled,
But noon's fierce heat bows not my head,
For earth and air and wave and sun
Must serve me till my task is done;
I bind their gift on my distaff green
And draw my threads in their silken sheen.
Spin, spin, busily spin!
And for every thread a pearl I win.



The breeze is strong and the cloud is black.
 Away, away from the storm-king's track
 Shuddering bird and beast have fled !
 But the rushing showers they cool my head,
 The lightning's torch beside me burns,
 While swifter still my distaff turns.
 Spin, spin, steadily spin !
 I sing to the rolling thunder's din.



The breeze is cool and the cloud is dim,
 The moon looks over the forest's rim,
 And down by the willows where lilies are
 The river has mated every star.
 The sun-browned laborer takes his rest,
 But night is vigor and toil is best.
 Spin, spin, and loose not hold,
 For my pearls are changing to grains of gold.



The breeze is chill and the cloud is gray,
 The swift sun flies from the laggard day,
 And frosty and silent lies the land.
 The distaff falls from my shaking hand,
 My threads are tangled, my task is done,
 But the rich reward of my toil is won ;
 Though I am withered and old and bent,
 My wealth for a hungry world is spent.





THE OLD WILLOW-TREE.



O WILLOW, weeping willow, with your sturdy trunk of brown,
And your slender little leaflets like sword-points hanging down,
I sat upon your branches, and 't was there I read a tale
That told about a dryad maid, so tall and slim and pale.
It said she lived in tree-trunks, and really was it true?
I wonder, oh, I wonder if she ever lived in you!

I waited and I waited, and I dreamed of her at night;
And oh, she was so pretty in a gown of green and white;
Her hair it was all golden, and it rippled to her feet;
And oh, her eyes were tender, and her voice was wondrous sweet.
They said that she was timid, that she seldom walked about;
I lingered and I lingered, but she never did come out.

I hunted and I hunted, and I talked to you all day;
I thought that she might listen and would answer in some way.
I whispered all my secret joys and all my troubles too;
I used to eat my bread and jam and dream all day in you.
For tight across your branches they had nailed a little seat;
I stayed there, and I played there, and I dangled down my feet.

I wondered and I wondered if you were the dryad's home;
And if she lived inside of you, all silent and alone;
And had a winding stairway that went up and up so high,
It kept right on a-winding till it reached the very sky.
There was a dainty bedroom at the very top, you know,
All lined and twined with satin blue; I 'm sure it must be so.

I pleaded and I pleaded, with my earnest childish might,
To be allowed to sit in you upon a moonlight night.
For then, so ran the story, timid dryads oft were seen
To glide beneath the whisp'ring trees bedecked in wreaths of green.
But no one seemed to b'lieve in you; they always laughed and said
To stop my talking nonsense and go right straight off to bed.

O willow, weeping willow, my poor heart will break, I know;
They 've sold you with the homestead, and alas! I too must go.
And never, never, never shall I be there any more,
Or see the dryad maiden when she opens soft her door.
And oh, when I am gone away, I 'll often think of you;
For if *you* are weeping, willow dear, *I* am weeping too.



THISTLEDOWN

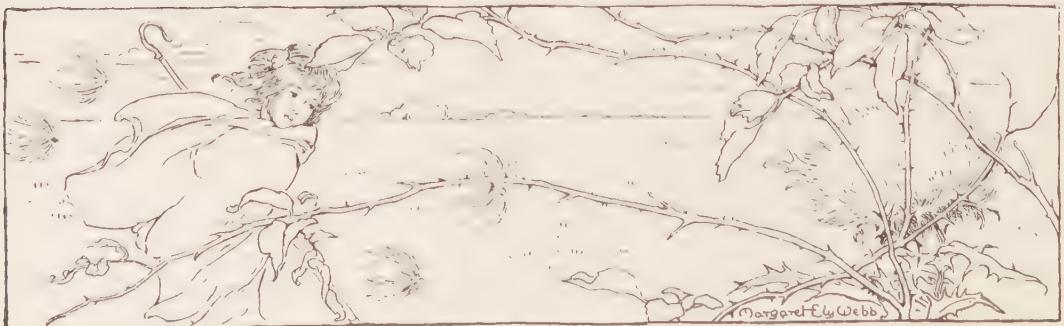
BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WHEN the nights are long and the dust is deep,
The shepherd's at the door;
Hello, the little white woolly sheep
That he drives on before!

Never a sound does the shepherd make;
His flock is as still as he;
Under the boughs their road they take,
Whatever that road may be.

And one may catch on a shriveling brier,
And one drop down at the door,
And some may lag, and some may tire,
But the rest go on before.

The wind is that shepherd so still and sweet,
And his sheep are the thistledown;
All August long, by alley and street,
He drives them through the town.



A SONG FOR SUMMER

BY ERIC PARKER

WHEN June has kissed the roses,
And summer breezes blow,
And daisies shine by the silver brook
That chatters down below,
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay !

When water-lilies blossom,
And the old mill-wheels stand still,
And all the little blue butterflies
Come dancing down the hill,
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay !

And Jock shall drive the horses,
And Jenny toss the hay,
And up and into the big west wind,
And catch it as you may !
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay !

And home again to sleeping,
When bells of evening chime,
And cheer with me for the last, last load,
And a happy summer-time !
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay !

Then through the sun and shadow
And round the meadow run,
Sun and shadow, 't is which you choose ;
But give to me the sun.
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay !



TWENTY FROGGIES

BY GEORGE COOPER

TWENTY froggies went to school
 Down beside a rushy pool.
 Twenty little coats of green,
 Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
 "First we study, then we play;
 That is how we keep the rule,
 When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
 Called his classes in their turn,
 Taught them how to nobly strive,
 Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.
 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be,
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

THE DAISY

I 'm a pretty little thing,
 Always coming with the spring;
 In the meadows green I 'm found,
 Peepin' just above the ground;
 And my stalk is covered flat
 With a white and yellow hat.
 Little lady, when you pass
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,
 Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and lowly head;
 For I always seem to say,
 Surely winter 's gone away.

RAIN IN SPRING

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

So soft and gentle falls the rain,
 You cannot hear it on the pane;
 For if it came in pelting showers,
 'T would hurt the budding leaves and flowers.

SUN AND RAIN

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

If all were rain and never sun,
 No bow could span the hill;
 If all were sun and never rain,
 There 'd be no rainbow still.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning;
 Around it still the sumachs grow
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official,
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes,
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled;
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered;
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I 'm sorry that I spelt the word;
 I hate to go above you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her—because they love him.

SPRING QUESTIONS

By CLARA DOTY BATES

How do the pussy-willows grow?
 How do the meadow violets blow?
 How do the brooklet's waters flow?
 Gold-Locks wants to know.

Long and gray,
 The willows sway,
 And the catkins come the first spring day.
 Plenty of them
 On every stem,
 All dressed in fur,
 As if they were
 Prepared to keep the cold away.

The violets, too,
 In bonnets blue,
 And little crooked necks askew,
 Stand, sweet and small,
 Where the grass is tall,
 Content to spy
 But a bit of sky,
 Nor ever to know the world at all.

The waters run
 In shade and sun,
 And laugh because the winter 's done.
 Now swift, now slow,
 The pace they go,
 Shining between
 Their banks of green,
 Whither, they neither care nor know.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?
 The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold
 When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
 The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
 And peaches redden for you to eat,
 When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
 The east-wind, Arty; and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane
 When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
 The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
 The birdies sing in the summer hours
 When the west begins to blow.

COUNTRY CHILDREN

LITTLE fresh violets,
 Born in the wildwood;
 Sweetly illustrating
 Innocent childhood:
 Shy as the antelope—
 Brown as a berry—
 Free as the mountain air,
 Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
 Peep from the hedges,
 Shaded by sunbonnets
 Frayed at the edges!
 Up in the apple-trees,
 Careless of danger,
 Manhood in embryo
 Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
 Seeking the berries—
 Under the orchard-trees,
 Feasting on cherries—
 Trampling the clover-blooms,
 Down 'mong the grasses,
 No voice to hinder them,
 Dear lads and lasses!

Dear little innocents
 Born in the wildwood!
 Oh that all little ones
 Had such a childhood!
 Blue skies spread over them,
 Earth's green beneath them,
 No sweeter heritage
 Could we bequeath them.

THE HAPPY WORLD

By WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

THE bee is a rover;
 The brown bee is gay;
 To feed on the clover,
 He passes this way.
 Brown bee, humming over,
 What is it you say?
 "The world is so happy—so happy to-day!"

The martens have nested
 All under the eaves;
 The field-mice have jested
 And played in the sheaves;
 We have played, too, and rested,
 And none of us grieves,
 All over the wide world, who is it that grieves?

THE LADYBUG

BY CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY

LADYBUG! ladybug! fly away home,
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled
wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

Ladybug! ladybug! fly away home,
The field-mouse has gone to its nest,
The daisies have shut up their sweet sleepy eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybug! ladybug! fly away now,
To your home in the old willow-tree.
There your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybug! ladybug! fly away home!
You're in luck if you reach it at last;
For owls are abroad and the bats are a-wing,
Sharp-set from their long daylight fast.

SNOW

BY JANE TAYLOR

O COME to the garden, dear brother, and see,
What mischief was done in the night;
The snow has quite covered the nice apple-tree,
And the bushes are sprinkled with white.

The spring in the grove is beginning to freeze,
The pond is hard frozen all o'er;
Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
And drop in odd shapes from the door.

The old mossy thatch, and the meadows so green,
Are covered all over with white;
The snowdrop and crocus no more can be seen,
The thick snow has covered them quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
They're come for their breakfast again;
But the little worms all are hid under the snow,
They hop about chirping in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw them some
bread,

I've some of my breakfast to spare:
I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
But they're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frightened, I
pray,
You shall not be hurt, I'll engage;
I'm not come to catch you and force you away,
And fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know you've no cause for alarm,
From me you have nothing to fear;
Why, my little fingers could do you no harm,
Although you came ever so near.

WHAT DOES THE BEE DO?

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

WHAT does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
What does father do?
Bring home money.
And what does mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

THE ROBIN

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

WHEN father takes his spade to dig
Then Robin comes along;
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.
Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.

A WINTER SONG

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!

Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



FAMOUS SPEAKERS AND GREAT SPEECHES

WHAT IS ORATORY?

Oratory means simply the art of speaking in public, and it is the oldest of all forms of literature. If you will look in your Bible you can read a public speech made by Lamech, son of Methusael, and it was a very long time ago that he lived.

Thousands of years ago, when the chief occupation of men was fighting, and nothing was known of song or story, warrior chiefs stood at the head of the men before going to battle and spoke to them of the glories of victory and the disgrace of defeat. And these speeches were the first examples of oratory—war oratory it is called.

After a time, when people began to make rules about right conduct and wrong conduct, or, in other words, when they began to make laws, men had to defend themselves when they were accused of breaking a law, and this was the beginning of a special sort of oratory, called legal oratory. Of course, some persons could not speak very well in public, and as time went on it became more and more the habit of such persons to have somebody to defend them who could speak well. And that is how there came to be lawyers—for at first there were no lawyers, and persons had to speak for themselves, as they do among savage tribes even to this day.

The greatest legal orators of ancient times were in Greece. Corax, Isocrates, and Lysias were three famous lawyers who were not only great orators but also taught oratory to others. Legal oratory reached a very high state of perfection in Greece from their day. Isocrates was also famous as the teacher of another form of oratory, which is called political oratory. You can understand that as laws grew and forms of government were established there was much public speaking done for or against certain laws or

about certain lawmakers, just as there is in Congress or in elections. This form of oratory must be counted as perhaps the most important of all forms. Certainly some of the greatest orators who ever lived were political orators. Æschines and Demosthenes, two Greek political orators who lived about the time of Isocrates, are famous even to this day; in fact, Demosthenes is generally regarded as the greatest orator the world has ever known.

In Rome, as in Greece, the two chief forms of oratory were legal and political oratory, and there were many Roman orators who attained great fame in both forms. Cato the Censor, Cicero, Mark Antony, and Julius Cæsar were all first-rate orators, and Cicero ranks next to Demosthenes as the greatest of all orators. Of course, both in Rome and Greece, speeches of other kinds were made also. A conquering hero coming home from the wars would make a speech thanking the people for their reception of him, or he would make a speech in the senate telling about his victories. A man who had lost a dear friend might make a speech in which he told of the virtues and goodness of his friend, as Mark Antony did over the body of Cæsar. This is a very important form of oratory, and such a speech is called a eulogy or panegyric. A very eloquent eulogy is that of the American orator, James G. Blaine, on President Garfield. Eulogy or panegyric was a form of oratory much practised in ancient Greece and Rome, and it is even more commonly practised in our own day.

After the coming of Christ both political and legal oratory gave way for centuries to religious oratory. St. Paul was the first of the Christian religious orators, and he was

followed by a host—Athanasius, Chrysostom, Basil, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and many others down to the great Lutheran preacher Melanchthon, the eloquent French orator Bossuet, and great preachers of later days.

In America there have been many great religious orators, such as Cotton Mather, his son Increase Mather, and Henry Ward Beecher. Religious orations generally take the form of sermons in which the preacher advises his listeners, or teaches them something about religious things, or warns them against evil and points out the beauty and reward of goodness. There are, of course, other sorts of religious orations. The early preachers, like Augustine and Thomas Aquinas and Melanchthon, devoted much of their eloquence to defending points of their belief against the attacks of others, or themselves attacking what they considered wrong in the religious teachings of others. Peter the Hermit, whose preaching started the Crusades, was an example of another kind of religious orator—that is, one who urges people to take up some great work on behalf of religion. Then again, a speech dedicating a church is a religious oration, and so is a eulogy delivered as part of a funeral service; and there are other lesser forms of religious oratory that may occur to you if you think about it.

Between the time of Cicero and Cæsar and the period of the American Revolution there were few really great orators outside of religion. But in the Revolutionary age a whole crowd of great political orators sprang up at about the same time. There were Mirabeau, the orator of the French Revolution, and Walpole, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Chatham, and Sheridan, the great English orators, and Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, the Adamses, and Alexander Hamilton, the orators of American Independence. I might mention here that Edmund Burke, the English orator, is often spoken of as the greatest orator that has lived since Demosthenes and Cicero. Then later we had in America Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Stephen A. Douglas, Thomas H. Benton, Abraham Lincoln, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and many others. In fact, since the year 1800, America has had more great orators than any other country. I must not forget to mention, however, some great speakers in England since that time,

such as Daniel O'Connell, John Bright, William E. Gladstone, and Charles Stewart Parnell. In recent years America has produced several orators of great merit, among whom the best known, perhaps, are Robert G. Ingersoll and William Jennings Bryan.

Besides the forms of oratory I have mentioned, there are many others, some of which are very important. There is the after-dinner speech, for instance, which is so common in this day of public dinners. After-dinner speeches are of various kinds. Some of them are made in proposing toasts, and some of them are light, humorous talks on nothing in particular. It is generally expected that an after-dinner speech shall be light. But sometimes a dinner is held by a society with some serious purpose, and in that case the speeches turn on the objects of the society, whatever they may be. Such speeches, of course, are always serious.

Another distinctive form of oratory is what is called the commemorative oration. To commemorate, you may know, means to speak or write or do something in memory of some person or some event. You have no doubt seen tablets in a church erected to the memory of some former member of the congregation. These are called commemorative tablets, and a commemorative oration is something the same except that it is longer and is spoken instead of being carved on stone. So you can see that the commemorative oration when it deals with a person is related to the eulogy or panegyric. The term commemorative, however, is generally confined to speeches in memory of some great event, such as are made at the unveiling of a monument, or on some occasion like that. Fine examples of this kind of oration are the two that Daniel Webster delivered at Bunker Hill, one at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument there, the other at its dedication.

Addresses of all sorts also come under the heading of oratory. Such are the commencement and valedictory addresses at school, the speeches of introduction made at meetings and conventions, the inaugural addresses of the Presidents, and various other forms. Then there are several forms of business speeches, such as reports to boards of directors and the like. There are also the speeches made in debating societies, when some question is brought up and the members speak on different sides of it—some such question, for instance, as: "Whether



FAMOUS ENGLISH ORATORS.

Washington or Lincoln rendered the greater service to his country.'

Another very important form of oratory is the lecture. You know, of course, what a lecture is. It is simply a plain talk on some subject of interest, like American history, or English literature, or travel in Africa. The lecture is a very common and very useful form of oratory, and is one of the best aids to education.

The only other important form of oratory that remains to be mentioned is what is called the civic oration. This includes all speeches made on subjects of importance to the general welfare of the people, such as the labor question, Chinese immigration, or any other subject of similar nature.

If you will read the following examples of oratory carefully, you will get a very good general idea of this form of literature. Some of them are selections from speeches by modern orators such as Dr. Henry van Dyke, "Mark Twain," Robert G. Ingersoll, and Henry W. Grady; others are specimens of the eloquence of great speakers of the past whose names I have mentioned in the course of this little talk. There are two complete speeches—the famous "Gettysburg Address" by Abraham Lincoln, and "The War is Inevitable" by Patrick Henry, both of which every American ought to learn by heart. "The Wreck of the 'Arctic'" is from a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, and you will find other examples of pulpit oratory in the volume entitled "Bible Stories and Character-building."

AGAINST PHILIP

BY DEMOSTHENES

O my countrymen! when will you do your duty? Why do you wait? Tell me, is it your wish to go about the public places, here and there, continually asking, "What is there new?" Ah! what should there be new, if not that a Macedonian could conquer Athens, and lord it over Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No, by Jupiter; he is sick!" Dead or sick, what matters it to you? If he were to die, and your vigilance were to continue as slack as now, you would cause a new Philip to rise up at once—since this one owes his aggrandizement less to his own power than to your inertness! It is a matter of astonishment to me, O Athenians, that none of you are aroused either to reflection or to anger, in beholding a war, begun for the chastisement of Philip, degenerate

at last into a war of defence against him. And it is evident that he will not stop even yet, unless we bar his progress. But where, it is asked, shall we make a descent? Let us but attack, O Athenians, and the war itself will disclose the enemy's weak point. But if we tarry at home, lazily listening to speech-makers, in their emulous abuse of one another, never—no, never, shall we accomplish a necessary step!

Some among you, retailing the news, affirm that Philip is plotting with Lacedæmon the ruin of Thebes and the dismemberment of our democracies; others make him send ambassadors to the Great King; others tell us he is fortifying places in Illyria. All have their different stories. For myself, Athenians, I do, by the gods, believe that this man is intoxicated by his magnificent exploits; I believe that a thousand dazzling projects lure his imagination; and that, seeing no barrier opposed to his career, he is inflated by success. But, trust me, he does not so combine his plans that all our fools of low degree may penetrate them; which fools—who are they but the gossips? If, leaving them to their reveries, we would consider that this man is our enemy—our spoiler—that we have long endured his insolence; that all the succors, on which we counted, have been turned against us; that henceforth our only resource is in ourselves; that, to refuse now to carry the war into *his* dominions, would surely be to impose upon us the fatal necessity of sustaining it at the gates of Athens; if we would comprehend all this, we should then know what it imports us to know, and discard all idiot conjectures. It is not your duty to dive into the future; but it *does* behoove you to look in the face of the calamities which that future *must* bring, unless you shake off your present heedless inactivity.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

BY EDWARD EVERETT

(*To that group of boys who used to like to make ships of clay and tease each other about the names. "Call her 'The Milk-shake,' Jack, or 'The Chocolate-drop,' 'The Rose,' 'Mother Cary's Chicken.' May your boats never be derelicts.)*

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now, scantly supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulping floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all-but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantly provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea?—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

THE WAR IS INEVITABLE

BY PATRICK HENRY

THEY tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week,

or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. THE WAR IS INEVITABLE; AND LET IT COME! I REPEAT IT, SIR, LET IT COME!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS

It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his dwelling-place creation.

Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed how pure was the climate that it cleared, how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really

appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient. But it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage. And such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the field. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created?

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less praise on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be.

THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

(*From a speech at a banquet of the Holland Society of New York.*)

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY: Who is the typical Dutchman? Rembrandt, the splendid artist; Erasmus, the brilliant scholar; Coster, the inventor of printing; Leeuwenhoek, the profound scientist; Grotius, the great lawyer; Barentz, the daring explorer; De Witt, the skilful statesman; Van Tromp, the trump of admirals; William the Silent, heroic defender of liberty against a world of tyranny;

William III., the emancipator of England, whose firm, peaceful hand set the Anglo-Saxon race free to fulfill its mighty destiny—what hero, artist, philosopher, discoverer, lawgiver, admiral, general, or monarch shall we choose from the long list of Holland's illustrious dead to stand as the typical Dutchman? . . .

The ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion, and cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him. [Applause.] Let me try to etch the portrait of such a man in few and simple lines. Grant me but six strokes for the picture.

The typical Dutchman is an honest man, and that 's the noblest work of God. Physically he may be—and if he attends these dinners he probably will be—more or less round. But morally he must be square. And surely in this age of sham, when there is so much plated ware that passes itself off for solid silver, and so much work done at half measure and charged at full price—so many doctors who buy diplomas, and lawyers whose names should be "Necessity," because they know no law, and preachers who insist on keeping in their creeds doctrines which they do not profess to believe—surely in this age, in which sky-rockets are so plentiful and well-seasoned firewood is so scarce, the man who is most needed is not the genius, the discoverer, the brilliant sayer of new things, but simply the honest man, who speaks the truth, pays his debts, does his work thoroughly, and is satisfied with what he has earned. [Applause.] . . .

The typical Dutchman is a prudent man. He will be free to choose for himself; but he generally chooses to do nothing rash. He does not admire those movements which are like the Chinaman's description of the toboggan-slide, "Whiz! Walk a mile!" He prefers a one-story ground-rent to a twelve-story mortgage with an elevator. He has a constitutional aversion to unnecessary risks. In society, in philosophy, in commerce, he sticks to the old way until he knows that the new one is better. On the train of progress he usually sits in the middle car, sometimes in the smoker, but never on the cowcatcher. And yet he arrives at his destination all the same. [Laughter.]

The typical Dutchman is a devout man. He could not respect himself if he did not reverence God. Religion was at the center of Holland's most glorious life, and it is impossible to understand the sturdy heroism and cheerful industry of our Dutch forefathers without remembering

that whether they ate or drank or labored or prayed or fought or sailed or farmed, they did all to the glory of God. [Applause.] The only difference between New Amsterdam and New England was this: the Puritans founded a religious community with commercial principles; the Dutchmen founded a commercial community with religious principles. [Laughter.] Which was the better I do not say; but every one knows which was the happier to live in. . . .

But one more stroke remains to be added to the picture. The typical Dutchman is a man of few words. Perhaps I ought to say *he was*: for in this talkative age, even in the Holland Society, a degenerate speaker will forget himself so far as not to keep silence when he talks about the typical Dutchman. But those old companions who came to this country previous to the year 1675, as Dutch citizens, under the Dutch flag, and holding their tongues in the Dutch language—ah, they understood their business. [Laughter and applause.]

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN")

(*From a speech at a dinner of the New England Society in New York.*)

GENTLEMEN: I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New England—but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. [Laughter.] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety, and

quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. [Laughter.] As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.] . . .

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand firm and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing, it does n't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you 'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there. [Loud laughter and applause.] . . .

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. But after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. [Long-continued applause.]

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world." [Applause and laughter.]

THE WRECK OF THE "ARCTIC"

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

(From a sermon)

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts: "We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we shall embark; we shall slide across the appeased ocean, and, in the gorgeous month of October, we shall greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes."

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the "Arctic" borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the "Arctic" glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gaiety disported itself, and joy was with every guest.

Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—home is not far away. And, every morning, it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that

forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it, and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's distance, unconscious, and, at nearer approach, unwarmed; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till, in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened "Vesta" dealt her deadly stroke to the "Arctic."

The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect!) ordered away his boat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley, the first mate of the "Arctic," went over the ship's side, oh! that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to obey—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But apparently each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, then honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineer, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of the sinking!

Oh, what a burial was there! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

ADDRESS OF BLACK HAWK, CHIEF OF
THE SAC INDIANS, TO GENERAL
STREET

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father [the President of the United States]. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction; things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses were without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His

father will meet him there and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE
AND INSEPARABLE
BY DANIEL WEBSTER

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious foundation of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children. Beyond that I seek not to

penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as “What is all this worth?”—nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first and Union afterward,”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

THE NEW SOUTH

BY HENRY W. GRADY

(*From an address at a dinner of the New England Society in New York, December 22, 1886.*)

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: “There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.” These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night. . . .

The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking

out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. [Applause.]

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier’s death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children’s children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war. [Loud applause.]

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people. [Repeated cheers.]

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? [“No! No!”] Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may per-



AMERICAN POLITICAL ORATORS.

petuate itself? [“No! No!”] Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier’s heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? [Tumultuous cheering and shouts of “No! No!”] If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: “Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

“‘ Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th’ intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.’”

[Prolonged applause.]

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for

us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

LINCOLN was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. In a new country, a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles.

Lincoln never finished his education. So to the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln’s wonderful words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

BY JAMES G. BLAINE

(Selection from a eulogy delivered in Washington, February 28, 1882, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the President and his Cabinet.)

No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail, not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes! Whose lips may tell what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant Nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears, the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter, the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands! Before him, desolation and great darkness, and his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a Nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world; but all the love and all the sympathy could

not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the weary hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices, with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great wave breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(From an address at a dinner of the Hamilton Club, Chicago, 1899.)

GENTLEMEN: In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a

whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in your eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich, and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is prompt to help a friend; but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and above all it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

the incident should have suggested to Milton the "Paradise Lost." Man was placed in a profound sleep, a rib was taken from his side, a woman was created from it, and she became his wife. Evil-minded persons constantly tell us that thus man's first sleep became his last repose. But if woman be given at times to that contrariety of thought and perversity of mind which sometimes passeth our understanding, it must be recollect ed in her favor that she was created out of the crookedest part of man. [Laughter.] . . .

Woman now revels even in the more complicated problems of mathematical astronomy. Give a woman ten minutes and she will describe a heliocentric parallax of the heavens. Give her twenty minutes and she will find astronomically the longitude of a place by means of lunar culminations. Give that same woman an hour and a half, with the present fashions, and she cannot find the pocket in her dress.

And yet man's admiration for woman never flags. He will give her half his fortune; he will give her his whole heart; he seems always willing to give her everything that he possesses, except his seat in a street-car. [Laughter.] . . .

No one who has witnessed the heroism of America's daughters in the field should fail to pay a passing tribute to their worth. I do not speak alone of those trained Sisters of Charity, who in scenes of misery and woe seem Heaven's chosen messengers on earth; but I would speak also of those fair daughters who came forth from the comfortable firesides of New England and other States, little trained to scenes of suffering, little used to the rudeness of a life in camp, who gave their all, their time, their health, and even life itself, as a willing sacrifice in that cause which then moved the nation's soul. As one of these, with her graceful form, was seen moving silently through the darkened aisles of an army hospital, as the motion of her passing dress wafted a breeze across the face of the wounded, they felt that their parched brows had been fanned by the wings of the angel of mercy.

Ah! Mr. President, woman is after all a mystery. It has been well said, that woman is the great conundrum of the century; but if we can not guess her, we will never give her up. [Applause.]

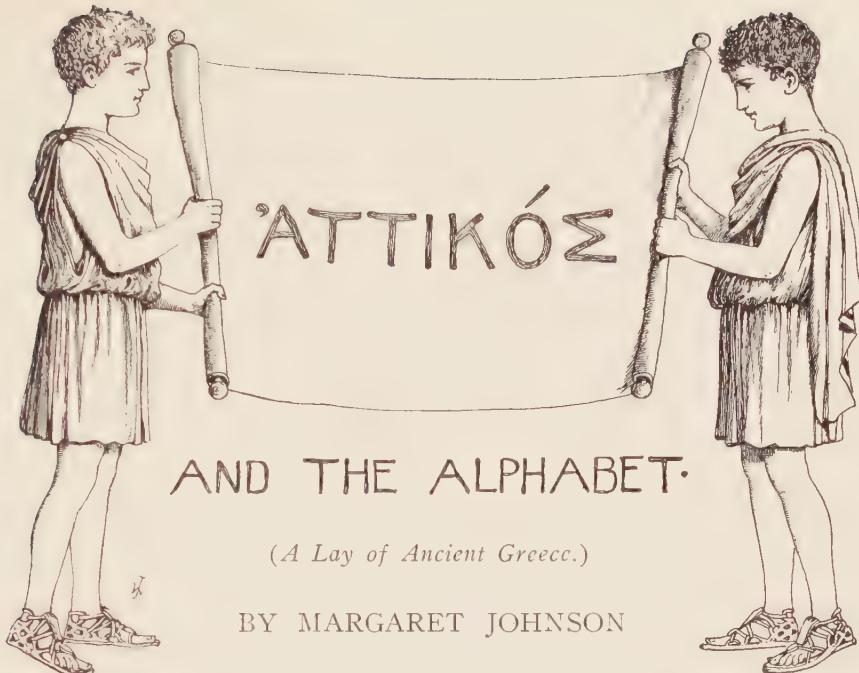
WOMAN

BY HORACE PORTER

(From a speech at a dinner of the New England Society in New York.)

WOMAN'S first home was in the Garden of Eden. There man first married woman. Strange that





AND THE ALPHABET.

(*A Lay of Ancient Greece.*)

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

YOUNG Atticus was born in Greece,
That favored land, in times of peace,
Which many a genius nourished;
And round him poets sang their lays,
And sculptors carved, to earn their bays,
And in a thousand ancient ways
The fine arts greatly flourished.

Young Atticus, his parents' pride,
With every luxury was supplied;
They hoped to see him famous,
Like Solon or like Socrates,
Like Phidias or Demosthenes,
Or others they could name us.

He had a nurse till he was grown,
A little chamber all his own,
With many a toy upon the shelves
Such as we'd like to have ourselves,
If our mamas would let us!
And he was classically fed
On figs and dates and barley bread
And honey of Hymettus.

He had a *chiton*—that's a gown—
A pair of sandals small and brown—
Queer clothes were these of Atty's!

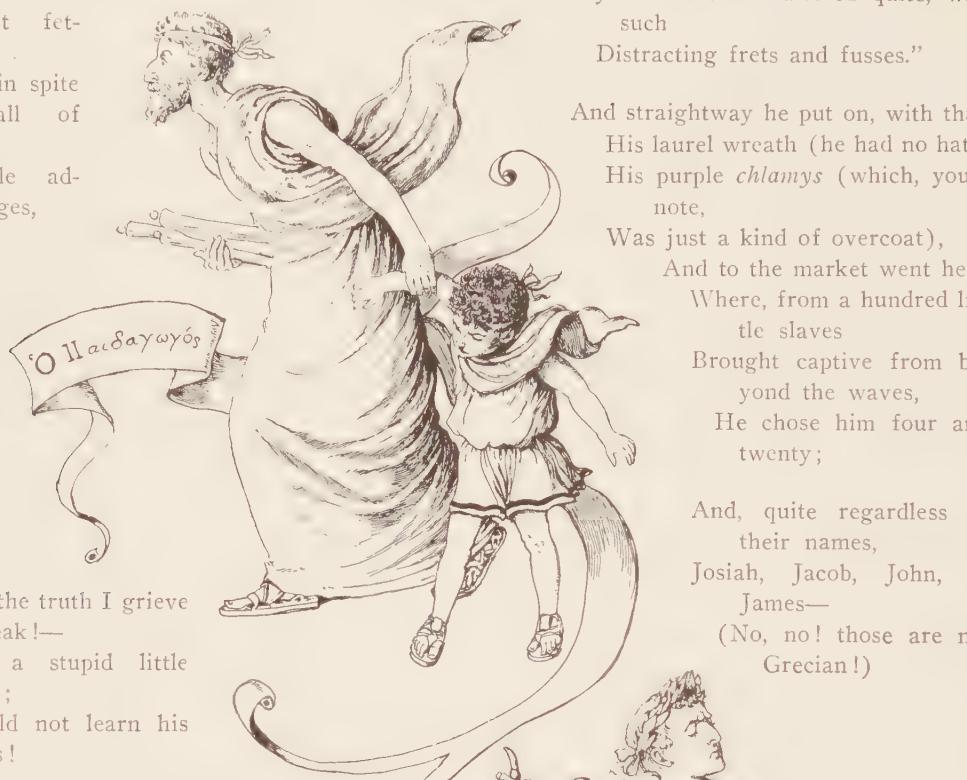
And then he had, his steps to dog
And his reluctant brain to jog,
A very learned pedagogue—
Pray do you know what *that* is?

He had a master wise at school
Who followed Solon's every rule,



And bound each scholar who resigned
Into his care an infant mind,
With Wisdom's
firmest fet-
ters;

And yet, in spite
of all of
these
Remarkable ad-
vantages,



He was—the truth I grieve
to speak!—
He was a stupid little
Greek;
He could not learn his
letters!

In vain his pedagogue implored,
In vain his angry master roared.
His tender nurse grew tearful.
Still at the bottom of the class,
He saw the happier scholars pass,
Promoted one by one. Alas,
His ignorance was fearful!

The pedagogue each morning dragged
The boy to school, with steps that lagged
And loud expostulation;
Each night the proud paternal halls
Reechoed his despairing bawls,
As on through tempests and through squalls
He sought his education.

So matters went from bad to worse
For master, pedagogue, and nurse,
Till little Atticus's
Ambitious, kind, and wise papa
Laid down his—no, not his cigar—

His lute, perhaps, or cithara,
And said (in Greek): "This is too much!
My nerves are shattered quite, with
such
Distracting frets and fusses."

And straightway he put on, with that,
His laurel wreath (he had no hat),
His purple *chlamys* (which, you'll
note,
Was just a kind of overcoat),
And to the market went he;
Where, from a hundred lit-
tle slaves
Brought captive from be-
yond the waves,
He chose him four and
twenty;

And, quite regardless of
their names,
Josiah, Jacob, John, or
James—
(No, no! those are not
Grecian!)





Cleon, I mean, Miltiades,
Eudexion, or Damocles—
He named them for the A B C's,
The alphabet Phenician;
And on his son the gift bestowed,
Together with a graceful ode
(Which I refrain from quoting),
In which he bade the boy to play
With his new toys the livelong day,
His time to them devoting.

Now fancy how this little boy
Was filled with fervent (Grecian) joy!
Behold him at his play anon
With Alpha and with Omicron,
Iota, Sigma, Upsilon,
Omega, Pi, and Eta;
With Chi and Kappa, Tau and Mu,
Lambda and Epsilon and Nu,
And Zeta, Beta, Theta;
With Gamma, too, and Xi and Phi,
And Rho (I'm nearly through) and Psi,
And nimble little Delta,
And—no, I think I've said them all!
At play with battledore and ball,
And running races through the hall,
And gamboling with shout and call—
Why, how *could* Atticus forget
The letters of the alphabet?
He learned them helter-skelter!

Then while his fellows wondering gazed,
And every one his progress praised,
Whom late they shouted “Fie!” on,
Peace, sweeter far than tongue can tell,
Upon that troubled household fell,
For everything at last was well
For parent and for scion.

The moral of this little tale
Is, firstly, just a little wail
That things cannot be made for us
As easy as for Atticus,
That woeful little weeper!
We too, instead of books and blocks,
Might have live letters in a box,
And find how pleasant learning is,
If our papas were rich as his,
Or little boys were cheaper.



But since that cannot be, how glad
We ought to feel we never had
To learn, in hours of study sad,
A language hieroglyphic.



He never would have made a fuss,
That stupid little Atticus,
Could he have learned just A B C's
Instead of dreadful things like these:
ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΛΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΦΧΨΩ
Now are they not terrific?



SCIENCE AND SCIENTIFIC STUDY

WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR US

There is no branch of literature, perhaps, more interesting than the literature of science, and none from which we can obtain more useful knowledge. For it is there that we find explained the mystery of the earth and sea and rocks, the secrets of the sun, moon, and stars, the moods of the wind and the rain. It is there that we can find how the flowers grow up and bloom and wither, and how the animals are born and live and die. There is nothing in this wonderful world of ours, except the great Spirit who created it, that science has not tried to explain for us, and we could know very little about all the great discoveries of science were it not for scientific books.

Science nowadays is divided into many branches, but it will be sufficient for you to remember six of them. These are astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, botany, and zoölogy. These names may look difficult, but they are really very easy to remember. Astronomy tells all about the sun, moon, and stars; geology treats of the structure and history of the earth; physics deals with the properties of matter and with heat, light, sound, and electricity; chemistry examines into the composition of matter, telling about atoms, liquids, gases, etc.; botany explains plant life; and zoölogy, animal life. You will not find it hard to think of so much, especially as you will hear and read those names often enough.

Elsewhere I shall tell you something about great scientists and their writings; and here I will mention just a few of the men and the writings that have played an important part in the history of science. You can understand that as soon as men began to think at all they started to examine into the nature and causes of all the won-

derful things they saw around them. You can probably remember yourself, when you were little more than a baby, wondering why the wind blew, or why the rain fell, or what the stars and the moon were made of. In the infancy of the world the same questions occurred to mankind, and, like you, they did not know the answers. In the course of time they set themselves to find out. That is how science began.

The first thoughts of men on those subjects were not put down in writing, for men did not know how to write. But when the Chaldeans, more than six thousand years before Christ, invented a sort of writing on clay tablets, they set down some of their ideas about the stars. These, so far as we know, were the first writings of science, and astronomy is the oldest science of which we have any record.

The Egyptians probably knew much about science, but they did not leave very much record of their knowledge in any of the writings that have come down to us. The real literature of science began with the Greeks. They laid the foundation of science as we know it to-day, and they did more toward developing a complete system of science than any other ancient people. There are ever so many great names in the history of Grecian science. Among the first were Anaximander, Anaximenes, and Anaxagoras, who gave expression to ideas on the origin of life which were looked upon as absurd until Darwin, more than two thousand years later, showed that they were not so far from what many scientists now believe to be the truth as was once supposed. Afterward came the great Aristotle, one of the most wonderful minds that ever existed, who taught something on nearly every

branch of science known to us. Aristotle was regarded as an authority on science as late as 1400 A.D., and even to-day many of his ideas are admitted by scientists to be true to facts. Then there were Hippocrates and Galen, with whom began the science of medicine, and the great Archimedes, who began the science of mechanics, an important branch of physics. Archimedes was one of the world's greatest scientists and made many very important discoveries. All those Greek scientists—especially Aristotle and Archimedes—wrote much about their work.

The next great scientist was the Roman Pliny the Elder, who wrote a "Natural History" in thirty-seven books treating of everything in the natural world—of the heavenly bodies; the elements; thunder and lightning; the winds and the seasons; and especially of the application of natural science in human life and art. Later came Copernicus, who taught that the earth is not flat and that it revolves around the sun; and Galileo, who supported the ideas of Copernicus in spite of persecution. Between the time of Pliny and the time of Copernicus and Galileo, a period including what are called the dark ages, science in Europe stood still, or went backward, many important scientific books being lost. But science flourished among the Arabians during some of those centuries, and there are many valuable works written by Arab writers such as Alhazen and Al-Farabi which have added considerably to the world's store of scientific knowledge. Geber, another Arabian scientist, though usually called an alchemist, did much toward developing the science of chemistry.

After Copernicus and Galileo came the great French scientist Descartes, the Dutch Huygens, and the Englishmen Francis Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, all of whom left very valuable writings. Later there were Cuvier, Humboldt, and others, about whom I shall tell you more in the section on great scientists.

America also has had her share of great scientists, though Americans have usually devoted themselves more to invention than to real scientific research. Benjamin Franklin is sometimes called the discoverer of electricity, and he certainly was one of the founders of electrical science. John J. Audubon was one of the world's great naturalists, and he left behind him a wonderful work called "The Birds of America." Louis

Agassiz and his son Alexander Agassiz, though born in Switzerland, are generally looked upon as American scientists. One of the great writings of Louis Agassiz was a work called "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," which was finished by his son. Alexander Agassiz, with his mother, wrote "Seaside Studies in Natural History"; his other writings include "Marine Animals of Massachusetts Bay," "Three Cruises of the 'Blake,'" etc. Thomas A. Edison is, of course, among the greatest of scientists, but he has written very little on his chosen work.

You probably have not read many scientific writings. It is quite likely that you imagine them dry and heavy. But, just to show you that they are not so, I give you here a few little examples, and it may be that, after you have read them, scientific writings will run a very close race with story-books for your favor.

THE CHIPMUNK

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE chipmunk is an old friend of my boyhood and my later years also, but by scrutinizing his ways a little more closely than usual the past summer I learned things about this pretty little rodent that I did not before know. I discovered, for instance, that he digs his new hole for his winter quarters in midsummer.

In my strolls afield or along the road in July I frequently saw a fresh pile of earth upon the grass near a stone fence, or in the orchard, or on the edge of the woods—usually two or three pecks of bright, new earth carefully put down in a pile upon the ground without any clew visible as to where it probably came from. But a search in the grass or leaves usually disclosed its source—a little round hole neatly cut through the turf and leading straight downward. I came upon ten such mounds of earth upon a single farm, and found the hole from which each came, from one to six feet away. In one case, in a meadow recently mowed, I had to explore the stubble with my finger over several square yards of surface before I found the squirrel's hole, so undisturbed was the grass around it; not a grain of soil had the little delver dropped near it and not the slightest vestige of a path had he made from the tunnel to the dump.

And this feature was noticeable in every case; the hole had been dug several yards underground and several pecks of fresh earth removed to a

distance of some feet without the least speck of soil or the least trace of the workman's footsteps showing near the entrance; such clean, deft workmanship was remarkable. All this half-bushel or more of earth the squirrel must have carried out in his cheek-pockets, and he must have made hundreds of trips to and fro from his dump to his hole, and yet if he had flown like a bird the turf could not have been freer from the marks of his going and coming; and he had cut down through the turf as one might have done with an auger, without bruising or disturbing in any way the grass about the edges. It was a clean, neat job in every case, so much so that it was hard to believe that the delver did not come up from below and have a back door from whence he carried his soil some yards away.

Indeed, I have heard this theory stated. "Look under the pile of earth," said a friend who was with me and who had observed the work of the pocket-gopher in the West, "and you will find the back door there." But it was not so. I carefully removed four piles of earth and dug away the turf beneath them, and no hole was to be found.

One day we found a pile of earth in a meadow, and near it a hole less than two inches deep, showing where the chipmunk had begun to dig and had struck a stone; then he went a foot or more up the hill and began again; here he soon struck stones as before, then he went still farther up the hill, and this time was successful in penetrating the soil. This was conclusive proof that these round holes are cut from above and not from below, as we often see in the case of the woodchuck-hole. The squirrel apparently gnaws through the turf, instead of digging through, and carries away the loosened material in his mouth, never dropping or scattering a grain of it. No home was ever built with less litter, no cleaner dooryard from first to last can be found.

The absence of anything like a trail or beaten way from the mound of earth to the hole, or anything suggesting passing feet, I understood better when, later in the season, day after day I saw a chipmunk carrying supplies into his den, which was in the turf by the roadside about ten feet from a stone wall. He covered the distance by a series of short jumps, apparently striking each time upon his toes between the spears of grass, and leaving no marks whatever by which his course could be traced. This was also his manner of leaving the hole, and doubtless it was his manner in carrying away the soil from his tunnel to the dumping-pile. He left no sign upon the grass, he disturbed not one spear about the entrance.

There was a mystery about this den by the roadside of which I have just spoken—the pile of earth could not be found; unless the road-maker had removed it, it must have been hidden in or beneath the stone wall.

And there was a mystery about some of the other holes that was absolutely baffling to me. In at least three mounds of fresh earth I found freshly dug stones that I could not by any manipulation get back into the hole out of which they seemed to have come. They were all covered with fresh earth, and were in the pile of soil with many other smaller stones. In one case a stone two inches long, one and a half inches broad, and half an inch thick was found. In another case a stone of about the same length and breadth, but not so thick, was found, and in neither case could the stone be forced into the hole. In still another case the entrance to the den was completely framed by the smaller roots of a beech-tree, and in the little mound of earth near it were two stones that could only be gotten back into the hole by springing one of these roots, which required considerable force to do. In two at least of these three cases it was a physical impossibility for the stones to have come out of the hole from whence the mound of earth and the lesser stones evidently came, yet how came they in the pile of earth freshly earth-stained? The squirrel could not have carried them in his cheek-pouches, they were so large; how then did he carry them?

The matter stood thus with me for some weeks; I was up against a little problem in natural history that I could not solve. Late in November I visited the scene of the squirrel-holes again, and at last got the key to the mystery: the cunning little delver cuts a groove in one side of the hole just large enough to let the stone through, then packs it full of soil again.

When I made my November visit it had been snowing and raining and freezing and thawing, and the top of the ground was getting soft. A red squirrel had visited the hole in the orchard where two of the largest stones were found in the pile of earth, and had apparently tried to force his way into the chipmunk's den. In doing so he had loosened the earth in the groove, softened by the rains, and it had dropped out. The groove was large enough for me to lay my finger in and just adequate to admit the stones into the hole. This, then, was the way the little engineer solved the problem, and I experienced a sense of relief that I had solved mine.

I visited the second hole where the large stone was in the pile of earth, and found that the same thing had happened there. A red squirrel, bent on

plunder, had been trying to break in, and had removed the soil in the groove.

To settle the point as to whether or not the chipmunk has a back door, which in no case had I been able to find, we dug out the one by the roadside, whose mound of earth we could not discover. We followed his tortuous course through the soil three or four feet from the entrance and nearly three feet beneath the surface, where we found him in his chamber, warm in his nest of leaves, but not asleep. He had no back door. He came out (it was a male) as a hand was thrust into his chamber, and the same fearless, strong hand seized him, but did not hurt him. His chamber was spacious enough to hold about four quarts of winter stores and leave him considerable room to stir about in. His supplies consisted of the seeds of the wild buckwheat (*Polygonum dumetorum*) and choke-cherry pits, and formed a very unpromising-looking mess. His buckwheat did not seem to have been properly cured, for much of it was moldy, but it had been carefully cleaned, every kernel of it. There were nearly four quarts of seeds altogether, and over one half of it was wild buckwheat. I was curious to know approximately the number of these seeds he had gathered and shucked. I first found the number it took to fill a lady's thimble, and then the number of thimblefuls it took to fill a cup, and so reached the number in the two quarts, and found that it amounted to the surprising figure of 250,000.

Think of the amount of patient labor required to clean 250,000 of the small seeds of the wild buckwheat! The grains are hardly one third the size of those of the cultivated kind and are jet-black when the husk is removed. Probably every seed was husked with those deft little hands and teeth as it was gathered, before it went into his cheek-pockets, but what a task it must have been!

Poor little hermit, it seemed pathetic to find him facing the coming winter there with such inferior stuff in his granary. Not a nut, not a kernel of corn or wheat. Why he had not availed himself of the oats that grew just over the fence I should like to know. Of course, the wild buckwheat must have been more to his liking. How many hazardous trips along fences and into the bushes his stores represented. The wild creatures all live in as savage a country as did our earliest ancestors, and the enemy of each is lying in wait for it at nearly every turn.

Digging the little fellow out of course brought ruin upon his house, and I think the Muse of Natural History contemplated the scene with many compunctions of conscience, if she has any conscience, which I am inclined to doubt. But

our human hearts prompted us to do all we could to give the provident little creature a fresh start—we put his supplies carefully down beside the stone wall into which he had disappeared on being liberated, and the next day he had carried a large part of them away. He evidently began at once to hustle, and I trust he found or made a new retreat from the winter before it was too late.

I doubt if the chipmunk ever really hibernates—the hibernating animals do not lay up winter stores—but he no doubt indulges in many very long before-dinner and after-dinner naps. It is blackest night there in his den three feet under the ground and this lasts about four months, or until the premonitions of coming spring reach him in March and call him forth.

I am curious to know if the female chipmunk also digs a den for herself, or takes up with one occupied by the male the previous winter.

One ought to be safe in generalizing upon the habits of chipmunks in digging their holes, after observing ten of them, yet one must go slow even then. Nine of the holes I observed had a pile of earth near them; the tenth hole had no dump that I could find. Then I found four holes with the soil hauled out and piled up about the entrance precisely after the manner of woodchucks. This was a striking exception to the general habit of the chipmunk in this matter. "Is this the way the female digs her hole," I asked myself, "or is it the work of young chipmunks?"

I have in two cases found holes in the ground on the borders of swamps, occupied by weasels, but the holes were in all outward respects like those made by chipmunks, with no soil near the entrance. The woodchuck makes no attempt to conceal his hole by carrying away the soil; neither does the prairie-dog, nor the pocket-gopher. The pile of telltale earth in each case may be seen from afar, but our little squirrel seems to have notions of neatness and concealment that he rarely departs from. The more I study his ways the more I see what a clever and foxy little rodent he is.

IN THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD

BY EDWARD CLODD

EVERYTHING in this wide world has a history; that is, it has something to tell about what it was, and how it came to be what it is. There are stones which have a history more wonderful than all the fairy stories you have ever heard; and if this be true of stones and many other things which cannot speak, you may believe that it is also true of living things.

It is the history of the most wonderful thing that this world has ever seen that I want to tell you. You will perhaps think that I am about to describe some fierce-looking monster that lived on the earth thousands of years ago, for people are apt to think that things are wonderful only when they are big, which is not true. To show you what I mean: the beautiful six-sided wax cells which the bee makes are more curious than the rough hut which the African monkey piles together; and the tiny ants that keep plant-lice and milk them, just as we keep cows to give us milk, are more wonderful than the huge and dull rhinoceros.

It is about yourself that I am going to talk, for I want you to know how it is that you are what you are and where you are.

Perhaps you have thought that there is nothing very wonderful in being where you are, or in possessing the good things which you enjoy; that people have always had them; or, if not, that they had only to buy them at the shops; and that from the first day man lived on earth he could cook his food and have ices and desserts; could dress himself well, live in a fine house, and build splendid churches with stained-glass windows, just as he does to-day.

If you have thought so, you are wrong, and I wish to set you right, and show you that man was once wild and rough and savage, frightened at his own shadow, and still more frightened at the roar of thunder and the quiver of lightning; and that it has taken many thousands of years for him to become as wise and skilful as we now see him to be. For just as you had to learn your A B C's to enable you to read, so man had to begin learning, and to get at facts step by step along a toilsome road.

But although God left man to find out many things for himself, he gave him eyes wherewith to see, ears wherewith to hear, feet wherewith to walk, and hands wherewith to handle—all these he gave to man. And now I must tell you what the word "man" means. It comes from a very old word which signifies to think; therefore a man is one who thinks, and is distinguished from the brute in that he is a thinking being. The brute remains the brute he always was, while man, with this wonderful thinking power, goes on improving the work of those who lived before him.

Man has not the piercing eye of the eagle, but he has the power to-day of making instruments which bring into view the distant stars. He has not the swiftness of the deer, but he has the power of making steam-engines that carry him sixty miles an hour. He has not the strength of

the horse, but he has put machines together which can do the work of a hundred horses.

It would be making a guess and, as we shall never know whether we are right, there is no use in our trying to say how many years man has lived on this earth. It is enough for us to know that the good Being who made the world put man on it at the best and fittest time.

He was placed here wild and naked, and only by slow degrees did he become clothed and civilized. His first desire was to get food to eat, fire for warmth, and some place for shelter when night came on and wild beasts howled and roared about him.

For ages, streams of fresh water had been running down the mountainsides and through the valleys they had helped to make; so man had little trouble in quenching his thirst, and he would, of course, keep near the streams. But the food he needed was not to be had so easily. The first things he fed on would be wild fruits and berries, and the first place he lived in would be some tree or cave. He might wish to eat of the fish that glided past him in the river, and of the reindeer that bounded past him in the depths of the forest; but these were not to be had without weapons to slay them.

There are few things which the wonderfully made hand of man cannot do, but it must have tools to work with. A man cannot cut wood or meat without a knife; he cannot write without a pen, or drive in nails without a hammer. And so the thing most needed in those earliest times was some sharp-edged tool.

Nothing was known of the metals stored away beneath the earth, but there were stones lying near its surface, and of these man made use. Men of science have given the name "Age of Stone" to that far-off time when stone was used for various tools. Year after year man learned to shape his stone tools and weapons better, until fairly good knives, spear-heads, hatchets, and hammers were made. With these, clumsy as they were, he cut down trees, scooped them out and made canoes, killed his food, and cracked sea-shells to get out the fish inside them.

In course of time, some man wiser than his fellows made use of his quicker eye and more active brain to discover the metals which the earth contained; and this was a great gain, for which we cannot be too thankful.

By way of marking the steps in man's progress, his early history is divided into three periods, named after the things used in them, as follows: first, The Age of Stone; second, The Age of Bronze; and third, The Age of Iron.

How many years passed between the shaping

of the first flint and the molding of the first bronze weapon is not known. We are sure that men used stone before they used bronze and iron, and that some tribes were still in the Stone Age when other tribes had found out the value of metals.

Under layers of earth, in river-beds, and in caverns, the bones of men of that far-off past are found with the weapons which they made; and side by side with them are the bones of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, cave-lion, cave-bear, hyena, and other beasts of a much larger size than are found in the world to-day. The old Earth has carefully preserved their story, so that we may read it now.

THINGS THAT WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WATER

BY THOMAS H. HUXLEY

SUPPOSE that we have a tumbler half full of water. The tumbler is an artificial object; that is to say, certain natural objects have been brought together and heated till they melted into glass, and this glass has been shaped by a workman. The water, on the other hand, is a natural object, which has come from some river, pond, or spring; or it may be from a water butt into which the rain falling on the roof has flowed.

Now the water has a vast number of peculiarities. For example, it is transparent, so that you can see through it; it feels cool; it will quench thirst and dissolve sugar. But these are not the characteristics which it is most convenient to begin with.

The water, we see, fills the cavity of the tumbler for half its height, therefore it occupies that much space, or has that bulk or volume. If you put the closed end of another tumbler of almost the same size into the first, you will find that when it reaches the water, the latter offers a resistance to its going down, and unless some of the water can get out, the end of the second tumbler will not get in. Any one that falls from a height into water will find that he receives a severe shock when he reaches it. Water therefore offers resistance.

If the water is emptied out, the tumbler feels much lighter than it was before; water, therefore, has weight. If you throw the water out of the tumbler at any slightly supported object, the water striking against it will knock it over. That is to say, the water being put in motion is able to transfer that motion to something else.

All these phenomena, as things which happen in nature are often called, are effects of which

water, under the conditions mentioned, is the cause, and they may therefore be said to be properties of water. All things that occupy space, offer resistance, possess weight, and transfer motion to other things when they strike against them, are termed material substances or bodies, or simply matter. Water, therefore, is a kind, or form, of matter.

In the next place, you will observe that, though water occupies space, it has no definite shape, but fits itself exactly to the figure of the vessel that holds it. If the tumbler is cylindrical, the contour of the surface of the water will be circular when the tumbler is held vertically, and will change, without the least break or interruption, to more and more of an oval when the tumbler is inclined; and whatever the shape of the vessel into which you pour it, the sides of the water always exactly fit against the sides of the vessel.

If you put your finger into the water you can move it in all directions with scarcely any feeling of obstacle. If you pull your finger out there is no hole left, the water on all sides rushing together to fill up the space that was occupied by the finger. You cannot take up a handful of water, for it runs away between your fingers, and you cannot raise it into a permanent heap. All this shows that the parts of water move upon one another with great ease. The same fact is illustrated if the tumbler is inclined, so that the level of the surface rises above the edge of the tumbler on one side, and the water is therefore to some extent unsupported by the tumbler at this point. The water then flows over in a stream and falls to the ground, where it spreads out and runs to the lowest accessible place, or gradually soaks up into crevices.

Nevertheless, although the parts of water thus loosely slip and slide on one another, yet they hold together to a certain extent. If the surface of the water is touched with the finger, a little of it will adhere; and if the finger is then slowly and carefully raised, the adjacent water will be raised up into a slender column which acquires a noticeable length before it breaks. So, in the early morning, after heavy dew, you may see the water upon cabbage-leaves and blades of grass in spherical drops, the parts of which similarly hold together.

Material substances, the parts of which are so movable that they fit themselves exactly to the sides of any vessel containing them, and which flow when they are not supported, are called fluids; and fluids the parts of which fly off from one another, but hold together as those of water do, are called liquids.

Water, therefore, is a liquid.

STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE FOR LITTLE FOLK

PART III

A CRUSTACEAN CAROL

BY CAROLYN WELLS

DOWN beneath the rolling ocean,
At the bottom of the sea,
Lived a Shrimp who had a notion
That a perfect shrimp was he.
He was bright and he was pretty,
Clever, too, and rather witty;
He was jimp, distinctly jimp,
Was this pleasing little Shrimp;
So, of course, as you may see,
He *was* all a shrimp should be,
He was *all* a shrimp should be.

As the Shrimp one day was flitting
Here and there and all around,
He beheld a Cockle sitting
On a little sandy mound,
And he said, "O Cockle deary,
You look rather sad and weary;

I will sing to you a song,
Not too short and not too long;
And I 'm sure you will agree
It *is* all a song should be,
It is *all* a song should be."

Then the Shrimp, with smiles of pleasure,
Took his banjo on his knee,
And he played a merry measure
Like a Carol or a Glee;
And he sang a catch so jolly,
All of frolic, fun, and folly,
All of merriment and play,
All of mirth and laughter gay;
And I 'm sure you 'll all agree
That *is* all a catch should be,
That is *all* a catch should be.



THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO

A Turvy-Topsical Ballad

By Charles F. Lester

*It strikes me this ballad, in places, sounds queer;
But never mind that if the meaning is clear.*

IT was the bold Sir Thingumbob, he cast aside his book;
On the floor he cast his cushion, through the door he cast a look.
The cushion fell upon the cat (whose rage thereat was great),
And the look fell on Sir What's-his-name, a-coming through the gate.

Up rose Sir Thingumbob, and on his hat he put his head,
And ran to meet Sir What's-his-name, as up the path he sped;
And as he seized him by the hand, in pleasure and surprise,
His feelings overcame him, and his tears were full of eyes.



"In sooth!" exclaimed Sir Thingumbob (which means, "'T is very true"),
"How fortunately it fell out that I fell in with you!"
"Come on," Sir What's-his-name exclaimed, "as quickly as you can!
We'll get Sir Something-or-other,—I must tell you both my plan!"

Sir What's-his-name then told his plan, which was that they should go
On a voyage of adventure to the Land of Thus-and-so;
They both agreed, and all arranged to start upon the trip
As soon as ever they could get a sea into the ship.

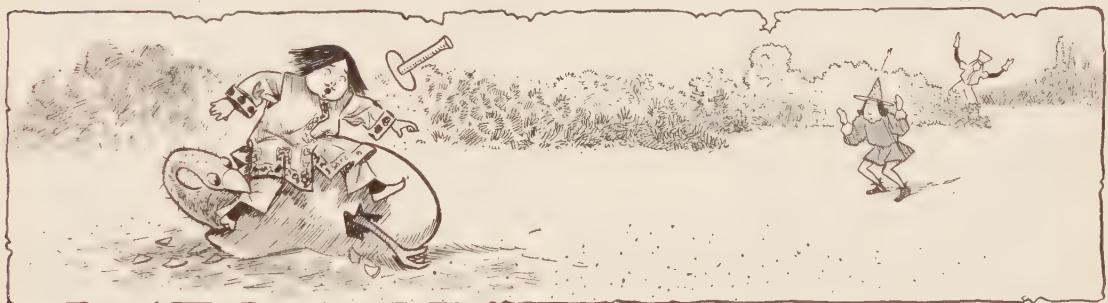




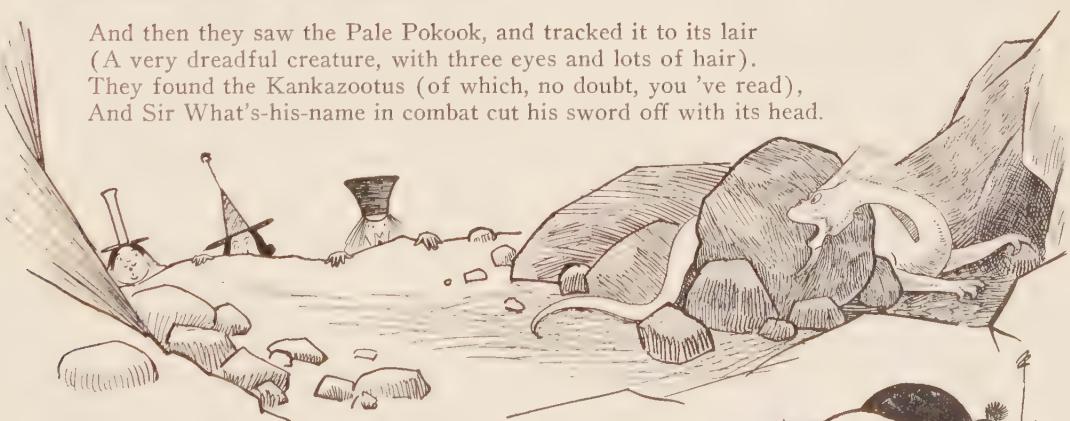
The sky it heaved, the sea was north, and dark blue was the wind;
The land sailed gaily on; the ship was swiftly left behind;
The flag was plowing up the brine, the keel waved in the sky,
And Sir Thingumbob was steering, with the compass on his eye.

They sailed about a week, and then there loomed upon the lee
The Land of Thus-and-so, which they had gone to sea to see;
So they threw the vessel overboard and brought the anchor to,
And to their gallant craft they bade adieu without ado.

The Land of Thus-and-so is full of many a curious freak,
And soon Sir Something-or-other found an oyster that could speak;
Sir Thingumbob sat down to rest upon an Ugg-ugg's egg,
And the little Ugg-ugg hatched right out and bit him on the leg!

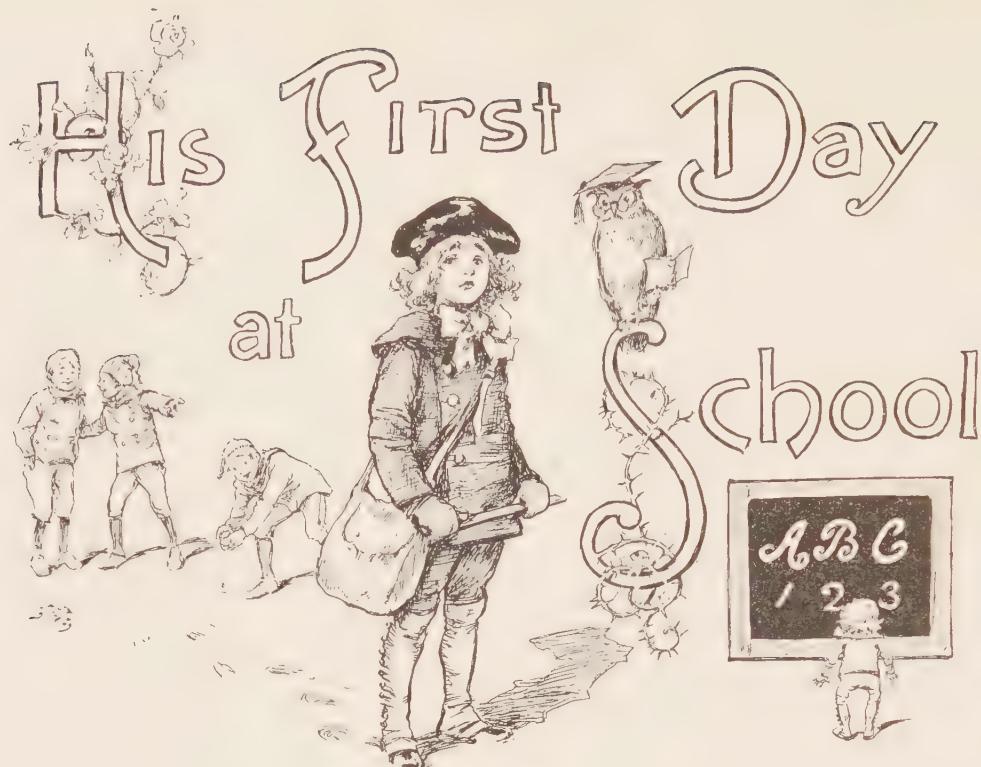


And then they saw the Pale Pokook, and tracked it to its lair
(A very dreadful creature, with three eyes and lots of hair).
They found the Kankazootus (of which, no doubt, you've read),
And Sir What's-his-name in combat cut his sword off with its head.



Now, if they all got back again, quite safe and sound and well,
And set their native shore upon their feet, I cannot tell;
For that would take another verse, and so I sadly fear
You really must excuse me, for this nonsense ends right here!





BY MARY CATHERINE HEWS

A PAIR of mittens, warm and red,
New shoes that had shiny toes,
A velvet cap for his curly head,
And a tie of palest rose;
A bag of books, a twelve-inch rule,
And the daintiest hands in town—
These were the things that went to school
With William Herbert Brown.

A ragged mitten without a thumb,
Two shoes that were scorched at the toes,
A head that whirled with a dizzy hum
Since the snowball hit his nose;
A stringless bag, and a broken rule,
And the dingiest hands in town—
These were the things that came from school
With happy "Billy" Brown.



LITTLE TALKS ABOUT POETRY

POETRY THE MUSIC OF WORDS

It is a splendid thing to be able to say something which the world will never forget, and many books that will never die have been made up of fine words spoken and written by great men and great women. Most of these never-to-be-forgotten words are in poems, because poems are much more easy to remember than ordinary reading, which we call prose. There are thousands of beautiful poems that everybody ought to read, and nobody who does not read them can really know how fine a thing reading is. True poetry is more precious than gold. It helps to make us good, and happy, and hopeful, and it is so pleasant to read that the words sound like music.

There are two ways of writing a story, or telling about a place or a thing or an event. The one way is to write it down in words like those we use in speaking one to another, but using the words more carefully, so that they will give as good an idea of what we have seen or thought as words can give. This kind of writing is called prose. The words and sentences used by great writers are so well chosen and arranged that they give us a clear idea of what has been in the writer's mind, and in reading them aloud we find that they have a fine and pleasing sound.

But there is another kind of writing in which the words and sentences used by the writers sound far sweeter and more musical than the words of prose. This we call poetry, and those who write it are called poets.

Prose is used to tell almost any kind of story, or to describe anything; but there are grand things in history, beautiful scenes in the world, noble thoughts in the minds of men, that can be better described in poetry.

Poetry began, very likely, with the desire for singing, which comes when we are very happy or after a success of any kind. Long ages ago, when our far-off forefathers could not even read or write, they had poets who went with them into battle, and after the victory these poets, or bards, as they were called, would compose verses

of fine-sounding words to celebrate the victory. These verses they sang while they played a harp. In this way poetry began, perhaps, men having their minds full of happy thoughts, and finding that they could best utter these thoughts by choosing words of musical sound. You have read in this book how Homer, the blind Greek poet, used to recite in public places in Greece his poetical descriptions of the wars of the Greeks.

There are three kinds of poetry. There is dramatic poetry, which is written in the form of people speaking to each other, as in the plays of Shakespeare. Then there is epic poetry, which is usually a description of some great event, a hero, or the history of a nation, told in grand, noble words. The third kind is called lyric poetry, from the fact that it was originally intended to be sung to the playing of a lyre, a very ancient musical instrument somewhat like a harp. All beautiful songs come into lyric poetry.

You know that poetry is written sometimes in rhymed lines and sometimes without rhymes. A rhyme means that similar sounds occur at the ends of lines, though the words are different. Here is one, with the sound that makes the rhyme shown by different type:

"The world is so full of a number of *things*,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as *kings*."

If you count the syllables in these two lines you will find that both have eleven. There is usually a certain number of syllables in a line of poetry, but the number depends on the plan the poet has arranged. Your ear should always tell you when there are too many or too few for the plan.

RHYMED AND UNRHYMED POETRY

THE words in which the same sounds occur need not be in following lines, but can be placed in all sorts of different ways. The rhymes in the verse below are alternate, which means that

each line ends with the same sound as the next line but one after it:

"Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the KNEE,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to SEE."

And here is another form of verse, in a tiny poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, in which half of the lines rhyme, while the other half have no rhymes:

"The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea."

The only advantage of rhyme is that it pleases the ear and helps us to remember all the words of the poem, but it does not make poetry, and much of our finest poetry has no rhymes in it.

When a poem has no rhymes it is called blank verse, and most of Shakespeare's works, and Milton's also, were written in this kind of verse; full of grand-sounding words and of lines that would have been far less noble and dignified if every two of them had ended with similar sounds.

For this reason nearly all poems about great events, tragedies, the deeds of noble men and women, are written in blank verse, which is more suited to those stories than lyric verse. Here is an example of blank verse from Shakespeare's description of Brutus:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

How fine these lines sound! They have the solemn music of a grand organ and need no rhyme; but each line balances with the other in syllables and accent. Lyric poetry, in which the lines usually rhyme with each other, is oftenest used to describe the lighter and happy side of life.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY—CHAUCER—SHAKESPEARE

ENGLISH poetry has a very long history, and was first written by men when the language was so different from what it is to-day that it looks almost like a foreign tongue when we see it printed now. But we will not go so far back to seek for poems among the works of old writers. The first really great poet who lived in England was Geoffrey Chaucer, and no boy or girl could read the poems which he wrote unless they were turned into modern English. After his death, for many years there was not much good poetry written in England, and his is the one really great name that stands out among the poets of what we call the Middle Ages.

The English language in those far-off days was going through many changes; and it was just about the time when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne that it had become one of the finest languages in the world in which to write either prose or poetry.

The English language has not changed very greatly since the days of Elizabeth, so that William Shakespeare, the wonderful poet who was born during her reign and became the greatest poet of his age, and the greatest ever born in England, used very much the same language as Tennyson, who lived in our own day, nearly three hundred years later. For this reason Shakespeare is to be thought of as a writer of what we call Modern English, and in his poems we shall find that our language is used in the most beautiful way it can be used.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF VERSE

AMONG the many things that we should know about poetry are the various kinds of verse, the differences between the poetry of the great poets, the old poetry and the new poetry, and so on. We can understand great poems without knowing all about the different styles of poetry, just as we can understand a steam-engine without knowing the names of all its parts; but we ought to know something about the kind of literature we are reading, and these little lessons in poetry will help us.

Only a very few of the forms of verse need be explained or illustrated here; but these few are important, as you will understand what is meant by them, when their names occur in other reading, if you learn them now.

Strictly speaking, a single line of poetry is a verse, but usually any number of lines over two are called a verse; three, four, five, six, even twenty lines, or more, may be a verse. Verses in poetry are like steps in a stair; they ought to lead on to the end. Each verse should take us a step nearer the end of the poem. Another name for a verse is a stanza.

Short verses of only two lines, or any pair of lines ending with the same rhyme occurring in a longer verse, are called couplets. This is a couplet:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!"

Any four rhymed lines of poetry form what is called a quatrain.

We have already learned what lyric poetry is—that it is chiefly poetry which is capable of being sung, as it began by men composing verses

to sing to the accompaniment of a harp or lyre. There are, however, many divisions of lyric poetry, and much of it would not be set to music. A very popular form is called the sonnet. This is the most beautiful style of all the smaller poems, but it is not very suitable for poetry that would interest children. A sonnet must have fourteen lines, neither more nor less. Some of our finest poetry is in the form of these little fourteen-line poems.

The elegy is another form of lyric poetry, and was originally a funeral poem. Hence, any poem about the death of a great man is called an elegy, especially if it mourns for his death. But a solemn poem expressing the sadness of life may also be considered an elegy, like Gray's famous "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," which you should find and read, if you do not know it well already.

The ode, the psalm, and the hymn are also other forms of lyric poetry. The ode was originally meant to be sung, and may be called a song of praise addressed to a great man, to a great nation, or to anything living or dead that can be "addressed" in a poetic way; for instance, "An Ode to Spring." Odes are not now written to be sung; but, of course, psalms are meant for singing, and hymns also.

There are a great many other kinds of poetry, but we need not mention any of them now, for those we have spoken of are the kinds we shall most often meet with and that we should especially learn to understand and enjoy.

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH POETRY

THERE were poets in ancient Egypt thousands of years before Jesus was born. In Babylonia and Assyria there were poets thousands of years ago. But the study of poetry does not take account of these very ancient times. The finest poetry of Greece was composed more than two thousand years ago, and is read and studied to this day in all parts of the world. You see we are not going back here so far even as that. "Long ago" may mean thousands or hundreds of years. If we think of English poetry only, it cannot mean quite a thousand years, for the English language is not so old as that; and it is English poetry we are learning about here.

There were many kinds of poets and poetry before the beginning of English poetry, but Geoffrey Chaucer, who died in the year 1400, is called the father of English poetry because his was the first really fine poetry to be written in the English language of his day—very different from ours, as we have told you. We have

heard about the bards who in olden times sang songs of victory after battles, or perhaps sang mournful dirges of death and defeat. Their poetry was never written, of course; but people had wonderful memories in those far-off days before the art of writing was known to them, and songs of the old bards were remembered for hundreds of years and written down in later ages, and still later put into modern words and printed.

The early bards in the British Isles were Celts, a different people from the mixed Teutonic race known as English, coming later. There are still many people descended from the Celts in Wales, in the Scottish Highlands, and in Ireland. They had two languages, Gaelic and Cymric; and both are still spoken, but they are not a bit like English. So, you see, the old Celtic poetry of the British Isles is not English poetry at all. This old Celtic poetry was full of fire and vigor and love of fighting.

The coming of Christianity into England had a great effect on men's minds, and one of the earliest poets, named Cædmon, who was a cowherd, and lived in Yorkshire, where he died about the year 680, wrote good poetry to make people rejoice in the Bible and its teaching. But Cædmon's verses, and those of the English poets for several hundred years afterward, were not in the least like modern poetry. They had no regular movement of what we call rhythm, which means the varying sounds of the words that make them like music in the mind as we read. They had no rhymes, no regular length of lines, but just sought to express the thought or vision in the poet's mind as quickly and clearly as possible. These very early poems, however, had what we call alliteration, which means words beginning with the same letter.

In every line two or more words began with the same letter and marked a point of accent, which helped one to remember the words. Alliteration has often been used by poets, and a celebrated writer spoke of "*Apt alliteration's artful aid,*" which illustrates the meaning of the word. Here are words from Milton showing its proper use:

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree."

Examples from the early English poets would not be understood, but it is interesting to know that their idea of how poetry should be written was simply to use words at certain intervals beginning with the same letters.

For many centuries the chief scholars in England were the monks in the monasteries, and as nearly all their poetry was written in Latin, it does not concern us here.

THE POETRY OF NATURE

EVERY country has a different kind of poetry. That is quite natural. Just as the peoples differ, so will their thoughts and feelings differ. We cannot attempt here to show those differences between the poetry of one country and another; it is enough to say that the poetry of France, of Italy, or of Scandinavia is quite another thing from that of England. English poetry, too, as we have pointed out, is somewhat different from Irish or Scottish, though many Scottish and Irish poets have written poems which are purely English in spirit and form.

The first thing we notice in reading English poetry is what is called the "feeling for Nature." This simply means that English poets seem to be in love with the natural objects and the rural life of their own land. They rejoice to sing of spring mornings, of summer days and sunsets, of lakes and rivers, mountains and glens, of larks and nightingales, the sea that breaks along the many coasts, and so on.

Even the great dramatic poets, like Shakespeare and Christopher Marlowe, had this love for the natural delights of old England. But long before Shakespeare and Marlowe, long before Chaucer even—and he loved the natural scenes of England, and sang of them sweetly—this "note," as it is called, had been given to English poetry; this delight of being alive in such a beautiful land. For the very oldest English song was about the coming of summer. It was written a thousand years ago, and its words are so simple that, although our language has greatly changed since then, it is not very difficult to read it even now. We will print it in modern English, however, as it was changed by a poet who lived two hundred years ago:

"Summer is a-coming in,
Loud sing, cuckoo;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now,
Sing, cuckoo, cuckoo."

"Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth,
Merry sing, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.
Well singeth the cuckoo,
Nor cease to sing now;
Sing cuckoo, now,
Sing cuckoo."

The unknown Englishman who, a thousand years ago, thus expressed his joy at the return of summer gave vent to a feeling which every countryman of his, young and old, to this day must experience. And in all these years Eng-

lish poets have been singing out of the fulness of their hearts of the changing seasons and the green and golden beauties of their land, so that a vast amount of the "poetry of Nature" is to be found in their works.

Tennyson gives us many pictures of Nature that are perfectly beautiful, as, for instance, "The Brook"; while Wordsworth in such a poem as "Daffodils," and Gray, Thomson, Burns, Southey, Hogg, and many more, are so filled with this great love of Nature that we might almost think in reading them we were listening to the very voice of Nature herself.

That is really what great poetry ought to be—the voice of Nature. And English poetry is great largely because so much of it has sprung from the Englishman's love of her beauties. Of course in our own American poets, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, and others, you will find much expression of the same love.

THE POETS AND CHILDHOOD

THE pure love of mother and father for their little ones is seen in the poetry of the different peoples, and in our own country the love of little children is as strong as in any other land. It is one of the many things that have helped to make our country great and powerful. In China little girls have been despised by their parents, and used to be killed because their parents thought they had no use for them. But in China's neighbor, Japan, little children have always been loved as much as in our own land.

As we read English and American poets, we shall find that very many of them have written poems for or about children. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said Jesus, and our poets seem ever to have regarded childhood as something sacred because Jesus so sanctified the love of children.

Big books might be made up of the poems of childhood. In this series a great number of pieces are about children. Such great poets as Coleridge and Tennyson and Browning and Longfellow loved to turn from the graver subjects to write for children. But a vast amount of poetry written by English and American poets, not specially for young people, may well come into a child's reading of poetry. There is a reason for this, and we will see if it can be made clear.

As a great thinker has wisely said, true genius is nothing more than the power to be children again at will. The genius is really a man whose head has grown old, but whose heart,

like Peter Pan, has not "grown up." He remains, in advanced years, young in heart. Now, all the beautiful things of this world are seen best and understood best by the simple-hearted. Did not Jesus say that only "the pure in heart" shall see God? Nay, more. He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

This really means that grown-up people must go back to the simple faith and pure-heartedness of childhood. What a grand thought is here for all young people! The whole glory of the world is with the young, because they have simple hearts. So is it with most of our great poets. Being men of genius they have had this power to "convert" themselves into little children at will; with all the buffeting of life's daily battle, all the trials of faith which must be met by each one of us, their simplicity of heart remained.

This really explains why so much of our poetry is suitable for boys and girls, and also why so much good poetry has been written by our lesser poets especially for children. This splendid inheritance of the poetry of childhood is something of which all our boys and girls have good reason to be proud.

Another thing is indicated by what we have just said—that while a great amount of our poetry has been written for boys and girls, there is no reason why that should be the only class of poetry they should read. Boys and girls may read all that is best in poetry just as well as their mothers and fathers can read it.

POETRY OF YOUTH AND MANHOOD

YOUTH is a period that lasts but a few years; a period of splendid visions. We see everything about us in the rosy light of happiness and hopefulness. We think that all our wishes are to come true.

Later, when the light in which we see things is less rosy, when many of our fond wishes have not come to pass, we need not be less happy; but we should be more wise, and realize that we wished impossible things. Yet it is only by having hope that we can do anything worth doing in this world, and youth gives us hope, which, if backed up by labor and effort, may enable us to do worthy things.

There are many poems of youth, but perhaps none so well known, and certainly none that sounds the steadfast note of high endeavor so clearly, as Longfellow's "Excelsior." The spirit of youth is also felt in much of English poetry that makes no direct appeal to young people; and

this is because so many great poets began to write while still in their teens. Pope, Byron, Tennyson, and many more, wrote remarkable poems while they themselves were still youths. And as youth is also a time when the heart is carefree and generous, most of the poetry written by poets in their earlier years is full of noble sympathy for their fellow-creatures, of enthusiasm for every good cause.

It has been said that the poetry of childhood and youth may be summed up in the phrase, "When I am a man," whereas the poetry of manhood may be summed up in the phrase, "When I was young." To some extent this is true; but it would be more correct to say that "When I was young" is the poetry of old age. For, while youth is the period of hope, manhood is the time of achievement; in old age comes reflection.

Now, we have noticed certain things about poetry in the English language that make it remarkable, and there is a natural consequence of these. The poets love nature and they sing the praise of childhood and youth, so it follows that they cannot but hold up a lofty ideal of manhood. There is nothing mean or ignoble in the manhood that they praise. All literature written originally in the English language is English literature. But the Scottish poets sometimes use the old-fashioned Scottish tongue, as Burns does in a famous song about manhood:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd [gold] for a' that."

Manhood, of course, includes every aspect of duty and conduct, and the best poetry is that which inspires us to the best that manhood can achieve in living.

THE POETRY OF ACTION

SOME unknown but wise man is said to have believed that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This saying is often quoted, as it deserves to be; for it is a testimony to the great power of poetry over the minds and hearts of men.

Heroism and patriotism are favorite subjects for the appeal of the poets, and wonderful has been the result of many heroic and patriotic poems. It is true that once the people of a country have caught the inspiration of some patriotic song, that song will do far more to move them and quicken them with love for their country than any lawmaking would do. What is now the national anthem of the French Republic, that grand song, set to inspiring music, "The Marseill-

laise," was written by an army officer for the encouragement of the soldiers and the populace in the days of the French Revolution. The influence of that song on the destiny of France cannot possibly be estimated, and it lives now, more than a century after the Revolution, as an everlasting call to war against tyranny and oppression, a son of freedom for all the world. Truly the power of poetry is greater than we might suspect.

At all times of public excitement poetry has played its part, and sometimes—indeed, often—very poor poetry has had great influence on the public. Many great reforms have been influenced by popular songs. For example, it was due largely to a group of poets, now mostly forgotten, chief of whom was Ebènezer Elliott, "the Corn Law rhymer," that the working people of England were roused against the old Corn Laws, which the government was induced to abolish in the year 1846. Of course, many war-like poems have been written after the event, such as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson, and "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow. These are not less inspiring because they record history, for history is a source of inspiration to noble effort; history and legend have supplied more themes to great poets than their own imagination could invent. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which are among the best known heroic poems in English, were written many centuries after the events they celebrate took place.

There is, indeed, an immense amount of verse that may be called "the poetry of action," in praise of heroism, self-sacrifice, patriotism. But it is easy to be led astray by the jingle of words if our mind is already disposed to a certain action and the words favor that. So that poetry is as dangerous as it is powerful, and may mislead as well as lead. It is easy to sound the praises of our own land and the deeds of our own soldiers; it is more difficult to see the good in other lands and among strange peoples. That we can best do in the quiet, thoughtful days of peace and industry.

THE POETRY OF COMMON THINGS

THERE is hardly any end to the subjects with which poetry may be concerned, since poetry is as varied and extensive in its range as life itself. It is life in song. We have not, therefore, attempted to go much further in these little talks than to mention the chief departments of poetry.

We must now remark the fact that great events are not always needed to furnish the

poet with a theme for his muse. And here we may mention that the "poet's muse" is an expression derived from ancient times, when spirits or goddesses were supposed to watch over and inspire writers. These goddesses were called the Muses, and the ancient poets began their poems by calling upon the Muse of Poetry to inspire them. Homer, as translated by Pope, begins the "Iliad" thus:

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!"

Assuredly the poet's muse does not depend upon the stirring times of war for inspiration, and that for the reason so well expressed by Milton in the famous lines:

"Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war."

The pages of the books in this series abound in beautiful poems that derive their interest entirely from daily life and the common things around us. There is poetry in everything, if we have only the soul to search it out. There is poetry in the common horse, working out its laborious life on the farm or in the city streets, as well as in the Arab's steed in splendid flight across the plain. There is poetry in the meadow, with its buttercups, its lambs, its gentle streams. There is poetry in the old armchair, the grandfather's clock, the kindly blue smoke arising from the hearth of the old village home. All common things are beautiful in the eye of the poet who loves his fellow-men and the quiet ways of life; and all these things are celebrated in the poems of English and American poets, which are remarkably rich in praise of the human affections.

After all, these are the enduring memories—the house we played in as little children, the friendly cat and dog, the fire in the old fireplace where we used to see such wonders, the old chair, the flowers at the window. And the reading of the poetry of common things will help you when you are older to keep these things tenderly in your hearts.

OUR FEELINGS IN POETRY

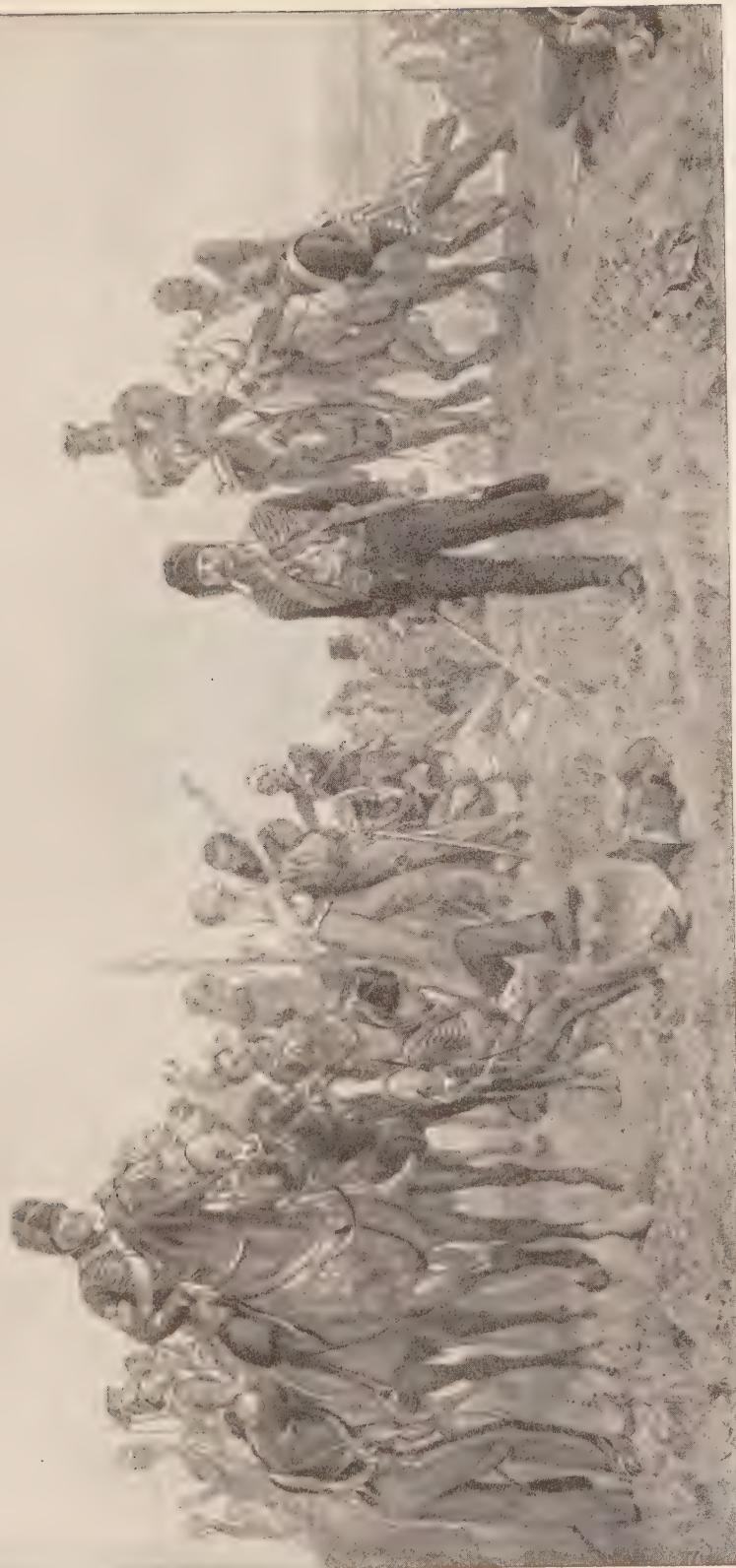
EVEN reading without being careful to think over what one has read, it is not possible to have read a great number of poems without noticing that the feelings expressed in them, and the feelings they have awakened in us, are constantly changing. Nothing that is written touches our feelings or emotions so quickly and so deeply as poetry does, and now we will speak of some of the many different ways in which it can affect us,

After the original painting by Lady Butler.

BALACLAVA. THE RETURN 25TH OCTOBER, 1854.

"THE CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED."

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred."
Tennyson.



To make his fellow-men feel something of the joy that may be filling his own heart is one of the greatest things the poet can do. Indeed, all great things in literature have been accomplished by men and women giving to the world a powerful impression of their own inner thoughts, feelings, and experiences.

We are all moving through this life to the life that is beyond—our earthly pilgrimage, the present life is called; and nothing can be more interesting to us than to know what is happening to our fellow-pilgrims, what they think of the great journey; and those of them who have the power to tell us are our great poets and philosophers.

But joy is not the only feeling the poet experiences—far from it. Sadness is often the feeling that comes to the thoughtful mind; joy more often keeps company with the thoughtless. The poet knows all our feelings: joy, sadness, hope, and the many different shades of these. We may call them "moods," meaning the frame of mind we may be in at one time, which will be quite different from our feeling at another. Poetry is the only lasting way of expressing these varying feelings so that they may be recalled long after they have passed away.

Now, this power to enter into the moods of others, and to draw hope from the words of the poets, is a great and precious thing. Hence, the writers whose poems have most of human feeling in them are most likely to be of service to mankind. But it must not be supposed that we can profit by reading only what we may call the poetry of joy—that is to say, cheerful poems. Sorrow and sadness are quite as important to make our life complete; nay, they are needful to make us truly happy. We could not know true joy if we never knew what it was to be sad. So the poet must at times sing songs of sadness. Milton, as elsewhere we tell you, wrote two fine poems—they are quite short, and can each be read in ten or fifteen minutes—the one entitled "L'Allegro" and the other "Il Penseroso."

The titles are taken from the Italian, and mean the cheerful and the pensive. That is to say, the first is a poem written, as it were, by a cheerful man, and the second by a melancholy man. The cheerful man looks at Nature and the world with the singing of the lark, and the melancholy man with the notes of the nightingale.

The one begins, "Hence, loathed Melancholy!" and the other, "Hence, vain deluding Joys!" Yet both are the work of the same poet, and convey feelings that must come to all of us in our different moods. The use of sadness in poetry is to purify our thoughts, to balance our minds;

for if we were always laughing with the jesters we should in time become incapable of earnest thought; and, as Longfellow tells us:

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal."

From a wise mixture of joy and sadness springs hope, and so we are enabled to endure the trials of life. The best poetry is full of hope, because it is healthy, sane, and, as we have seen, in love with Nature and with common life.

HOW TO REMEMBER POETRY

THE memory ought to be a storehouse, not a lumber-room, says an old writer; and there is nothing we can store away in this magic chamber of our mind more worth having than the riches of the poets, which will outlast other possessions. "The pleasures of memory" have been sung by more than one poet, and though, of course, poetry is by no means the only one of these pleasures, it is one of the greatest. Here we will try to see how it may best be stored in our memory.

A little girl was once asked what her memory was, and she said, "It is the thing I forget with." To how many of us, both old and young, is the memory the thing we forget with! Yet it is quite an easy matter to make it the thing we remember with.

All our faculties can be made better by use. If we do not practise walking regularly, we shall in time become very poor walkers. That is so apparent that any boy or girl does not need to be told it. If we do not practise remembering, we shall in time find that our memory is of little use to us. This is perhaps not so clear to every one, and people, especially young people, need to be told about it.

It is with our brain that we remember; our "memory" is one of the departments of the brain's work. One might think that memory could do only a certain amount of work; that it could remember just a certain number of things; that a time would come when, so to say, the storehouse of memory was full. But that is not so. There is no limit to what our brain, if properly set to work, will enable us to remember. In olden times, before printing was invented, whole books, such as Homer's "Iliad," were carried for years in the memory of people. Most of our legends existed for ages in the memories of common people only, and some were not written down until hundreds of years had passed away. Now, of all written words, none are easier to carry in our minds than poetry, and we should make a habit of "learning by heart" as

many poems as possible; not merely for the sake of remembering them, but to exercise our minds, just as we go for walks to exercise our legs.

There are many "systems" of remembering, but if we begin young to remember what we have read we do not need systems; our minds, when young and fresh, form systems for themselves without any effort on our part. But there are a few simple rules that can help us.

We must read with close *attention* to what the writer has to say, be it in prose or poetry. We should read once in order to get a general idea of the author's story. For instance, to remember "*The Wreck*" of the *Hesperus*, we read it first in order to get the *story*, noting how one thing follows on another: the skipper's little daughter, the skipper at the helm, the rising of the hurricane, binding of the child to the mast, skipper struck dead, and so on. By noting these *points* we remember easily how the story proceeds.

We next read more closely still, noting the chief points of *each* verse, thus: (1) wintry sea, little daughter; (2) eyes, cheeks, bosom; (3) beside the helm, on the lookout, and so forth. Finally, we have the actual words to remember, and this we do, first, by noting the rhythm and the rhyme; secondly, by emphasizing in our minds the "picture-words," as we call the particular words in each verse that raise up a picture before our minds. In the first verse of "*The Hesperus*," the picture-words are "wintry sea"; in the second, "fairy-flax" and "dawn." These words suggest pictures to us at once, and when we remember them the rest of the verse is easily recalled. Of course, we must read the poem many times before we have it "by heart," and it should be read aloud as often as possible.

WHY SHOULD WE READ POETRY?

It is a curious thing that so many people seem to think it is not worth their while to read poetry. They tell us that they "cannot" read it. That may be because they have never tried seriously. But it is well worth the trying; and as we feel that every one should grow up with a real love for poetry, we state here very briefly, even if we do repeat some things already said, what are its chief uses. Poetry stirs our feelings and fills our minds with beautiful pictures, so that if we do not learn to love and understand it we are missing something that adds greatly to the pleasure of life.

We might as well ask why birds should sing as why we should read poetry. It is natural that all people with any feeling for music should love to read poetry. When children, we are more

natural in our tastes than later in life, and the taste for poetry is as natural as the liking for sweet sounds, the scent of flowers, and the colors of the sunset.

Poetry expresses all these delights of nature better than any other means we have for expressing them. It is splendid to see a grand sunset; it is fine to be able to look on a great artist's picture of a sunset; but it is better—far better—to be able to remember all our lives the glorious words of some great poet who has described a sunset. Merely by recalling his magic words the joy we first felt in looking on this beautiful effect of nature arises in us afresh—it is ours forever!

Surely this is a great thing that poetry can do. And people who do not keep the love of poetry in their hearts as they grow up lose one of the truest pleasures of life.

The writers of good poetry are few, and nothing is more foolish than to think, because we can make words rhyme with others, we can write truly poetic verses. But everybody is capable of reading, enjoying, and profiting by good poetry. Therefore, we should not lose the taste for reading verses, which most of us have when we are young; but we ought carefully to improve and strengthen that taste by reading as regularly as possible the works of the poets.

We have already said that poetry is the music of words; but it is more than that. It is the music of the universe. In the whole vast and wondrous world of created things there is a harmony of beauty that is felt by the true poet, and by him conveyed to the ordinary man.

When the great poets write their poems for us, they are enabling us to see into the heart of nature with something of their own keen insight. They lend us their eyes, so to speak, and they lend us their hearts also, for their poems express the feelings of their hearts far more warmly and clearly than these could ever be expressed in ordinary prose writing. There is no better education than to share with the greatest minds that have lived in this world of ours their feelings, their hopes and sorrows, their joys; and poetry enables us to do this.

Yes, blessings many times on all the sweet souls who have expressed themselves in poetry, and so may be said to live forever as the companions of our peaceful hours. They are our best friends, if we but turn to them; be it for noble words to refresh us in our hours of doubt and darkness; for fine pictures of the glories of the world to enlarge our love of its Creator; or for inspiring thoughts that urge us forward in the battle of life.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART V

A NONSENSE POEM

By MRS. E. T. CORBETT

THREE wise old women were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter day.
One carried a basket to hold some berries,
One carried a ladder to climb for cherries,
The third, and she was the wisest one,
Carried a fan to keep off the sun!

But they went so far, and they went so fast,
They quite forgot their way at last—
So one of the wise women cried in fright,
“Suppose we should meet a bear to-night!
Suppose he should eat me!”

“And me! !”

“And me! ! !”

“What is to be done?” cried all the three.
“Dear, dear!” said one, “we’ll climb a tree;
Then out of the way of the bears we’ll be.”
But there wasn’t a tree for miles around,
They were too frightened to stay on the ground;
So they climbed their ladder up to the top,
And sat there screaming, “We’ll drop! we’ll
drop! !”

But the wind was strong as wind could be,
And blew their ladder right out to sea!
So the three wise women were all afloat
In a leaky ladder instead of a boat;
And every time the waves rolled in,
Of course the poor things were wet to the skin.

Then they took their basket, the water to bail,
They put up their fan instead of a sail,
But what became of the wise women then—
Whether they ever sailed home again—
Whether they saw any bears or no—
You must find out, for I don’t know.

CHERRIES

By F. E. WEATHERLEY

UNDER the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:

“Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There’s the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay;
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We’ll muster the boys, for fruit and fun.”

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head:
“Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We’ll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow.”
At night the farmer said: “Here’s a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick.”

THE FROG

By HILAIRE BELLOC

BE kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As “Slimy-skin,” or “Polly-wog,”
Or likewise “Uncle James,”
Or “Gape-a-grin,” or “Toad-gone-wrong,”
Or “Billy Bandy-knees”:
The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair,
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

THE HOYDEN

MISS AGNES had two or three dolls, and a box
To hold all her bonnets and tippets and frocks;
In a red leather thread-case that snapp’d when it
shut,
She had needles to sew with and scissors to cut;
But Agnes lik’d better to play with rude boys,
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys.

Young ladies should always appear neat and
clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom dress'd fit to be seen.
I saw her one morning attempting to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on her toe:
The boys who were present, and saw what was
done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they call'd it fine fun.

But I took her home, and the doctor soon came,
But Agnes, I fear, will a long time be lame;
And from morning till night she laments very
much,
That now when she walks she must lean on a
crutch;
And she told her dear father, a thousand times
o'er,
That she never will play with rude boys any
more.

POLITENESS

GOOD little boys should never say
“I will,” and “Give me these”;
Oh, no! that never is the way,
But “Mother, if you please.”
And “If you please,” to Sister Ann
Good boys to say are ready;
And, “Yes, sir,” to a gentleman,
And, “Yes, ma'am,” to a lady.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES

BY ANN AND JANE TAYLOR

THE Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away,
The Monkey's cheek is very bald,
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says;
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
• And who so proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes;
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd fill you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven-gray;
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe;
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The Cow—her hoof is slit,
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
The Lapwing cries “Peewit.”

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less;
The Ladybird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork its parent loves,
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streakèd Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boiled he's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed,
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk
The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glowworm shines the darkest night,
With lantern in his tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight;
And wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honeycomb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots,
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know
Might well be called a dunce;
But I in knowledge quick will grow,
For youth can come but once.

. THERE WAS A MAN.



There was a man was half a clown
(It's so my father tells of it).

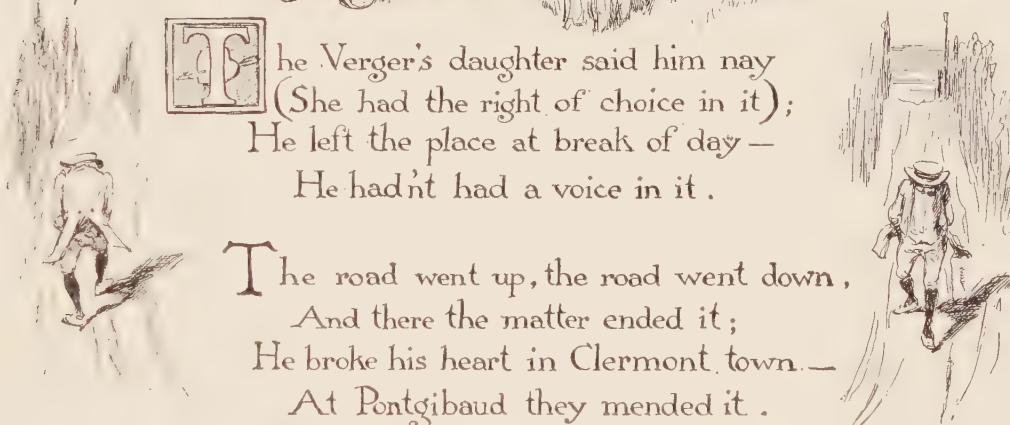
He saw the church in Clermont town,
And laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring //
In Clermont church and round of it;
He heard the Verger's daughter sing,
And loved her for the sound of it.





The Verger's daughter said him nay
 (She had the right of choice in it);
 He left the place at break of day—
 He hadn't had a voice in it.



The road went up, the road went down,
 And there the matter ended it;
 He broke his heart in Clermont town.—
 At Pontgibaud they mended it.



LITTLE MOUSE

I HAVE seen you, little mouse,
Running all about the house,
Through the hole, your little eye
In the wainscot, peeping sly,
Hoping soon some crumbs to steal,
To make quite a hearty meal.
Look before you venture out,
See if pussy is about,
If she's gone, you'll quickly run
To the larder for some fun,
Round about the dishes creep,
Taking into each a peep.
To choose the daintiest that's there,
Spoiling things, you do not care.

JACK FROST

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm-trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

THE GIRL WHO CRIED

WINIFRED WATERS sat and sighed
Under a weeping willow;
When she went to bed she cried,
Wetting all the pillow.

Kept on crying night and day,
Till her friends lost patience;
"What shall we do to stop her, pray?"
So said her relations.

Send her to the sandy plains,
In the zone called torrid:
Send her where it never rains,
Where the heat is horrid!

Mind that she has only flour
For her daily feeding;
Let her have a page an hour
Of the driest reading.

When the poor girl has endured
Six months of this drying,
Winifred will come back cured,
Let us hope, of crying.

TIME TO RISE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

DING DONG!

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little bird.
He sat on a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never said a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little mouse.

He looked very cunning
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about my little kitty.
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

A SLEIGH-RIDE

JINGLE, jingle go the bells;
A right good time have we,
Across the hills and through the dells
Dear grandmama to see.

The day is bright, and on we go
As swift as swift can be,
Over the smoothly trodden snow
Dear grandmama to see.

And look, do look, for there she stands,
Aunt Mary by her side,
To welcome us with outstretched hands
After our pleasant ride.

And there are George and Will—oh my!
The telltale bells they've heard,
As along the shining road we fly
With the fleetness of a bird.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

WISHING

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

RING-TING! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,

The wand'ring bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
Ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peeped into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft.

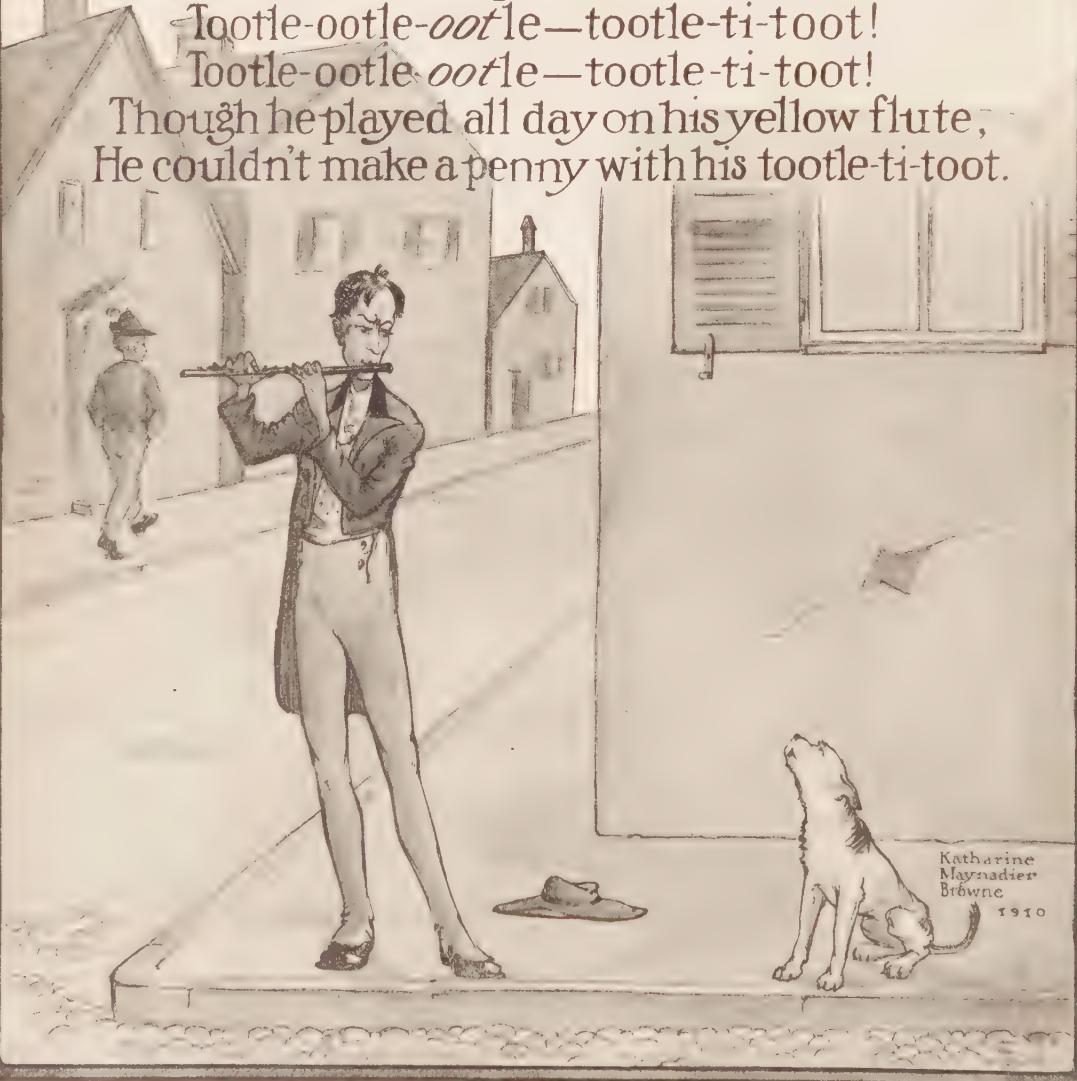
The Musical Trust

By D·K·Stevens

There was once a man who could execute
"Old Zip Coon" on a yellow flute,
And several other tunes to boot,

But he couldn't make a penny with his tootle-ti-toot.
Tootle-ootle-ootle—tootle-ti-toot!
Tootle-ootle-ootle—tootle-ti-toot!

Though he played all day on his yellow flute,
He couldn't make a penny with his tootle-ti-toot.



Katharine
Maynadier
Brown
1910

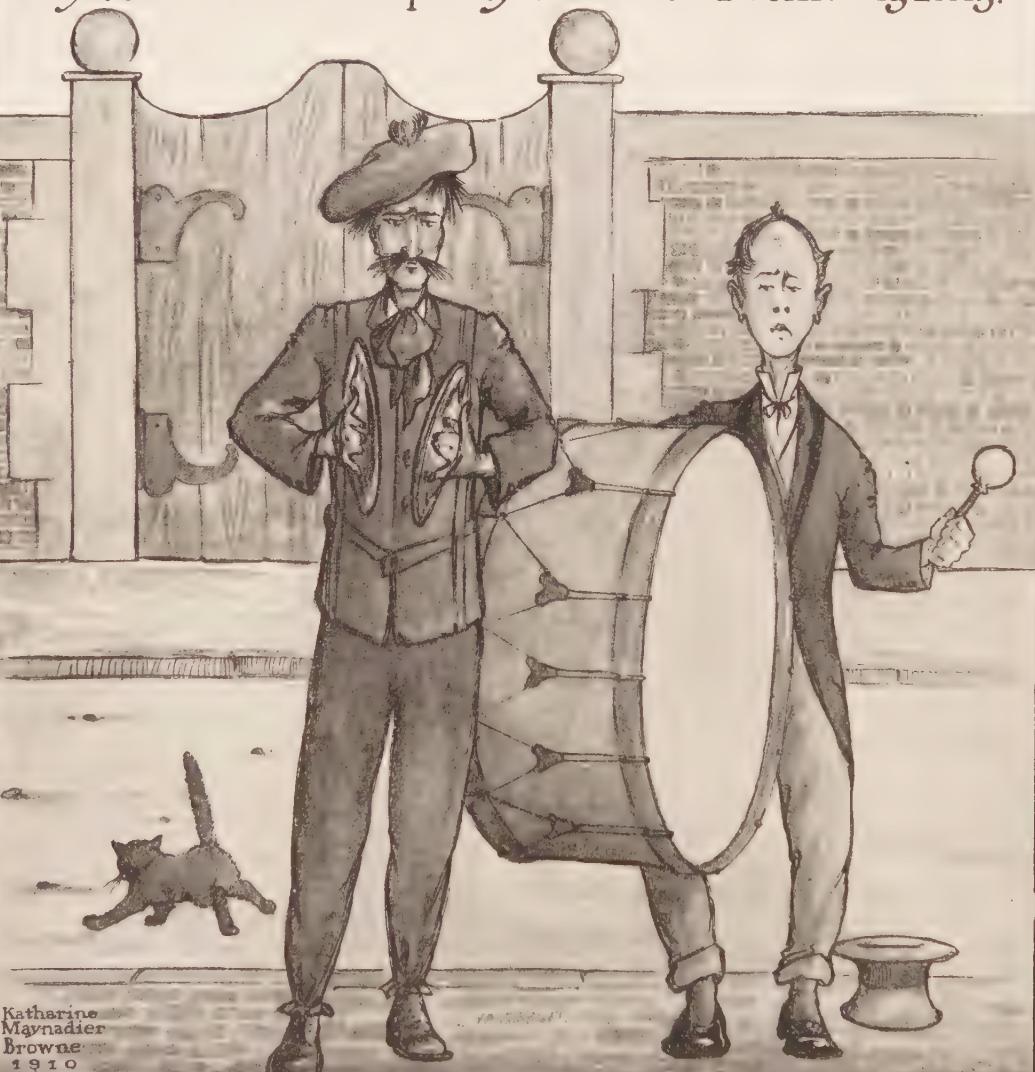
One day he met a singular
Quaint old man with a big tuba,
Who said: "I've travelled wide and far
But I haven't made a penny with my oom-pah-pah."
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah-pah!
Though he played all day on his big tuba
He couldn't make a penny with his oom-pah-pah.



Katharine
Maynadier
Browne

1910

Then they met two men who were hammering
On a big bass drum and a cymbal thing.
Who said: "We've banged since early spring
And we haven't made a penny with our boom-zing-zing."
Boom-zing! Boom-zing! Boom-zing-zing!
Boom-b-b-boom-boom-zing-zing!
Though they banged on the drum and the cymbal thing
They couldn't make a penny with their *boom-zing-zing*.



So the man with the flute
Played tootle-ti-toot,

And the other man he played *oom-pah*,
While the men with the drum and the cymbal thing
Went:*boom*-b-b*boom-boom*-zing-zing!

And they travelled wide and far.

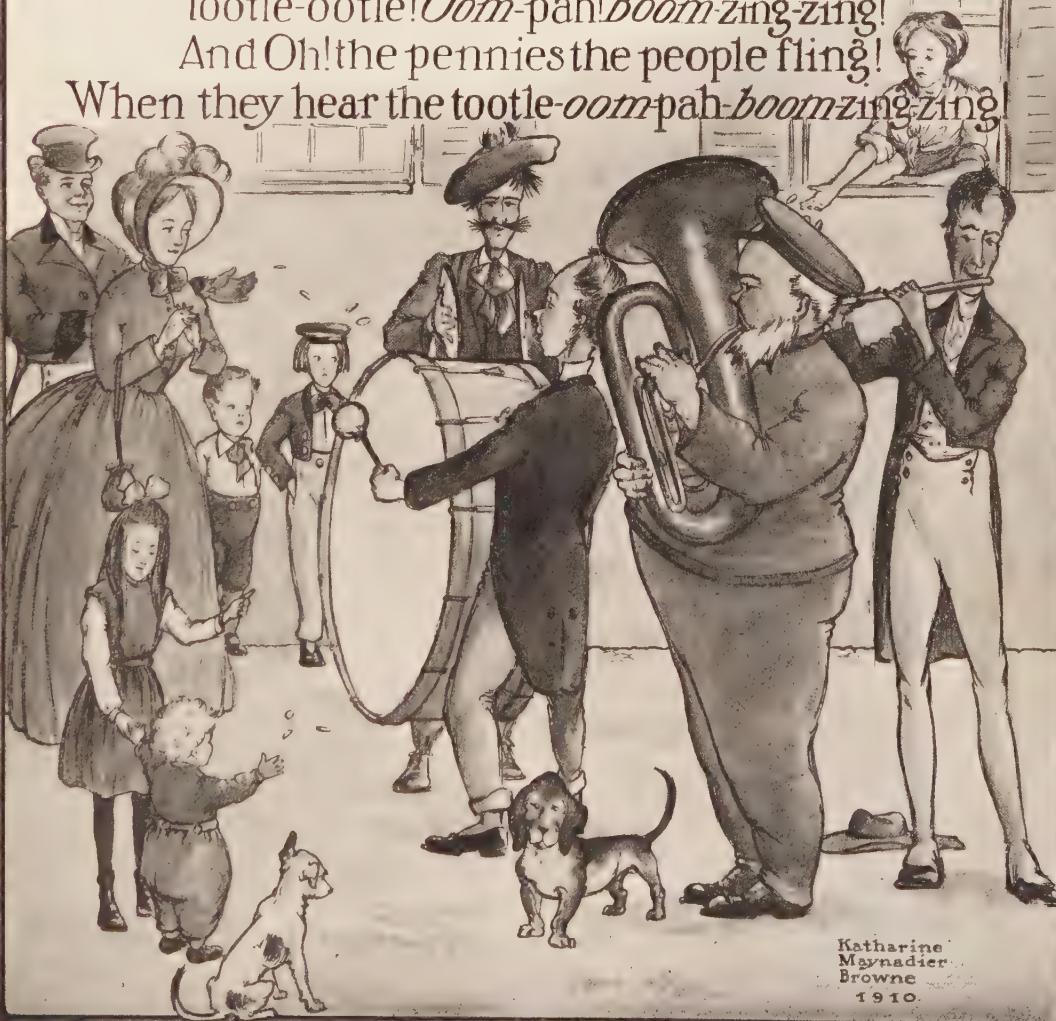
Together they made the welkin ring
With a Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*

Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*

Tootle-ootle! *Oom-pah! Boom-zing-zing!*

And Oh! the pennies the people fling!

When they hear the tootle-*oom-pah-boom-zing-zing*



Katharine
Meynader
Browne
1910.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

CRIMSON and green and gold—
Look how the last one slips
From out the common pipe you
hold
Between your laughing lips.

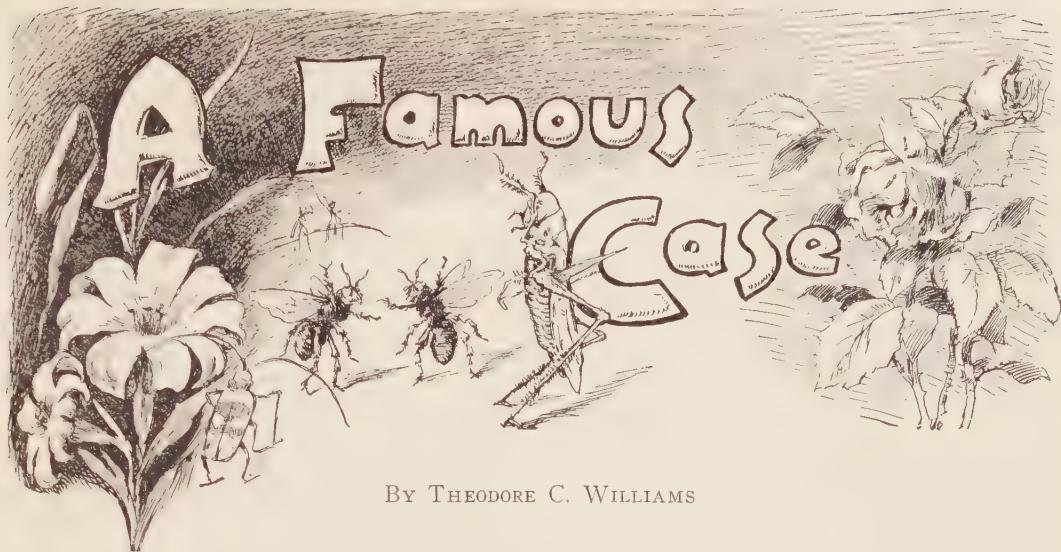
Mid-air, it sways and swings,
Drawn earthward from its place,
Yet stayed, as though on unseen wings,
It drifts a little space.

See how your face is caught
There in the shining ball,
And like a vivid rainbow wrought
Are window, floor and wall.

Strange: with a moment's breath
You made a crystal world,
All color-spanned—above, be-
neath,
Flame-painted, shadow-pearled.

Strange: in a moment's breath
Light-pinioned, downward set,
It breaks to spray; and underneath
Your watching face is wet.

Nay, little drooping lip,
Your bubbles burst in vain—
Look up and laugh; take pipe and dip,
And launch a world again!



BY THEODORE C. WILLIAMS

Two honey-bees half came to blows
About the lily and the rose,
Which might the sweeter be;
And as the elephant passed by,
The bees decided to apply
To this wise referee.

The elephant, with serious thought,
Ordered the flowers to be brought,
And smelt and smelt away.

Then, swallowing both, declared his mind:
"No trace of perfume can I find,
But both resemble hay."

MORAL.

Dispute is wrong. But foolish bees,
Who will contend for points like these,
Should not suppose good taste in roses
Depends on elephantine noses.



The Proud Bun



(A Song of Fate)

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLows

THE baker-man was kneading buns—
His trough was deep and wide—
When, much to his surprise, he heard
A small voice by his side.

"Oh, make me large and fat," it said,
"And stuff me full of plums,
So that I may attract ap-
plause
From every one who comes."

"Oh, put a piece of citron in,
And make me rich and rare,
That I may serve for dukes
and earls
Who sumptuously do
fare."

The baker chuckled in
his sleeve
To hear him talk so
big,
But thought, "I'll put in
everything,
And let him run his
rig!"

He put in all he had on hand,
And made him rich and rare,
And set him in the window-pane,
To make the natives stare.

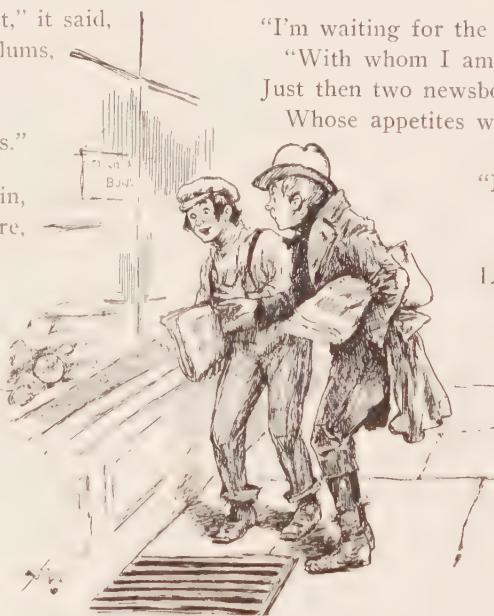
For, swelled to twice his natural size
With yeast and plums and pride,
He scorned the doughnuts, pies, and cakes,
And elbowed them aside.

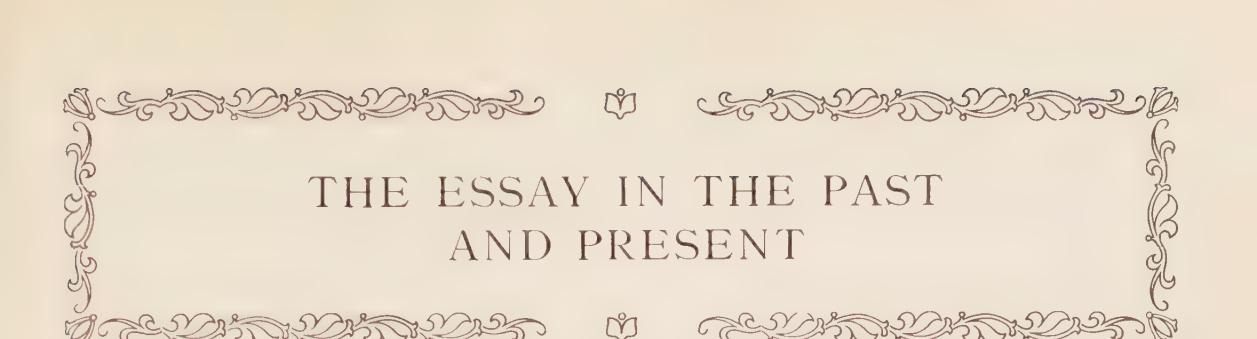
"I'm waiting for the duke," he said,
"With whom I am to dine!"
Just then two newsboys came along
Whose appetites were fine.

"My eye!" they cried, "come
over here
And see this jolly bun;
Let's buy him for our sup-
per, quick!"
And so the thing was
done.

Two morals to this little
song
Are had at easy rates:
'T is ill to wait for dukes
and earls
In these United
States.

And when the baker kneads his dough,
If then you are begun,
No matter what he may put in,
You'll always be a bun!





THE ESSAY IN THE PAST AND PRESENT

I suppose you like apples. Most people do. I am very fond of them. But I find that few people really know much about apples. Of course, nearly everybody knows that a tiny seed is put into the ground and that from that tiny seed, by the wonderful magic of nature, a big strong tree grows with graceful branches and beautiful green leaves. Nearly everybody knows that at a certain season of the year this tree is covered with a lovely mass of tender, white, sweet-smelling blossoms that fall to the ground after a while and are replaced by apples.

It is all very wonderful. No man or woman could do anything half so wonderful. And yet it is only one of a million wonderful things that the Creator does for our pleasure.

But there are ever so many other interesting things to be learned about apples. There are all the different kinds of apples, from the little Australian pippin with the dry, yellow, wrinkled skin of a worn-out old woman, to the big American apple with the fresh red cheeks of a healthy young girl. There are many ways in which apples can be cooked, and many uses to which they may be put, and a thousand other interesting things that I can't tell you about here.

Now, if you will learn all you can about apples, and then write out all you know and think about them, what you write will be an essay on apples. Perhaps this gives you some idea of what an essay means. You can write an essay on anything—plums, pears, oranges, apricots, peaches; horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks. In fact, there is nothing in the world that an essay may not be written about. I knew a little boy in school who wrote a beautiful essay on a drop of water, and you would be surprised at all the interesting things that boy found to say about a drop of water.

When you write a good essay you do

something worth while, because the essay is an important form of literature. Many men have become very famous just through writing essays. You probably have already written many essays yourself, as the compositions your teacher gives you to do in school are really essays. The essay is in every-day use now, and you may see examples of it in the leading editorials of our newspapers.

You would scarcely believe that people had been writing for thousands of years before anybody wrote a real essay; yet such is the case. Of course, some great writers of ancient times wrote things that were very like essays; but it was not until nearly sixteen hundred years after Christ that the first real essay was written. The honor of having created this form of literature belongs to a Frenchman named Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, who lived from 1533 to 1592. Montaigne wrote very little except essays, but they were enough to give him great and undying fame.

After Montaigne the most important name in the history of the essay is that of the great Englishman Francis Bacon, who was born while Montaigne was still alive. Bacon's essays are better examples of this form of writing than Montaigne's, because they are shorter, and because Bacon kept closely to the subject he was writing about, instead of bringing in a number of things that had nothing to do with it. The writer of an essay, you see, should try to say all he can about his subject in the shortest space possible, and he should avoid bringing in anything except what is necessary to explain the subject. If you write an essay on rabbits, you should n't talk about the nature or habits of squirrels, unless you want to compare rabbits with squirrels; and if you write an essay on the horse, you should n't bring in anything about cats except to illus-

trate something connected with the subject of horses. Bacon was always very careful with his essays in that respect, and that is one of the reasons why they are such good examples.

Since the time of Montaigne and Bacon there have been a number of famous essay-writers who are generally known as "the great essayists." You will probably read most of them later on. England has produced the largest number of great essayists. The most famous of these are Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Robert Louis Stevenson. France, though it created the essay, has not produced so many great essayists, the most important being François Marie Arouet (known as Voltaire), Jean Jacques Rousseau, Victor Cousin, Alphonse de Lamartine, and Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. Germany has given us great essayists in Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and Hermann Grimm. In our own country we have had many essayists, of whom some of the best known are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Washington Irving, James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, and Edwin P. Whipple. It may be added that many of the editorials printed in the newspapers we read might properly be considered as essays; and in this form the essay is well illustrated by the interesting editorial that follows among other examples of this inclusive class of literature.

ANIMALS AND MEN

BY MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

(*This is a very old translation of one of Montaigne's essays and the peculiar spelling and punctuation are retained here.*)

As to what concerns fidelity, there is no animal in the world so treacherous as man. Our histories have recorded the violent pursuits that dogs have made after the murtherers of their masters. King Pyrrhus observing a dog that watch'd a dead man's body, and understanding that he had for three days together performed that office, commanded that the body should be buried, and took the dog along with him. One day as he was at a general muster of his army, this dog was aware of his masters murtherers, and with great barking, and extream signs of anger, flew upon them,

by this first accusation, awaking the revenge of this murther, which was soon after perfected by form of justice.

As much was done by the dog of the wise Hesiod, who convinced the sons of Ganistor of Naupactus of the murther committed in the person of his master. Another dog being to guard a temple at Athens, having spied a sacrilegious thief, who carried away the fairest jewels, fell to barking at him with all the force he had; but the warders not awaking at the noise, he followed him, and day being broke, kept off at a further distance, without losing sight of him; if he offer'd him anything to eat, would not take it, but would wag his tail at all the passengers he met, and took whatever they gave him at their hands; and if the thief lay down to sleep, he likewise stayed upon the place. The news of this dog being come to the warders of this church, they put them selves upon the pursuit, inquiring of the colour of the dog, and at last found him in the city of Cromyon, and the thief also whom they brought back to Athens, where he had his reward: and where the judges taking cognizance of the good office, order'd a certain measure of corn for the dogs daily sustenance, at the publick charge, and the priests to take care in it. Plutarch delivers this story for a most certain truth, and that it hapned in the age wherein he lived.

As to gratitude (for I doubt, we had need bring this word into a little greater repute) this one example, which Appion reports himself to have been an eye-witness of, shall suffice. One day (says he) that at Rome they entertain'd the people with the pleasure of the fighting of several strange beasts, and principally of lyons of an unusual size; there was one amongst the rest, who, by his furious deportment, by the strength and largeness of his limbs, and by his loud and dreadful roaring, attracted the eyes of all the spectators. Amongst other slaves, that were presented to the people in this combat of beasts, there was one Androdus of Dacia, belonging to a Roman lord of consular dignity. This lyon having seen him at a distance, first made a sudden stop, as it were, in a wondring posture, and then softly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if it were to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assured of what he sought for, he began to wag his tail, as dogs do when they flatter their masters, and to kiss and lick the hands and thighs of the poor wretch, who was beside himself and almost dead with fear.

Androdus being by this kindness of the lyon, a little come to himself, and having taken so much heart, as to consider and know him; it was a sin-

gular pleasure to see the joy and caresses that passed betwixt them. At which, the people breaking into loud acclamations of joy, the emperor caus'd the slave to be call'd, to know from him the cause of so strange an event; who, thereupon told him a new and a very strange story: "my master, (said he) being Pro-Consul in Africk, I was constrained by his severity and cruel usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him, and to run away. And to hide my self securely from a person of so great authority in the province, I thought it my best way to fly to the solitudes, sands and uninhabitable parts of that country, resolving that in case the means of supporting life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill my self.

The sun being excessively hot at noon, and the heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private and almost inaccessible cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this lyon with one foot wounded and bloody; complaining and groaning with the pain he indur'd; at his coming I was exceedingly afraid, but he having espied me hid in a corner of his den, came gently to me, holding out, and shewing me his wounded foot, as if he demanded my assistance in his distress. I then drew out a great splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the wound, thrust out the dirt and gravel which was got into it, wiped and cleansed it the best I could: he finding himself something better, and much eased of his pain, laid him down to repose, and presently fell asleep with his foot in my hand. From that time forward he and I lived together in this cave three whole years, upon one and the same diet; for of the beasts that he kill'd in hunting, he always brought me the best pieces, which I roasted in the sun for want of fire, and so eat it.

At last growing weary of this wild and brutish life, the lyon being one day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary provision, I escaped from thence, and the third day after was taken by the soldiers, who brought me from Africk to this city to my master, who presently condemn'd me to die, and to be thus expos'd to the wild beasts. Now by what I see, I perceive that this lyon was also taken soon after, who would now have recompensed me for the benefit and cure that he received at my hands.

This is the story that Androdus told the emperor, which he also conveyed from hand to hand to the people: wherefore at the general request, he was absolved from his sentence, and set at liberty, and the lyon was by order of the people, presented to him. "We afterwards saw (says Appion) Androdus leading this lyon, in nothing

but a small leash, from tavern to tavern at Rome, and receiving what money every body would give him, the lyon being so gentle, as to suffer himself to be covered with the flowers that the people threw upon him, every one that met him saying, 'There goes the lyon that entertained the man, there goes the man that cured the lyon.'" We oft lament the loss of the beasts we love, and so do they the loss of us.

STUDIES

BY FRANCIS BACON

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in private ness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by ob servation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend;

nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN THE COUNTRY

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

SIR ROGER AT HOME

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table, or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still, and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *vale de chambre* for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog; and in a gray pad, that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of

pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed disengaged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend. . . .

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. . . .

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common-Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes

about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character, make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then he inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incum-

bent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

(*From the "Lives of the Poets."*)

POETRY was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvét lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet—that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert—that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

ON RISING WITH THE LARK

BY CHARLES LAMB

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night-gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalist enough to determine. But, for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice) to be the earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say, for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration.

Not but there are pretty sunrisings, as we are told, and such like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances, which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as it is called) to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches! nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveler.

ANGLING

BY LEIGH HUNT

THE anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said No, but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the tor-

ture. They pride themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Izaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his thoughts on the banks of a river, says:

"Here we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin for him to breathe, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws—

"Other joys
Are but toys."

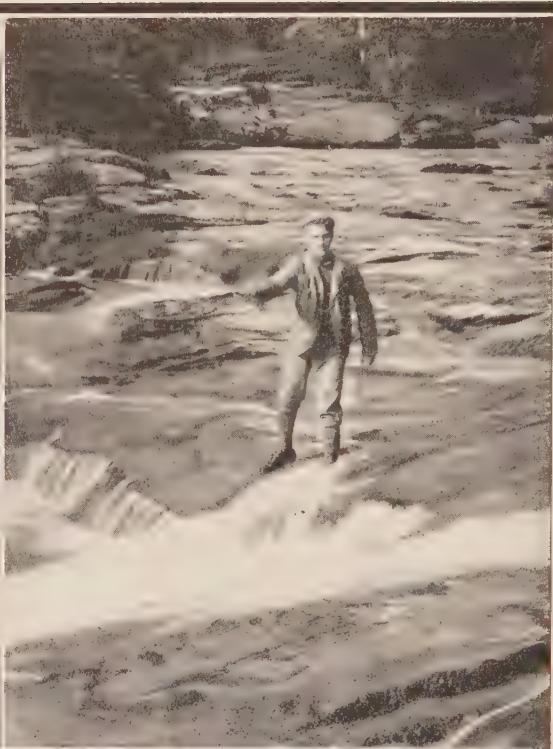
If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ankles with weeds and stones—

"Other joys
Are but toys."

The book of Izaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a cooked fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off.

But what are we to think of a man, who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off!

All that can be said of such a strange inconsistency is that, having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question,



THE JOYS OF ANGLING.

Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any.

so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it.

And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, and renders the very countenance null and void.

A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in": to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy. Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject than in those of his father.

Walton says that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented"; and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)—

"There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey."

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both sheer beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike.

It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed, among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

"We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

"Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission," etc.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the

celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men as the small had upon fishes; only the men, luckily, had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp.

Now, fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Izaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

"Other joys
Are but toys."

We repeat that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a footpad might have argued that old Izaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river.

There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better.

We do not say that all anglers are of a cruel nature; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought, perhaps, on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

ROBERT BURNS

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

PROPERLY speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth; for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the

complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year he is still, as it were, in youth. . . . For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors; he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstance, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoyment, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny.

In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more; a man with a keen insight and a devout heart; reverent toward God, friendly, therefore, and fearless toward all that God has made. Unfortunately he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's seven acres of ground prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature; for it lay in him to have done this. But Burns remained a hard-worked plowboy, and British literature took its course.

We know from the best evidence that up to this date [1781] Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world; more so even than he ever afterward appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof and goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society. . . . Manhood begins when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity and thus in reality triumphed over it and felt that in Necessity we are free. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it in his father's cottage, he would have been saved many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

WORK

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

ALL true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of

divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart. O brother! if this is not worship, then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!

To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind. Heaven is kind, as a noble mother—as that Spartan mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou, too, shalt return *home* in honor; to thy far distant Home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

WORK

BY JOHN RUSKIN

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to be done for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is it to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than as an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to heaven's angels, to make their music easier.

There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for

a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace and rolling of the Wheel.

MORNING

BY EDWARD EVERETT

I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train.

It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged.

Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle.

Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the an-

cient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "*There is no God.*"

PLAIN LIVING

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WHAT is odious but noise, and people who scream and bewail? people whose vane points always east, who live to dine, who send for the doctor, who coddle themselves, who toast their feet on the register, who intrigue to secure a padded chair, and a corner out of the draft. Suffer them once to begin the enumeration of their infirmities, and the sun will go down on the unfinished tale. Let these triflers put us out of conceit with petty comforts. To a man at work, the frost is but a color: the rain, the wind—he forgot them when he came in. Let us learn to live coarsely, dress plainly, and lie hard. The least habit of dominion over the palate has certain good effects not easily estimated.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants. How can you mind diet, bed, dress, or salutes or compliments, or the figure you make in company, or wealth, or even the bringing things to pass, when you think how paltry are the machinery and the workers? Wordsworth was praised to me, in Westmoreland, for having afforded to his country neighbors an example of a modest household where comfort and culture were secured, without display. And a boy who wears his rusty cap and outgrown coat, that he may secure the coveted place in college, and the right in the library, is educated to some purpose. There is a great deal of self-denial and manliness in poor and middle-class houses, in town and country, that has not got into literature, and never will, but that keeps the earth sweet; that saves on superfluities, and spends on essentials; that goes rusty, and educates the boy; that sells the horse, but builds the school; works early and late, takes two looms in the factory, three looms, six looms, but pays off the mortgage on the paternal farm, and then goes back cheerfully to work again.

We wish to play at heroism. But the wiser God says, Take the shame, the poverty, the solitude that belong to truth-speaking. Try the rough water as well as the smooth.

He who aims high must dread an easy home and popular manners. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainliness and odium, as the bur that protects the fruit. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls. "Steep and craggy," said Porphyry, "is the path of the gods."

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(Editorial in the New York "Sun,"
September 27, 1897.)

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of "The Sun":

DEAR EDITOR—I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Papa says "If you see it in 'The Sun' it's so."
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He ex-

ists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.





the fire

"NAY, BIDE, THOU MERRY PIPER BOY!
THE KINDLY HOUSE-DAMES SAID."

THE BALLAD OF PIPING WILL

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THERE was a lad named Piping Will
With tattered coat and poor;
He had no home to bide him in,
But roamed from door to door.

This lad had naught except a pipe
On which he used to play;
Yet never lad did laugh so free,
Nor had a look so gay.

"Nay, bide, thou merry piper-boy!"
The kindly house-dames said.
"The roads are rough, the skies are wild,
And thou dost lack for bread.

"The hills are steep, the stones unkind—
Why wilt thou always roam?
And winter turns a barren heart
To them that have no home."

Then would he smile and pipe awhile,
But would not ever stay.
How strange that he could be so poor,
Yet have a heart so gay!

And so the good folk shook their heads,
And they would turn and stare
To see him piping through the fields.
What was he doing there?

It fell about the blithe Yule-tide,
When winter winds were keen,
The Burgomaster's little maid
Slipped from the house unseen;

For she had heard that in the wood
The dear snow-children run,
And play where shadows are most cold
And where there is no sun.

But lo, the evening hurried on,
And bitter sleet blew cold;
It whitened all her scarlet cloak
And flying locks of gold.

The road was hid, and she was lost,
And knew not where to go;

And still the sharp blast swept her on,
Whether she would or no.

Now who is this amid the sleet?
His face she cannot see!
He tunes his pipe against the wind,
As merry as can be.

He tunes his pipe against the wind
With music sweet and wild,
When lo, a fluttering scarlet cape,
The sobbing of a child!

He took her up and held her close;
"I'll take you home," he said.
But still the little maid sobbed on,
Nor was she comforted.

"What! Cold and hungry, little maid,
And frightened of the storm?
I'll play upon my pipe," said he,
"And that will keep you warm!"

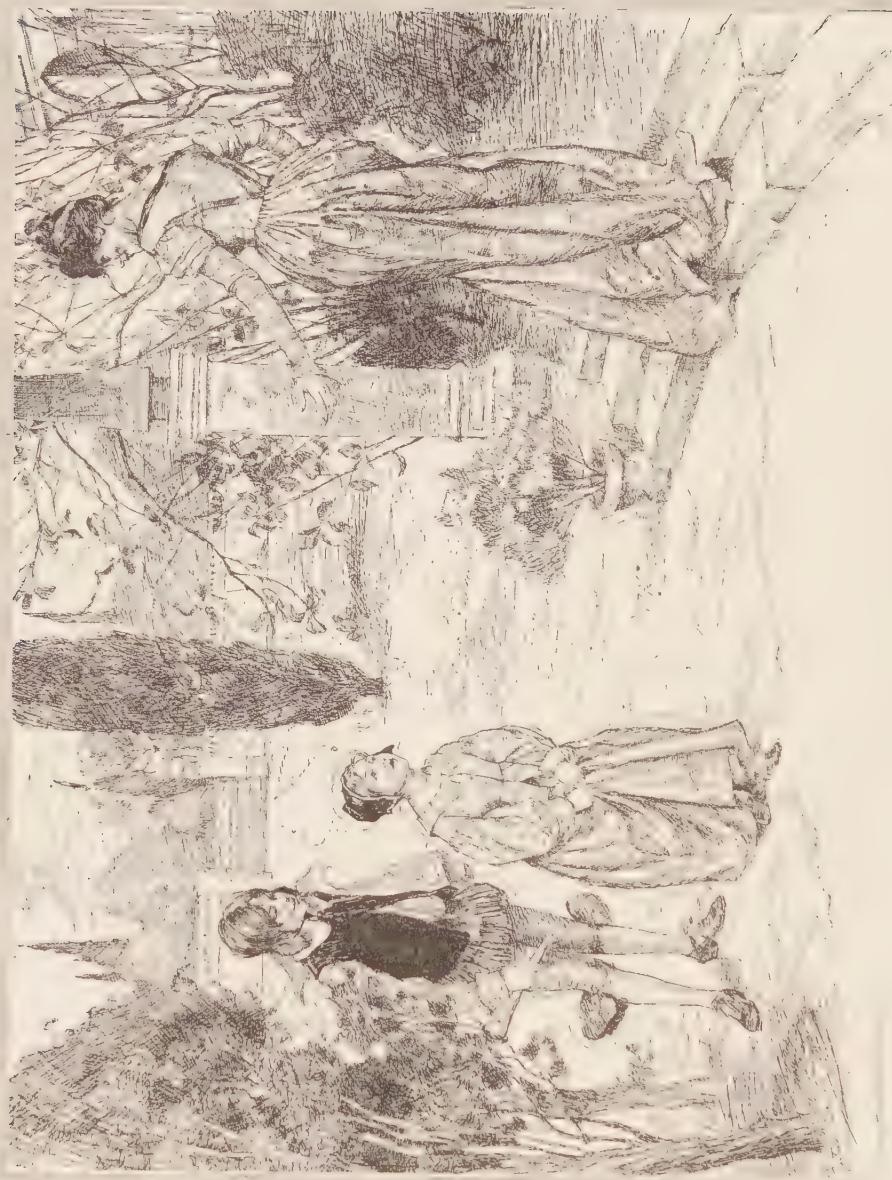
And lo, when first he blew his pipe,
It was a wondrous thing—
The sleet and snow turned all to flowers,
The birds began to sing!

When next he blew upon his pipe,
She marveled more and more;
For, built of gold with strange device,
A palace rose before!

A lovely lady led them in,
And there they sat them down;
The piper wore a purple cloak,
And she a snow-white gown.

And there was song and light and cheer,
Feasting and everything!
Who would have thought that Piping Will
Could be so great a king?

The third time that he blew his pipe
They took her to the queen;
Her hair was yellow as the sun,
And she was clothed in green.



"A LOVELY LADY LED THEM IN."



"THEY TOOK HER TO THE QUEEN."

Yet did she kiss that little maid,
Who should no longer roam—
When lo, the dear dream flashed away,
And there she was at home !

"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
The Burgomaster cried.
"Thou hast restored our little maid !
I tell thee, thou must bide."



"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
The bustling mother said.

"Come, warm thyself before the hearth
And eat the good white bread."

But Piping Will would only smile:
"Good friends, I cannot wait!"
(Who could have thought that tattered coat
Had been a robe of state!)

So forth he fared into the night,
And, piping, went his way.
"How strange," they said, "a lad so poor
Can have a heart so gay!"

Only the little maid that sat
Upon her father's knee
Remembered how they two had fared
That night right pleasantly.

And as she ate her bread and milk,
So close and safe and warm,
She wondered what strange, lovely lands
He wrought of wind and storm.

For he that plays a fairy pipe
Is lord of everything!
She laughed to think that Piping Will
Should be so great a king.



TWO WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN STORIES

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

THERE is no more picturesque figure in modern romance than the American Indian. James Fenimore Cooper, whose life-story we have told elsewhere, became famous for his stories of adventure among the redskins, and this is one of his best-known tales told over again as a short story. Cooper wrote this romance of the American wilderness in 1826, at a time when the Indians were still fairly numerous, often taking to the war-path against the white settlers, and having their encampments even in the Great North Woods of New York State; but now the race is greatly reduced, and the "noble red man," as described in romance, has disappeared from most of his native scenes.

IT was summer-time in the year 1757, when the American colonial forces were carrying on a war with the French, then masters of Canada. Always subject to attack by the different tribes of Indians, who were still numerous and formidable, the American colonies were at this time more disturbed than ever, as war between the French and the British also involved outbreaks with the Indians, some of the Canadian tribes taking to the war-path and coming down into the British colonies. Danger lurked everywhere; even the townships were not secure from attack. But one day, in the still beauty of July, three strange and picturesque figures made part of a striking scene in the American wilderness—a scene so peaceful to look upon that one might never have guessed how near to the most exciting adventures all three were. On the high bank of a swift and swollen river the men were grouped in attitudes of ease. The dull thunder of a waterfall told that the river had come down from the higher land at no great distance away, with a tremendous fall that now sent the water boiling and churning between the steep banks.

Of the three, there were two whose dark, ruddy skins and paint-bedaubed features and bodies, with their picturesque costumes of skins and feathers, betokened them natives of these wild lands of the West. One was older than the other, for, indeed, they were father and son. The old Indian was Chingachgook, known as the Great Serpent, the sagamore, or tribal chief, of the Mohicans, the remnant of a tribe of the Delaware Indians. He had all the dignity and alert bearing of an Indian chief, though his body had no longer the supple beauty and suggestion of boundless energy of his son Uncas, known as the Bounding Elk.

The third person of this little group wore a green hunting-shirt and Indian moccasins, and there lay across his knees a rifle of unusual length, the trigger of which he fingered from time to time. Almost as dark of complexion as his companions, by long exposure to the sun, it would have been difficult to tell him for a white man; but such he was, and his name was Nathaniel Bumppo. To the Indians, however, he was always known as Hawkeye, while his fame as a fearless scout and hunter was known to the French enemies, by whom he was usually spoken of as Long Rifle.

The three men were talking quietly, and, though they showed no uneasiness, they were evidently on the alert, for they knew that General Montcalm, the French leader, was even then making his way through the far-spreading forests, over which their position gave them a splendid view, on his way to invest the British in Fort William Henry, on Lake George, which was only a few leagues away from the scene.

Suddenly the old Indian, laying his ear to the ground and listening intently, exclaimed: "The horses of white men are coming!" Quickly taking cover, they had not long to wait before the cavalcade came into view. It consisted of a British officer, who wore the uniform of a major

in the colonial service, and two beautiful young women riding beside him—one fair-haired and blue-eyed, and the other bewitchingly dark—accompanied by an Indian guide and a strange, gaunt creature of unkempt appearance. Hawkeye's voice rang out in challenge as he presented himself to the little group, and it was with evident relief that the officer answered him.

"I am Major Duncan Heyward, and these ladies are the daughters of Colonel Munro, who is

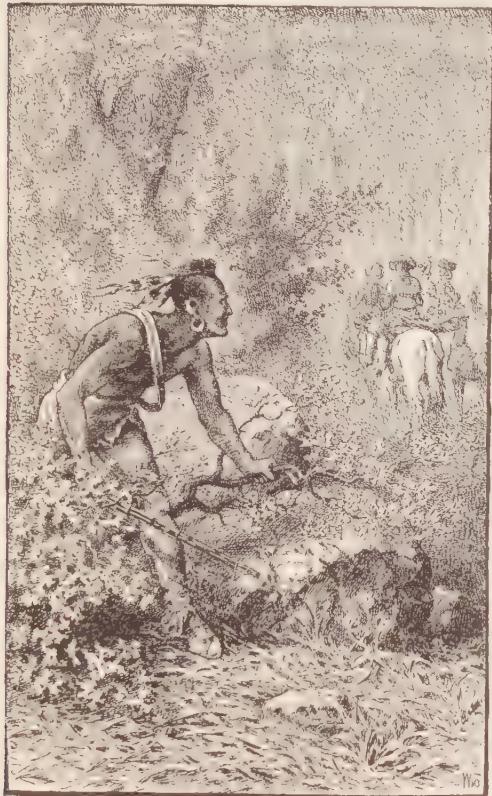
slipped into the bushes to cut off the false guide. But with a wild shriek the guide bounded away, and succeeded in eluding them.

It was clear that the travelers had been betrayed, and no time was to be lost if they were to escape falling into the hands of the Iroquois, for the guide was known as a chief of the Hurons, a tribe of the Iroquois. Dusk was gathering, and there was no hope of reaching the fort that night, so Hawkeye led the four strangers down to the river's edge, giving the horses over to his Indian companions, and from a place of concealment drew forth a frail birch-bark canoe, in which the travelers took their seats with no little difficulty, as it was overloaded with five persons. Only the marvelous skill of Hawkeye and his calm steering through the surging water against the current saved them all from drowning. But it was their only hope of escape, and the four people sat in the canoe scarcely daring to breathe, while Hawkeye coolly impelled it forward by his dexterous and powerful strokes of the paddle. Meanwhile the two Mohicans led the horses into the water and took them upstream some considerable way to a little cove, where they would not be readily discovered. Thus, by walking the animals through the flowing water, no trail was left for the Iroquois to follow.

It was black night when Hawkeye at last brought the canoe with amazing skill into a little space of quiet water that lay alongside a rocky island over which the great waterfall descended like a mighty screen. Even when they had stepped on to the island, the travelers were still afraid to move, being in terror of the darkness and the deafening thunder of waters. There they stood, scarcely daring to exert a muscle, while the hunter shot away rapidly in his canoe to bring back the two Indians and a store of venison from their cache, or hiding-place. He seemed to have been gone only a little while when he was back with his companions, and contrived to make the travelers comfortable for the night.

Hawkeye scarcely hoped that their hiding-place beneath the waterfall would escape discovery, and he had only chosen it the better to withstand an attack from the redskins, which, sure enough, was made soon after dawn next day.

But the favorable position, and the cavernous nature of the island on which Hawkeye had placed his party, together with his great skill as a shot, in which the two Mohicans were very little inferior, kept the savages at bay until another night had come.



AN INDIAN FOE WATCHES MAJOR HEYWARD'S PARTY
ON ITS WAY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

in command at Fort William Henry, whither we are bound. Unfortunately, our Indian guide has lost his way, and we should be glad if you could help us to regain it."

BETRAYED BY THE REDSKIN—A PERILOUS JOURNEY IN A CANOE

THIS was enough to make the hunter know that the Indian had betrayed the party. "An Indian lose his way!" he said scornfully, as he made a sign to his own companions, who immediately

CAPTURED, BUT RESCUED BY HAWK-EYE AND THE MOHICANS

THE situation was now desperate. Their powder was done, and the next morning would see them all shot or captured. A little council of war was held. It was decided that the scout and the two Mohicans should slip into the water, reach the bank, and make their way to the fort in the darkness, returning at once with a rescue-party. All agreed that the redskins would make captives of the others in the morning, and it was necessary that the rescue-party should be as strong as possible. Next morning the Hurons returned to the attack, and, meeting with no opposition, made their way to the hiding-place, where they found Major Heyward and the two girls with the fourth member of the party, who had described himself as David Gamut, a singing-master, attached to a Connecticut regiment, and who was really not quite sane. Instead of scalping his victims, Magua—for such was the name of the false guide—decided to take them captives, and as David Gamut insisted on singing a funeral psalm when he was captured, the Indians left him practically at liberty, believing, like many savage people, that persons of disordered minds are under a special protection. The real reason of Magua's betrayal was to be revenged on Colonel Munro, at whose orders he had once been flogged.

Happily, Hawkeye and his companions, replenishing their powder from a secret store, had boldly started back on the trail without going to the fort, and in the nick of time overtook the Iroquois on the march with their prisoners, putting Magua and his braves to flight and releasing the captives.

The little party then pushed on toward Fort William Henry, and when they drew near they found that Montcalm's troops had begun the investment of the place. By good fortune, one of the mists that rise suddenly from the lake came on, and Hawkeye, knowing the land so well, was able to lead the party through the French lines unseen, to the great joy of old Colonel Munro, who had made every preparation to defend the fort against the enemy.

How bravely the old Scottish warrior and his small garrison, chiefly composed of the "Royal Americans," the regiment in which Heyward was major, defended Fort William Henry against the overwhelming forces of Montcalm is told in many a history of these old colonial days. The end of it all was that Munro and his garrison had at last to surrender, but they were granted the privilege of marching out with

the honors of war and a safe-conduct to Fort Edward. This proved a hollow promise, as they were attacked on their march through the forest by some two thousand Indians, who were attached to Montcalm's army, and a general massacre took place. Magua had also seized the occasion to reappear with a small band of Hurons, and, in the confusion that followed, he succeeded in carrying off the sisters and the half-witted singing-master.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE INDIANS, TO THE RESCUE OF THE CAPTIVES

COLONEL MUNRO and Major Heyward, as well as Hawkeye and the two Mohicans, managed to escape from the fray, and, Uncas being certain that Cora and Alice had been taken captive by the Hurons, it was decided to make for the Great North Woods, in the hope of rescuing the girls, as in that district of the American wilderness the Hurons had an encampment. The Delaware Indians were also encamped there, and the Mohicans were of the same race. Day after day the little party of five followed the trail into the depths of the wilderness until they felt they were nearing the Indian camp.

Emerging cautiously from the wood through which the trail had led, they saw below them a colony of beavers at work in a stream. A strange figure stood there watching the busy little animals. This was none other than Gamut, the singing-master, whose attention the party cautiously attracted, and they learned from him that Alice was a prisoner among the Hurons, whose camp was some two miles off, while Cora had been placed in the keeping of the Delawares ten miles away. So far the captives had suffered no harm, but what fate was in store for them, who could guess? Gamut, not so mad as he seemed, had been allowed the fullest liberty by the Indians, and his help proved of great value to the rescuers.

UNCAS CAPTURED—HAWKEYE'S CLEVER DISGUISE

SPEEDILY their plans were agreed upon. Heyward was to disguise himself as one of Montcalm's scouts, and boldly visit the Huron camp in the hope of rescuing Alice, while Uncas and Hawkeye were to make for the camp of the Delawares and rescue Cora, the old colonel, under the guidance of Chingachgook, going to a place of safety along the stream.

The singing-master took Heyward, disguised as one of Montcalm's scouts, to the Huron camp,

where he was received by a council of the Indians, and was parleying with them when Uncas was brought in as a prisoner. Magua, arriving with his party of braves, was overjoyed to find his enemy at his mercy, and while some of the Hurons would have killed the young Mohican chief at once, Magua preferred keeping him alive to torture him later.

In the commotion which the capture of Uncas had caused, Heyward and his supposed mission from Montcalm were for the time being forgotten, and the stranger in the camp was only recalled to their minds when an aged chief came forward to ask if the white brother had skill in magic. To this the major, with a little hesitation, not knowing whether he might be led by his reply, answered that he had.

Saying that an evil spirit had entered into the wife of one of his young men, the Indian then led the way to a cave in the mountainside, some little distance from the camp, where a young woman lay, evidently very ill.

"Now let the white brother show his power," said the old Indian to the major. "I go. Brother, the woman is the wife of one of my bravest young men; deal justly by her. Peace," he added, with a gesture to quiet a large tame bear that had followed them into the cave, rolling and grunting. "I go."

The old Indian then left the supposed worker of magic in the cave, and he had no sooner gone than the animal, which Heyward took to be one of the tame bears sometimes kept in Indian villages, rose on its hind legs, and, lifting up its great, ungainly head, disclosed below the bronzed face of Hawkeye, the scout!

THE SCOUT AND THE MAJOR RESCUE ALICE

AFTER his first moment of surprise, Heyward said to the scout: "Tell me the meaning of this masquerade. Why have you attempted so desperate an adventure?"

"The capture of Uncas is my reason for being here, and his own hot blood was the reason of his falling into the hands of the Hurons. By a stroke of luck I discovered an Indian conjurer, the owner of this bearskin, who was preparing for the entertainment of the village in this guise, and, speedily securing him, I made free with his finery, and am here to play his part, though not quite as he had intended. But let us hasten, for Alice is most likely hidden somewhere here," said Hawkeye.

In an inner cave they were happy to discover the fair object of their search, and just at that

moment Magua appeared at another entrance, only to be instantly disabled by the two white men, and bound and gagged. Quickly wrapping the girl in a blanket, Heyward took her in his arms, and, followed by the scout, who again imitated the walking of the bear, they appeared at the entrance of the outer cave, where were some of the relatives of the sick woman.

"Has my brother driven away the evil spirit?" demanded the old Indian. "What has he in his arms?"

"Thy child is better," returned Heyward gravely. "The disease has gone out of her; it is shut up in the rocks. I take the woman to a distance where I will strengthen her against any further attack. She shall be in the wigwam of her husband when the sun comes again."

THE HURONS DEMAND THE RETURN OF PRISONERS

THIS speech satisfied the people, so, followed by the bear, Heyward, carrying Alice, passed boldly through the crowd and into the woods. When they had gone some distance, the scout urged Heyward to make with all haste for the camp of the Delawares and demand protection, as they were friendly Indians, but Hawkeye would return to try to save young Uncas, in whose veins ran the last high blood of the Mohicans.

When the scout had reached the outskirts of the encampment again, he encountered Gamut, and disclosed his plans to him. Singing his loudest, Gamut led the way to the wigwam where Uncas was imprisoned, and told those who watched that he and the bear-conjurer were going to work a spell upon the captive. Believing that within the skin of the bear was the form of their own favorite magician, and that Gamut himself had supernatural power, the Indians made way for the two to enter. No time was lost now in making Uncas exchange places with Hawkeye, while the scout changed his own clothes for those of the singing-master, whom they were to leave behind, knowing that the Indians would do him no harm. The ruse was successful, and thus Hawkeye and Uncas escaped into the forest, eluding the pursuit which the Hurons soon began when they discovered the deception that had been practised.

Major Heyward in the meanwhile had made such good haste that he arrived safely with Alice in the camp of the Delawares, and was granted protection; but when Hawkeye and Uncas came later and asked for hospitality, they were placed under guard, though not unkindly treated.

Next morning Magua and a band of his followers appeared in the Delaware camp, dressed and painted as if for peace, to claim the return of their prisoners. A great council of the Indians was called, over which the oldest chief, named Tamenund, presided.

"Justice is the law of the Great Manitou," said the venerable chief, Tamenund, then over a hundred years old, in delivering judgment. "My children, give the strangers food. Then, Huron, take thy prisoners and depart."

UNCAS, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, FINDS HIS OWN PEOPLE

BUT the Indian who leaped forward to bind Uncas stood open-eyed with amazement, and pointed to the bosom of the captive, on which the figure of a small tortoise, tattooed in bright blue, was now seen, his breast-covering having become undone.

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, strangely agitated.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive modestly, "a son of Unamis, the Great Turtle."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the aged chief. "Uncas, the son of Chingachgook, is found. Let the dying eagle gaze on the rising sun." And all who looked upon the young Indian knew him for the hereditary chief of the Turtle clan of the Delawares, among whom he now stood. Uncas was set before the people as their chief, and now Magua stepped forth and insisted on his right to Cora, the prisoner whom he had left to be guarded by the Delawares.

"It is the law," said Uncas. "Take your captive with you, and go. The sun is now among the branches of the hemlock-tree, and your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees there will be braves on your trail." And surely, as Uncas said, the Delawares, under their new chief, went forth on the trail of the Hurons in accordance with Indian rules of war. The scout and Heyward headed another party of Indians, and, picking up Colonel Munro and Chin-

gachgook on the way, were to attack the Hurons in the rear.

THE UNHAPPY FATE OF CORA, AND THE END OF A BRAVE CHIEF

DESPERATE fighting took place at the Huron camp, and Magua and his braves, who still held out, were forced to find refuge in the rocky heights that overhung their camping-place. There they were pursued by the Delawares, and no mercy was shown. Uncas had marked down Magua for his own vengeance; but the crafty Huron had carried Cora with him, and Uncas could reach his enemy only by jumping from one perilous ledge of rock to another.

As he took the fatal leap, the Huron plunged his knife into the unfortunate Cora, and, with a wild shriek, Uncas stumbled and fell at the feet of Magua, who buried his tomahawk in the back of the brave young chief. With a shout of exultation, the Huron now sought to escape by leaping across a chasm, and all but succeeded, grasping the roots and grasses on the farther edge, and with his giant strength pulling himself up until it seemed as if he had won. But at that moment the rifle of the scout rang out, and the body of Magua fell whirling into the depths below.

Uncas and Cora were laid to rest with all the wild ritual of the tribe, and the old colonel, bowed with grief at the tragic fate of his daughter, was guided back to civilization by the scout, accompanied by Heyward and Alice.

As for Hawkeye himself, white man though he was, he had lived too long in the wilderness to care for the ways of townsfolk, so he returned to be with Chingachgook and the Delawares.

The joy of the old chief Tamenund had been short-lived, and his last words were: "My children, the palefaces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans."



BEN HUR

THE famous book whose story has been chosen for telling here is a work of fiction dealing with the time of our Lord, written by an eminent American soldier-author. Probably no tale of Bible times has enjoyed greater popularity than this graphic and thrilling romance of an imaginary young Jew who became a convert through the teachings of Jesus. General Lewis (better known as "Lew") Wallace, the author, was already known as a soldier and statesman, as well as a story-writer, when, in 1880, he published "Ben Hur," but the fame that book brought to him entirely eclipsed all his earlier achievements. He was fifty-three years of age when the story appeared, and few men so late in life have earned such world-wide popularity. With the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," probably no novel written in recent times has been more widely read. General Wallace died in 1905.

THE great city of Jerusalem and all the land of Judea were under the heel of Rome. A Roman official, known as the procurator, administered the government on behalf of the imperial power, and, supported by the stout blades of the Roman legionaries, kept the people of Jerusalem in subjection.

Such was the state of affairs when, some three years before the birth of Christ, a son, named Judah, was born to Ithamar, of the house of Hur, a prince of Jerusalem, and the richest man of his time. Judah Ben Hur, though of the Jewish race, was the playmate of Messala, the son of one of the high Roman officials at Jerusalem.

The friendship between the Jewish boy and the young pagan, who was two years his senior, seemed likely to endure, and Ben Hur did not cease to cherish the memory of his playmate during the five years that Messala was away in Rome for his education as a soldier. But when the Roman youth returned to Jerusalem, he was full of hatred to the Jewish people, having been taught in Rome to despise them as an inferior race.

Ben Hur realized, with sorrow, that the playmate and companion of his youth was likely to become the enemy of his manhood, for the young Jew was devoted to his own people. Ben Hur's father was now dead, but his mother consented to his becoming a soldier, on condition that he should never fight for Rome, but devote his arms to the service of Israel and the King of the Jews,

whose coming had been foretold by the prophets of old, and whom the Jewish people expected to come as a mighty conqueror.

Messala had not been long back in Jerusalem when the new procurator arrived from Rome. His name was Gratus, and his entry into the city was made the occasion of a grand procession, for the Romans rejoiced in spectacular display, especially when that conveyed to a subjected people some notion of the overwhelming power of Rome.

High up on the flat roof of the house of Hur the young Jewish noble stood to watch the procession pass, and, leaning over the parapet, dislodged by accident one of the heavy tiles, which, falling into the road below just as Gratus was riding past, struck him from his horse, and in the confusion that followed both Jews and Romans were ready to believe that a deliberate attempt had been made on the Roman official.

Though Gratus suffered but slightly from this accident, Messala denounced Ben Hur as an assassin, and without the semblance of a trial the youth was condemned to the galleys, while the palace of his fathers was seized in the name of the emperor, and no one knew to what fate his mother and his young sister Tirzah had been sent. Under a heavy guard, and subjected to the most cruel treatment, the youth was conveyed to the seacoast, and in the villages through which he passed there was none of his own people who would venture to brook the anger of the Roman guards by giving him food and drink, much though they pitied him. Only in passing through the little town of Nazareth did a youth, who accompanied an elderly man carrying the tools of a carpenter, come forward with quiet fearlessness to the Jewish prisoner, and, looking upon him with infinite pity, give him a drink of water before the astonished guards could interfere.

A PRINCE OF JERUSALEM AS A SLAVE IN THE GALLEYS OF ROME

A GALLEY-SLAVE was usually worn to death in a year or so, but Ben Hur had not abandoned the hope that he might yet live to fight for the Lord of Israel, and even in the awful depression of his new life, chained to a bench in the galley, and tugging wearily at a heavy oar, he clung to this hope. His shrewd mind told him that by changing from one side of the galley to the other



BEN HUR, HIS MOTHER, AND HIS SISTER, TIRZAH.

he would better be able to stand the strain of the toil, and this change he contrived to effect, so that he developed the strength and muscles of a giant, and became the best oarsman in the galley.

Three years had passed in this way, and never a word of kindness had the galley-slave heard, until it chanced that the "Astræa," as the galley on which he served was named, was made the chief vessel of a fleet of one hundred assembled under the great tribune Arrius, to do battle with the pirates in the Ionian Sea. The attention of Arrius had been directed to Ben Hur, who was said to be the best rower on the galley.

HOW THE GALLEY-SLAVE BECAME A RICH PRINCE AGAIN

"From thy speech thou art a Jew," said the noble tribune to him.

"My ancestors further back than the first Roman were Hebrews," was the proud answer.

"I have not been to Jerusalem," Arrius went on, "but I have heard of its princes. I knew one, a merchant who sailed the sea. He was fit to have been a king. Of what degree art thou?"

"My father was a prince of Jerusalem, and as a merchant he sailed the seas. He was known and honored in the guest-chamber of the great Augustus. His name was Ithamar, of the house of Hur."

The tribune raised his hand in astonishment, saying, "A son of Hur—thou?" For it was to Ithamar he had alluded. The noble Roman then heard for the first time the true story of how Ben Hur had been condemned without a trial, and resolved to examine into his case. Meanwhile, the galley required the service of its best rower, and Ben Hur went back to his toil at bench number 60. In the battle with the pirates the "Astræa" was wrecked. Arrius would have drowned but for the help of Ben Hur, and out of gratitude for this service, and pity for the youth's wrongs, the tribune adopted the young Jew as his heir.

A new life opened out again for the son of Ithamar, and he now spent five years learning the art of war at Rome. Arrius had died within that time, and Ben Hur possessed his wealth. A great expedition was preparing to attack the Parthians in the East, and Ben Hur took service in this so that he might experience real warfare, and be the better able to help his countrymen some day to throw off the yoke of Rome.

BEN HUR FINDS AN OLD FRIEND, AND HAS MORE GOOD FORTUNE

It was at the great and populous city of Antioch that the forces were being assembled, and thither Ben Hur went. Here, to his surprise, he found that the greatest merchant, whose ships crowded the harbor, was one Simonides, who had been his father's steward and slave; and, according to Jewish law, all that he possessed, including his own person, was the property of the son of Ithamar.

But in the mind of Ben Hur there was no thought of asserting his power over Simonides, and he sought him out solely to discover what had become of his mother and Tirzah. He found the merchant an aged man, broken in body, for he had been subjected to cruel torture by Gratus, when that tyrant had sought to make him disclose the sources of Ithamar's wealth. Simonides had defeated the designs of the Roman, and had employed his dead master's capital to such good purpose that he had become the richest merchant in all the world. When convinced that Ben Hur was indeed the son of his old master, he offered to surrender everything to him, according to the Jewish law.

Ben Hur, however, resolutely refused to profit by the devotion of Simonides, and would claim no more than that portion of the merchant's wealth which had been the property of his own father; though that of itself was sufficient to make its owner one of the richest men in the East. Liberty he could not give to Simonides or his daughter Esther, for by Jewish law a slave was a slave forever; but he determined never to assert his ownership. His joy at meeting again one who had known and faithfully served his father was shadowed by the fact that Simonides knew nothing of the fate that had befallen his mother and sister.

Now, Simonides had not at once accepted Ben Hur as his master, but had first made sure of the young man's character and the truth of his story by sending a trusted servant to take him about the crowded scenes of Antioch, and report on his behavior.

THE YOUNG JEWISH NOBLE DECIDES TO HUMBLE AN ENEMY

DURING a visit to the great circus where the favorite sport of chariot-racing was conducted, Ben Hur saw various charioteers practising their four-horse teams in the arena, and one of these he recognized as the haughty Messala, his old

playmate and false friend. A great meeting was to be held in this vast arena in a week's time, when the chariot-races would be the center of interest. Among the various teams was one of four beautiful Arab horses, which belonged to the Sheikh Ilderim, who was in despair because the Roman driver did not seem to know how to drive them, Arabian horses being used to gentle treatment, and Roman drivers being accustomed to the merciless use of the lash.

Later in the same day Ben Hur had an opportunity to test the giant strength of his muscles, which had been developed by his years as a galley-slave; for the haughty Messala came driving his chariot through the streets regardless of the traffic, and his horses would have run down a camel that rested with its load on the roadway, probably killing an old Egyptian and a beautiful young woman seated within the covered shelter on its back. Springing straight at the nearest horses, Ben Hur forced them into the center of the road, and so avoided a collision. Only one of almost superhuman strength could have hoped to achieve such a feat without injury; but Ben Hur knew his strength was far beyond that of the ordinary man.

BALTHASAR TELLS BEN HUR THE STORY OF THE STAR

PERHAPS it was the result of this incident that made him determined to humiliate his enemy, and so, seeking out the Sheikh Ilderim, he offered to drive his Arab horses in the chariot-race. A trial run convinced the sheikh that this young man of the powerful arms knew how to manage the team, and he consented to Ben Hur's driving his Arab four in the great race.

It was at the house of the sheikh that Ben Hur again met the old Egyptian whose life he had saved by preventing Messala's team from running down the camel. Balthasar was his name, and he was one of three wise men, who, having heard a mysterious Voice speaking to them, and, being guided by a star, had foregathered in the desert and made a pilgrimage to Nazareth to look upon the infant Jesus. From the lips of the old man Ben Hur heard the thrilling story, and rejoiced to think that perhaps the time was at hand when the prophesied King of the Jews would arise in his might as a great hero, and lead the ancient people to glorious triumphs over their Roman oppressors.

Simonides had also heard the story of Balthasar, and was eager to devote his enormous riches to fitting out an army to support this King of the Jews when he should rally all the nation

to the flag of Judah. Messala had meanwhile recognized Ben Hur, and was busily plotting to remove him from his path.

BEN HUR HAS NEWS OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTER, AND MAKES PLANS

A LETTER addressed to Gratus by Messala had fallen into the hands of the sheikh's desert riders, and from this it seemed clear that Ben Hur's mother and sister had been imprisoned by the Roman tyrant, and were possibly still languishing in some unknown cell. But as nothing could happen to Ben Hur's hurt before the race, it was decided that as soon as it was over he should go into hiding for a time, and afterward prosecute his search for his mother and sister. As the day of the sports came round, great excitement was displayed about the chances of the Arab team; for, not content with the hope of humiliating Messala by defeating him in the race, Ben Hur employed a loyal Jew to lay a trap for the haughty Roman by inducing him to stake his entire fortune on the outcome of the great race.

EXCITEMENT OF THE RACES IN THE CIRCUS AT ANTIOCH

IN no city of the Roman world at that time, other than Rome itself, could so vast a gathering of people have been got together as that which assembled to witness the sports at Antioch. In the great chariot-race there were six contestants, and Ben Hur was the favorite, because he stood for the Jewish people and their hatred of the Romans, and there were many Jews in Antioch.

The excitement of the multitude was intense as they saw the brutal Messala deliberately direct his chariot against one of the others that appeared to be gaining on him, and upset the driver, who was borne from the arena in a dying condition. Ben Hur calmly and without a whip urged his beautiful Arabians to the gallop, seeming to pay no heed to the frantic efforts of his competitors, for his steeds were vastly superior to all others, except, perhaps, those driven by Messala. Steadily they drew on until it was a race between the Roman and the Jew.

In the breathless stillness of the excited multitude, the thunder of the horses' hoofs and the roll of the chariot-wheels seemed to fill the arena with that sense of hatred which rose in every Jewish breast at the thought of the Roman oppressor, when suddenly Messala, standing sideways in his chariot, brought his long whip with vicious force across the backs of Ben Hur's team.

L. Gerome.

THE VICTORY OF CHARIOT RACING

The picturesque and exciting Roman pastime, chariot racing, undoubtedly suggested to General Lew Wallace the most thrilling scene in his famous story, "Ben Hur." Typical costumes of the intrepid drivers are shown in the picture, the dark picture at the left representing the vengeful Messala, the one on the right, Ben Hur himself.

The ancient Romans found their keenest pleasure in the strenuous contests of the chariot drivers. Here were stout fellows, strong captives taken in war and fierce beasts of the desert. But no sport was so highly esteemed as the chariot-race, where swift and beautiful horses tore like the wind through the big arena, round and round, till the goal was reached. Then amid the deafening plaudits of wildly excited thousands, the proud victor became, for a time, the idol of the fickle public.

HOW BEN HUR DEFEATED HIS HAUGHTY RIVAL IN THE RACE

A SHRIEK of indignation went up from all the Jewish spectators, and from many a Roman, too, as those beautiful Arab steeds, trained in gentleness, and never before touched with a lash, startled and terrified by the pain of the coward's blow, broke wildly from their steady and sure pace. They would have become utterly unmanageable but for the giant strength which three years in the galleys had given to the muscles of Ben Hur. With more than human power, as it seemed to the excited audience, he curbed the frantic beasts, and, bringing them once more into their steady pace, gained again on his Roman enemy.

Seven times round the great arena was the length of the race, and they were now at the last turn, when Ben Hur, urging his horses to their utmost, took the outward sweep, and, coming abreast of the Roman, deftly guided his horses so that the wheel of his chariot caught the outer wheel of Messala's, upsetting it and throwing the Roman beneath the hoofs of his prancing horses. Crippled for life, his enemy was carried from the scene, and Ben Hur was declared the winner, so that every Roman who had wagered in favor of Messala lost his money, and that evil man himself had lost his entire fortune.

Ben Hur at once withdrew to a place of hiding until he might proceed to Jerusalem to search for his mother and sister. But he had little to fear from any vengeance of Gratus, as that unjust governor had now been displaced, and one named Pontius Pilate ruled in his stead.

WHAT HAPPENED AT JERUSALEM UNDER PILATE

THE new governor, in taking over his charge, had discovered that in a subterranean prison, attended by a dumb jailer, were two women, who had long been kept there by Gratus, and from the terrible existence they had led they had both been stricken with leprosy.

He gave orders that they should be liberated and sent to the hill outside the city, where, in the dismal caves and tombs, the lepers of Jerusalem were left to sink into death. In passing by the house of Hur, the women saw a young man sleeping at the gate, and knew him for son and brother, but hastened on so that he might rather think them dead than lepers. An old servant encountered them, however, and daily

took them food to their hiding-place, under a solemn oath never to reveal their identity.

When Ben Hur at length had news of the fate of his dear ones, every effort to discover them was vain, and, thinking them to be dead, he now devoted himself to raising an army to fight for the King of the Jews when he should come.

Now, at this time, the infant whom Balthasar had journeyed to Nazareth to look upon had grown into manhood, and had been going about throughout Judaea teaching the common people to practice gentleness and mercy, to worship God in holiness, and to believe in him and his son Jesus if they would be saved. The fame of his teaching had gradually spread to distant places, and although this was no princely conqueror, such as the Jews expected, there were already those who believed Jesus to be in very truth the Messiah.

Among these believers was Balthasar, whom Ben Hur met again on his way to look upon the teacher he had worshiped as a babe. The young Jew accompanied the old man on his journey, and when he saw the Nazarene he recognized in him the gentle face and pitying eyes that belonged to the little carpenter who gave him water to drink when the Roman guards were taking him to the galleys. Thrilled and fascinated though he was by this gentlest of teachers, he was not without a feeling of disappointment when he thought of all his preparations to raise an army that would fight with mortal weapons for the King of the Jews.

BEN HUR BECOMES A FOLLOWER OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

BUT from place to place he followed Jesus, observing him closely, witnessing the miracles that he wrought, believing in him, though still hoping that he might be called upon to fight for him as an earthly prince, for he could not understand why the kingdom of Jesus was not of this world. So it came about that Ben Hur was one of the multitude that went up to Jerusalem with Jesus.

As they were passing the hill of the lepers two women ran down, and, throwing themselves at the feet of the Master, besought him to make them clean. Though he saw Jesus bless them and tell them that their faith had made them clean, Ben Hur, curious, and still a little doubting, lingered behind to see if it was even as the Master had said, and behold! his mother and his sister stood before him restored to health.

It was required by the law that persons who

had been cured of leprosy should tarry without the walls of Jerusalem for nine days before being allowed to return to their homes. Thus Ben Hur, who would not desert his mother and Tirzah during these nine days which they had to wait outside the city, was not present at those world-moving scenes when the Jewish multitude, disappointed at not finding in Jesus the conquering prince of earthly power whom they had expected, had turned against the gentle teacher of humility and holiness. Nay, in that short time the rabble and the priests had hounded him to death and drawn from the reluctant Pontius Pilate consent to his execution. Ben Hur would now have raised his carefully drilled legions to rescue Jesus, but too late he discovered that all but two of his recruits had joined in the hostile rabble.

Among the multitude that awful day when Jesus was crucified on the hill of Calvary, Ben Hur stood, in company with Simonides and Balthasar, all believers that the figure on the central cross was that of the true Messiah. So affected by the dreadful scene was Balthasar that, before the earthquake had come to strike terror through

all that multitude, his spirit had taken flight to be with him who perished on the cross.

It was not many years after this greatest event in the history of the world that Ben Hur, who had married the daughter of Simonides, determined to use his riches in the cause of Christianity, to which Simonides also consecrated his vast wealth. At Rome the infamous Emperor Nero was now at the height of his short but awful reign of persecution, and by wholesale slaughter he sought to reduce the growing numbers of Christians throughout his dominions.

But in these days of persecution the Christians clung tenaciously to their faith, and near the city of Rome we can see to this day the wonderful catacombs, or underground cities, consisting of endless tunnels and cells, and even little chapels, in which, fleeing from the wrath of the monster Emperor, the Christians lived and worshipped God hidden from the light of day.

To the construction of these catacombs the fortunes of Ben Hur and Simonides were devoted, and there are no memorials of the early Christians and their devotion to the teaching of Christ more eloquent than these ancient ruins.



INTERIOR OF THE GALLEY-SHIP IN WHICH BEN HUR SERVED AS A ROWER.



THE MODERN SHORT STORY

SHORT STORIES AND SHORT-STORY WRITERS

A short story is a form of fiction that is supposed to deal, like the novel, with real life and real people. In fact, the best way to tell you what a short story is is to say that it is a novel on a small scale, just as you might call a hill a mountain on a small scale.

The short story has really only been brought to perfection within recent times, although short stories of a sort were written away back in the ancient days of Greece. A collection of Greek short stories, called "Milesian Tales," was translated into Latin about a hundred years before Christ, and a short story, called "Daphnis and Chloe," by a Greek writer named Longus, is famous even yet. In the Middle Ages, when the long romances that I told you about were so popular, short romances something like short stories in form were also written, such as the famous "Aucassin and Nicolette"; and Geoffrey Chaucer, the great English poet, wrote a story called "The Pardoner's Tale," which is very much like the modern short story. Of course you remember what I told you about the Italian novelle, which had so much vogue in England, and were more like our short stories than anything written up to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The real development of the short story began with the nineteenth century, and much of the credit for it must be given to France and America. France, perhaps, was the first in the field, and "The Valley of the Dead Man," a story by a French writer named Charles Nodier, is generally looked upon as the first real short story. Nodier lived about the same time as our own Washington Irving, who also wrote some short stories. "Rip Van Winkle" is a very good

example of the short story as it was known at that time. England, about the same time, had two writers of short stories in Thomas De Quincey and Walter Savage Landor; but their stories are not as good specimens of that form of writing as are those of the French and American writers. Nodier was followed in France by several very great writers of short stories, notably Balzac, Gautier, Mérimée, Flaubert, Daudet, and Maupassant. Mérimée's "Carmen" is a very famous short story. It may be said, however, of the French short-story writers in general, that they usually selected very unpleasant subjects for their stories, and I do not advise you to read any of them.

While these writers were flourishing in France, two writers sprang up in America who stand among the greatest masters of the short story—Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe. Indeed, Poe is looked upon by many authorities as the greatest short-story writer that ever lived; but some might think it unfortunate that he so often chose gloomy and horrible subjects. Hawthorne's stories are, upon the whole, healthier and more cheerful, and many of them, such as "The White Old Maid," "The Great Stone Face," "David Swan," and "The Ambitious Guest," are among the finest things of their kind ever written.

A form of short story that Poe also brought to perfection was the detective story, which he made very popular. France has produced a great writer of detective stories named Émile Gaboriau, and you have, of course, heard of the famous Sherlock Holmes stories by the English writer Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The greatest short-story writer America has produced

since Poe and Hawthorne is Francis Bret Harte, whose "Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Outcasts of Poker Flat" are famous all over the world. Very good short stories have also been written by Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Fitz-James O'Brien, Bayard Taylor, Louisa May Alcott, and Sydney Porter ("O. Henry").

England has not produced so many writers of great short stories as has America, but a high place must be given to the stories of Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Leonard Merrick. Kipling's stories are among the best that have been written in recent times. A large number of his stories of English soldier-life in India, which make very amusing reading, are collected under the title of "Soldiers Three." Even better, perhaps, are two other collections of tales about the ways of men and beasts in the jungles of India, called "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book." You must read the Jungle Books, if you have not already done so, and you ought

also to read "Wee Willie Winkie," which is one of the most delightful stories this author has written. The best short stories of Robert Louis Stevenson are in three well-known collections: the "New Arabian Nights," "The Merry Men," and "Island Nights' Entertainments."

The few examples of the short story that are given here are meant to show how good things are written in this form, and they will also be found interesting for their own sake. Then in other parts of this series you will find many more short stories, in such variety as to please every taste.

You have, no doubt, read many short stories. They are probably the most popular form of fiction at the present time. There are thousands and thousands of them already in existence, and hundreds of new ones come out every month in the pages of the magazines. So it is not easy to pick from such a great store of good things. But I am quite sure that you will enjoy the following selections.



THE HOLE IN THE CANNA-BED

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

ONE evening in May, Chuckie Wuckie's papa finished setting out the plants in the front yard. Into one large bed he put a dozen fine cannas. They looked like fresh young shoots of corn. He told Chuckie Wuckie that when summer came they would grow tall, with great spreading leaves and beautiful red-and-yellow blossoms.

"Taller than me, papa?" asked the little girl, trying to imagine what they would look like.

"Much taller; as tall as I am."

Chuckie Wuckie listened gravely while papa

told her she must be very careful about the canna-bed. She must not throw her ball into it, or dig there, or set a foot in the black, smooth earth. She nodded her head solemnly, and made a faithful promise. Then she gathered up her tiny rake and hoe and spade, and carried them to the vine-covered shed to put beside her father's tools.

Next morning, when papa went to look at the canna-bed, he discovered close beside one of the largest plants a snug, round hole. It looked like a little nest. He found Chuckie dig-

ging with an iron spoon in the ground beside the fence.

"Dearie," he said, "do you remember I told you, last night, that you must not dig in the canna-bed?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Come and see the hole I found there."

So Chuckie Wuckie trotted along at her father's heels. She stood watching him as he filled in the hole and smoothed down the earth.

"I did not dig it," said Chuckie Wuckie. "I just came and looked to see if the canna had grown any through the night, but I did not dig it."

"Really?" asked her papa, very gravely.

"Really and truly, I did not put my foot on there," said Chuckie Wuckie.

Papa did not say another word. But he could not help thinking that the hole looked as if the iron spoon had neatly scooped it out.

Next morning he found the hole dug there again, and Chuckie Wuckie was still busy in her corner by the fence. He did not speak of it, however. There were prints of small feet on the edge. He only smoothed down the earth and raked the bed. He did this for three mornings, then he led Chuckie Wuckie again to the canna-bed.

"Papa," she said earnestly, "I did not dig there. Truly, I did n't. The hole is there every morning. I found it to-day before you came out, but I did not dig it." There were tears in her brown eyes.

"I believe you, Chuckie Wuckie dear," said her father, earnestly.

That night the little girl stood at the gate,

watching for her father to jump off the car. She could hardly wait for him to kiss her. She took his hand and led him to the canna-bed.



"PAPA TOLD HER SHE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THE CANNA-BED."

"Look!" she cried eagerly.

She was pointing excitedly to a hole beside the roots of a fresh, green canna plant.

"That hole again," said her father. "There 's a stone in it now, is n't there?"

"No, that 's what I thought; stoop down and look close, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie.

It was the head of a fat hop-toad, but all that could be seen was its mouth and bright eyes. It



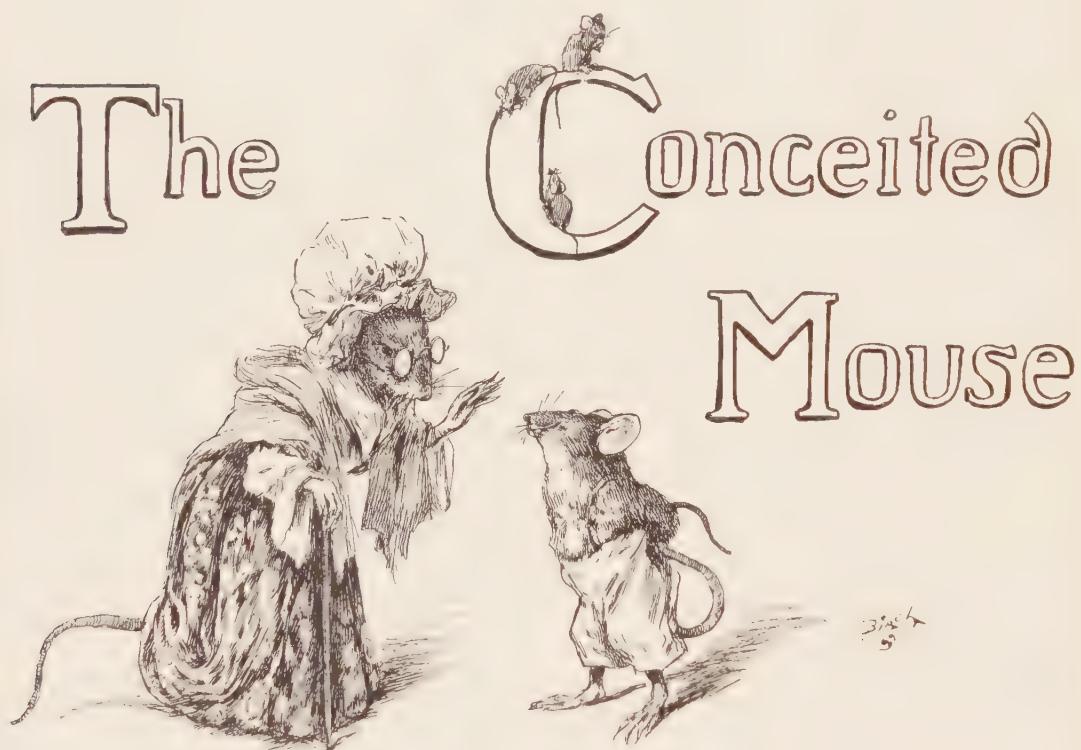
was staring at them. Papa poked it with the point of his umbrella. It scrambled deeper into the hole, until there was nothing to be seen but the dirt. It was slowly changing to the color of the black earth.

"I watched him," cried Chuckie Wuckie, excitedly—"oh, for an hour! When I found him he was just hopping on the canna-bed. He was looking for his house. He acted as if the door had been shut in his face. Then he began to open it. He crawled and scrambled round and round, and threw up the dirt, and poked and pushed. At

last he had the hole made, just as it is every morning, and he crawled in. Then he lay and blinked at me."

"Clever fellow," said papa. "Well, we won't grudge him a home, and we won't shut the door again in his face, will we, Chuckie Wuckie?"

The cannas have grown very tall now—almost as tall as Chuckie Wuckie's papa—and so thick that you cannot see where the roots are; but a fat, brown hop-toad has a snug, cool, safe little nest there, and he gratefully crawls into it when the sun grows very hot.



BY ELLA FOSTER CASE

ONCE upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he did n't know his own grandmother could n't tell him.

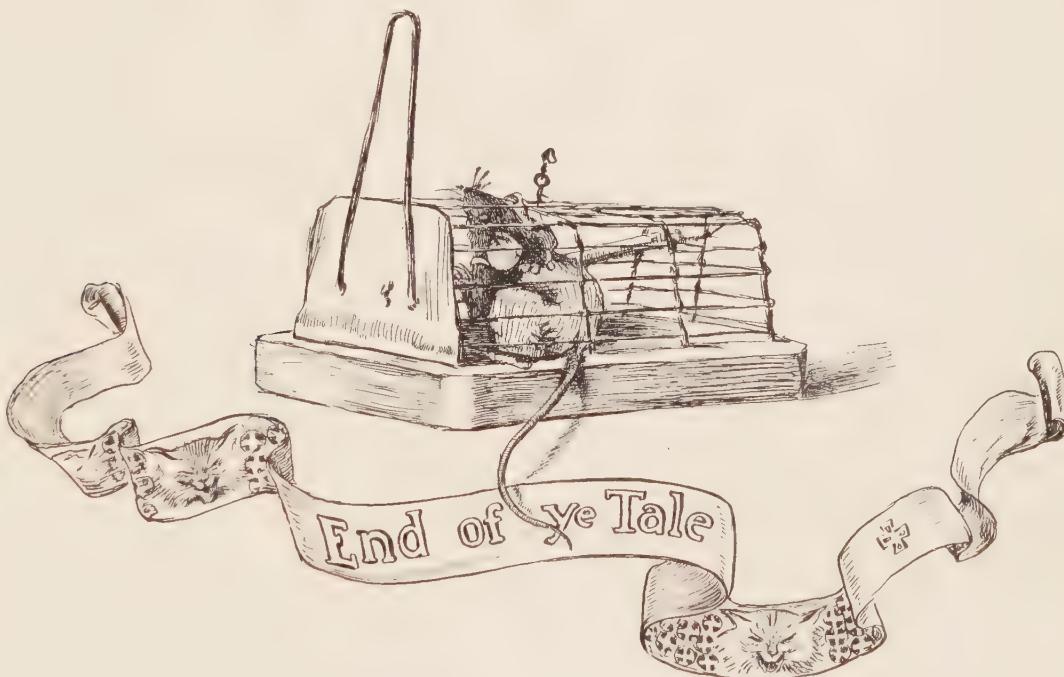
"You'd better keep a bright eye in your head, these days," said she, one chilly afternoon. "Your gran'ther has smelled a trap."

"Scat!" answered the small mouse—" 's if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, "cheese—as I'm alive!" Scuttle—scuttle. "I'll be squizzled, if it is n't in that cunning little house; I know what that is—a cheese-house, of course. What a

very snug hall! That 's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I 've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it 's so open—to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there—guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Would n't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I 'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What 's that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is—but what if it should turn out to be a—O-o-o-eeee!" And that 's just what it did turn out to be.



THE BOY'S MANNERS*

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE Boy was going out to Roxbury. He was going alone, though he was only five years old. His Aunt Mary had put him in the horse-car, and the car went directly past his house; and the Boy

"hoped he *did* know enough to ask somebody big to ask the conductor to stop the car."

So there the Boy was, all alone and very proud, with his legs sticking straight out, because they

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were not long enough to hang over—but he did not mind that, because it showed his trousers all the better—and his five cents clutched tight in his little warm hand.

Proud as he was, the Boy had a slight feeling of uneasiness somewhere down in the bottom of his heart. His Aunt Mary had just been reading "Jack and the Beanstalk" to him, and he was not quite sure that the man opposite him was not an ogre. He was a very, very large man, about twelve feet tall, the boy thought, and at least nine feet round. He had a wide mouth, full of sharp-looking teeth, and he rolled his eyes as he read the newspaper. He was not dressed like an ogre, and he carried no knife in sight; but it might be in one of the pockets of his big gray coat.

Altogether the Boy did not like the looks of this man at all, but nobody else seemed to mind him. A pretty girl sat down close beside him—a plump, tender-looking young girl—but the big man took no notice of her or anybody else, and kept on reading his newspaper and rolling his eyes.

So the Boy sat still, only keeping a good lookout, so that if this formidable person *should* pull out a knife, or begin to grind his teeth and roar, "Fee! fi! fo! fum!" he could slip off the seat and out at the door before his huge enemy could get upon his feet.

The car began to fill up rapidly. Soon every seat was occupied, and several men were standing up. One of them trod, by accident, on the ogre's toe—the Boy could not help calling him the ogre, though he felt it might not be right—and he gave a kind of growl, which made the Boy quiver and prepare to jump; but his eyes never moved from his newspaper, so the Boy sat still.

By and by a poor woman got in, with a heavy baby in her arms. She looked very tired, but though there were several other men sitting down beside the big gray one, no one moved to give the woman a seat.

The Boy remembered his manners, and knew that he ought to get up; but then came the thought, "If I get up, I shall be close to the ogre, for there is no standing-room anywhere else. I am wedged so close between these two ladies that I can hardly get out; and if I do, there cannot possibly be room for that large woman."

The Boy gave heed to this thought, though he knew in his heart that it did not make any difference. Just then the tired woman gave a sigh and shifted the heavy baby to the other arm.

The Boy did not wait any longer, but slipped at once down from his seat. "Here is a little room, ma'am!" he said, in his clear, childish

voice. "There is n't enough for you, but you might put the baby down, and rest your arms."

At that moment the car gave a lurch, and the Boy lost his balance and fell forward—right against the knees of the ogre.

"Hi! hi!" said the big man, putting aside the newspaper, "what's all this? Hey?"

The Boy could not speak for fright; but the poor woman answered, "It's the dear little gentleman offering me his seat for the baby, sir! The Lord bless him for a little jewel that he is!"

"Hi! hi!" growled the big man, getting heavily up from his seat and still holding the Boy's arm, which he had grasped as the child fell, "this won't do! One gentleman in the car, eh? And an old fellow reading his newspaper! Here, sit down here, my friend!" and he helped the woman to his seat, and bowed to her as if she were a duchess. "And as for you, Hop-o'-my-thumb—" Then he stooped and took the Boy up, and set him on his left arm, which was as big as a table. "There, sir!" he said, "sit you there and be comfortable, as you deserve."

The Boy sat very still; indeed, he was too frightened to move. Since the man had called him Hop-o'-my-thumb, he was quite sure that he must be an ogre; perhaps the very ogre from whom Hop and his brothers escaped. The book said he died, but books do not always tell the truth; Papa said so.

When the big man began to feel in the right-hand pocket of his gray coat, the child trembled so excessively that he shook the great arm on which he sat.

The man looked quickly at him. "What is the matter, my lad?" he asked; and his voice, though gruff, did not sound unkind. "You are not afraid of a big man, are you? Do you think I am an ogre?"

"Yes!" said the boy; and he gave one sob, and then stopped himself.

The gray man burst into a great roar of laughter, which made every one in the car jump in his seat.

Still laughing, he drew his hand from his pocket, and in it was—not a knife, but a beautiful, shining, golden pear. "Take that, young Hop-o'-my-thumb," he said, putting it in the Boy's hands. "If you will eat that, I promise not to eat you—not even to take a single bite. Are you satisfied?"

The boy ventured to raise his eyes to the man's face; and there he saw such a kind, funny, laughing look that before he knew it he was laughing, too.

"I don't believe you are an ogre, after all!" he said.

"Don't you?" said the big man. "Well, neither do I! But you may as well eat the pear, just the same."

And the Boy did.

BECKY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

(From "*Little Women*")

ALL alone by the kitchen fire, sat little Becky, for every one else had gone away to keep Christmas and left her to take care of the house. Nobody had thought to give her any presents, or take her to any merrymaking, or remembered that Christmas should be made a happy time to every child, whether poor or rich.

She was only twelve years old—this little girl from the poorhouse, who was bound to work for the farmer's wife till she was eighteen. She had no father or mother, no friends or home but this, and as she sat alone by the fire her little heart ached for some one to love and cherish her.

Becky was a shy, quiet child, with a thin face and wistful eyes that always seemed trying to find something that she wanted very much. She worked away, day after day, so patiently and silently that no one ever guessed what curious thoughts filled the little crooked head, or what a tender child's heart was hidden under the blue-checked pinafore.

To-night she was wishing that there were fairies in the world, who would whisk down the chimney and give her quantities of pretty things, as they did in the delightful fairy tales.

"I'm sure I am as poor and lonely as Cinderella, and need a kind godmother to help me as much as ever she did," said Becky to herself. She sat on her little stool staring at the fire, which did n't burn very well; for she felt too much out of sorts to care whether things looked cheerful or not.

There is an old belief that all dumb things can speak for one hour on Christmas Eve. Now, Becky knew nothing of this story and no one can say whether what happened was true or whether she fell asleep and dreamed it. But certain it is when Becky compared herself to Cinderella, she was amazed to hear a small voice reply:

"Well, my dear, if you want advice, I shall be very glad to give you some, for I've had much experience in this trying world."

Becky stared about her, but all she saw was the old gray cat, blinking at the fire.

"Did you speak, Tabby?" said the child, at last.

"Of course I did. If you wish a godmother, here I am."

Becky laughed at the idea; but Puss, with her silver-gray suit, white handkerchief crossed on her bosom, kind, motherly old face, and cozy purr, did make a very good Quakerish little godmother after all.

"Well, ma'am, I'm ready to listen," said Becky respectfully.

"First, my child, what do you want most?" asked the godmother, quite in the fairy-book style.

"To be loved by everybody," answered Becky.

"Good!" said the cat. "I'm pleased with that answer; it's sensible, and I'll tell you how to get your wish. Learn to make people love you by loving them."

"I don't know how," sighed Becky.

"No more did I in the beginning," returned Puss. "When I first came here, a shy young kitten, I thought only of keeping out of everybody's way, for I was afraid of every one. I hid under the barn and only came out when no one was near. I was n't happy, for I wanted to be petted, but did n't know how to begin. One day I heard Aunt Sally say to the master: 'James, that wild kitten is n't any use at all, you had better drown her and get a nice tame one to amuse the children and clear the house of mice.' 'The poor thing has been abused, I guess, so we will give her another trial and maybe she will come to trust us after a while,' said the good master. I thought over these things as I lay under the barn and resolved to do my best, for I did not want to be drowned. It was hard at first, but I began by coming out when little Jane called me and letting her play with me. Then I ventured into the house, and finding a welcome at my first visit, I went again, and took a mouse with me to show that I was n't idle. No one hurt or frightened me and soon I was the household pet. For several years I have led a happy life here."

Becky listened eagerly and when Puss had ended she said timidly: "Do you think if I try not to be afraid, but to show that I want to be affectionate, the people will let me and will like it?"

"Very sure. I heard the mistress say you were a good, handy little thing. Do as I did, my dear, and you will find that there is plenty of love in the world."

"I will. Thank you, dear old Puss, for your advice."

Puss came to rub her soft cheek against Becky's hand, and then settled herself in a cozy hunch in Becky's lap. Presently another voice spoke, a queer, monotonous voice, high above her.

"Tick, tick; wish again, little Becky, and I'll tell you how to find your wish."

It was the old moon-faced clock behind the door, which had struck twelve just before Tabby first spoke.

"Dear me," said Becky, "how queerly things do act to-night!" She thought a moment, then said soberly: "I wish I liked my work better. Washing dishes, picking chips, and hemming towels is such tiresome work, I don't see how I can go on doing it for six more years."

"Just what I used to feel," said the clock. "I could n't bear to think that I had got to stand here and do nothing but tick year after year. I flatly said I would n't, and I stopped a dozen times a day. Bless me, what a fuss I made until I was put in this corner to stand idle for several months. At first I rejoiced, then I got tired of doing nothing and began to reflect that as I was born a clock, it would be wiser to do my duty and get some satisfaction out of it if I could."

"And so you went to going again? Please teach me to be faithful and to love my duty," cried Becky.

"I will"; and the old clock grandly struck the half-hour, with a smile on its round face, as it steadily ticked on.

Here the fire blazed up and the tea-kettle hanging on the crane began to sing.

"How cheerful that is!" said Becky, as the whole kitchen brightened with the ruddy glow. "If I could have a third wish, I'd wish to be as cheerful as the fire."

"Have your wish if you choose, but you must work for it, as I do," cried the fire, as its flames embraced the old kettle till it gurgled with pleasure.

Becky thought she heard a queer voice humming these words:

"I'm an old black kettle,
With a very crooked nose;
But I can't help being gay
When the jolly fire glows."

"I should n't wonder a mite if that child had been up to mischief to-night, rummaged all over the house, eaten herself sick, or stolen something and run away with it," fretted Aunt Sally, as the family went jingling home in the big sleigh about one o'clock from the Christmas party.

"Tut, tut, Aunty, I would n't think evil of the poor little thing. If I'd had my way she would have gone with us and had a good time. She does n't look as if she had seen many, and I have a notion it is what she needs," said the farmer kindly.

"The thought of her alone at home has worried me all the evening, but she did n't seem to mind, and I have n't had time to get a respectable dress ready for her to wear, so I let it go," added the farmer's wife, as she cuddled little Jane under the cloaks and shawls, with a regretful memory of Becky knocking at her heart.

"I've got some pop-corn and a bouncing big apple for her," said Billy, the red-faced lad perched up by his father playing drive.

"And I'll give her one of my dolls. She said she never had one; was n't that dreadful?" put in little Jane, popping out her head like a bird from its nest.

"Better see what she has been doing first," advised Aunt Sally. "If she has n't done any mischief and has remembered to have the kettle boiling so I can have a cup of hot tea after my ride, and if she has kept the fire up and warmed my slippers, I don't know but I'll give her the red mittens I knit."

They found poor Becky lying on the bare floor, her head pillow'd on the stool, and old Tabby in her arms, with a corner of the blue pinafore spread over her. The fire was burning splendidly, the kettle simmering, and in a row upon the hearth stood, not only Aunt Sally's old slippers, but those of master and mistress also, and over a chair hung two little nightgowns warming for the children.

"Well, now, who could have been more thoughtful than that!" said Aunt Sally. "Becky shall have those mittens, and I'll knit her two pairs of stockings, that I will."

So Aunt Sally laid the gay mittens close to the little rough hand that had worked so busily all day. Billy set his big red apple and bag of pop-corn just where she would see them when she woke. Jane laid the doll in Becky's arms, and Tabby smelt of it approvingly, to the children's delight. The farmer had no present ready, but he stroked the little cropped head with a fatherly touch that made Becky smile in her sleep, as he said within himself: "I will do by this forlorn child as I would wish any one to do by my Janey if she were left alone." But the mother gave the best gift of all, for she stooped down and kissed Becky as only mothers can kiss. The good woman's heart reproached her for neglect of the child who had no mother.

That unusual touch wakened Becky at once, and looking about her with astonished eyes, she saw such a wonderful change in all the faces, that she clapped her hands and cried with a happy laugh,

"My dream's come true! Oh, my dream's come true!"

THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

In the story that is here given in an abridged form, with a few short words used in place of long ones, the pretended writer's grand-uncle, Rumgudgeon, agrees to let him marry Kate on the condition stated as follows: "You shall have my consent; and the PLUM [fortune], we must n't forget the plum . . . WHEN THREE SUNDAYS COME TOGETHER IN A WEEK."

It happened then—so the Fates ordered it—that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence each in foreign travel.

In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I paid Uncle Rumgudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth.

For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn:

Capt. Pratt. "Well, I have been absent just one year. Just one year to-day, as I live—let me see! yes!—this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called, this day year, to bid you good-by. And, by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence, does it not, that our friend, Captain Smitherton, here, has been absent exactly a year also—a year to-day?"

Smitherton. "Yes! just one year to a fraction. You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day last year, to pay my parting respects."

Uncle. "Yes, yes, yes—I remember it very well—very queer indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed! Just what Doctor Dubble L. Dee would call wonderful. Doctor Dub—"

Kate [interrupting]. "To be sure, papa, it is something strange; but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton did n't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know."

Uncle. "I don't know any such thing! How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Dubble L. Dee—"

Kate. "Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope."

Uncle. "Precisely!—the one went east and the other went west, and they both have gone quite round the world. By the by, Doctor Dubble L. Dee—"

Myslef [hurriedly]. "Captain Pratt, you must

come and spend the evening with us to-morrow—you and Smitherton—you can tell us all about your voyage, and we 'll have a game of whist, and—"

Pratt. "Whist, my dear fellow—you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening—"

Kate. "Oh no, fie!—Robert 's not quite so bad as that. *To-day* 's Sunday."

Uncle. "To be sure—to be sure!"

Pratt. "I beg both your pardons—but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow 's Sunday, because—"

Smitherton [much surprised]. "What are you all thinking about! Was n't *yesterday* Sunday, I should like to know?"

All. "Yesterday, indeed! you are out!"

Uncle. "To-day 's Sunday, I say—don't I know?"

Pratt. "Oh no!—to-morrow 's Sunday."

Smitherton. "You are *all* mad—every one of you. I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday, as I am that I sit upon this chair."

Kate [jumping up eagerly]. "I see it—I see it all. Papa, this is a judgment upon you, about—about you know what. Let me alone, and I 'll explain it all in a minute. It 's a very simple thing, indeed."

"Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday: so it was; he is right. Cousin Bobby, and papa, and I say that to-day is Sunday: so it is; we are right. Captain Pratt maintains that to-morrow will be Sunday: so it will; he is right too. The fact is we are all right, and thus *three Sundays have come together in a week.*"

Smitherton [after a pause]. "By the by, Pratt, Kate has us completely; the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis—revolves—spins round—these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon?"

Uncle. "To be sure, to be sure—Doctor Dub—"

Smitherton [drowning his voice]. "Well, sir; that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now, suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do."

"Proceeding in the same direction yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours—another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours, and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when, having

gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day *in advance* of your time. Understand, eh?"

Uncle. "But Dubble L. Dee—"

Smitherton [speaking very loud]. "Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west, was twenty-four hours, or one day, *behind* the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday—thus, with you, to-day is

Sunday—and thus, with Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is quite clear that we are *all right*; for there can be no reason why the idea of one of us should have preference over that of the other."

Uncle. "My eyes!—well, Kate—well, Bobby!—this *is* a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word—*mark that!* you shall have her, boy (plum and all), when you please. Done up, by Jove! Three Sundays all in a row! I 'll go and take Dubble L. Dee's opinion upon *that*."

THE LUCK OF LUN CHUN FOO

AN ORIENTAL FISH STORY



I. RISING TO THE BAIT.



II. A BAIT.



III. CAUGHT.



IV. LANDED.



LIFE-SKETCHES OF GREAT SCIENTISTS

You hear and read very much about the great inventors who have given to the world so many valuable and wonderful things. But you ought to know that most of those great things would hardly be done by inventors were it not for the work first done by other great men called scientists. Everything in the world, you know, from the smallest to the biggest thing, from the tiniest pebble or blade of grass to the greatest man, is made and grows and changes according to certain laws. And the scientists are men who set themselves to study and find out all they can about those laws. A doctor, for instance, studies the laws that govern the growth and changes of the human body and so a doctor is a scientist.

Now the world has been lucky enough to have contained very many great scientists, and I will tell you about a few of those just to show you the sort of things they do.

Sometime you may have to go to a dentist and get one of your teeth pulled; and, in order to save you from pain, the dentist will perhaps put a rubber cap over your face and make you take long breaths until you don't know any more what is going on around you or what is being done to you. Now the stuff you breathe from that rubber cap is called laughing-gas, and its peculiar effect was first discovered by an English scientist, Sir Humphry Davy.

He was born at Penzance, Cornwall, December 17, 1778, and went to school at Truro, a town not far away. At school he was noted for his wonderful memory and for his great love of poetry. He learned more poetry than any of the other boys in the school, and he was good at remembering it. He had a habit that seemed strange to the other boys, but which he found very useful in later life, of always carrying a note-book with him and writing down in it everything interesting that he saw or heard about. And he kept up this habit when he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Penzance.

When he had been for some time with the surgeon, he noticed that he had more down in his note-book about chemistry than about anything

else, and more about gases than about any other part of chemistry. So he set himself to study chemistry in particular, and especially gases. That is how he came to find out things that nobody knew before about laughing-gas, and his discovery, which was afterward applied by others in dentistry, has saved pain to thousands and thousands of people who have had to get their teeth pulled.

Humphry Davy found out much about other gases too, and he discovered how to make certain poor soils richer by using chemicals. But his most valuable discovery was the miners' safety-lamp. You know that men who work in mines run very great risks. Their greatest risk used to be from a dangerous gas, called fire-damp, that was liable to explode at any minute and blow the mine to destruction and the miners to pieces. Of course, they always had to carry lights into the mine so that they could see, and it was those lights that caused the fire-damp to explode. Davy wanted to prevent the loss of life by explosions in the mines, so he studied all about the nature of fire-damp, and made a safety-lamp that couldn't cause its explosion. This invention is called a Davy lamp, and also simply a davy, in honor of the inventor.

Humphry Davy became famous all over the world on account of his discoveries and the King of England honored him by making him a knight. So great was his fame that Napoleon Bonaparte gave him special permission to enter France in 1812, though England and France were at war at that time. And when Davy died at Geneva, May 29, 1829, the government of Geneva gave him a public funeral at its own expense.

For many years Sir Humphry Davy had as his secretary and assistant a big, shy, awkward lad named Michael Faraday, who afterward became as famous as Davy himself. Faraday, the son of a London blacksmith, was born September 22, 1791. Though he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, his real interest was in electricity, and he spent all his spare time studying it. When he became secretary to Sir Humphry Davy he had

a better chance to study his favorite subject, and he made such good use of it that his name is one of the greatest in the history of electrical science. The chief things that electricity owes to Faraday are the dynamo and the magneto; and though you may not know what those things are, you may take my word for it that they were very important discoveries. Faraday was widely loved and respected as a generous, kind-hearted, and religious man. His health was very delicate in his later years, but he did as much work as a strong man would, because he felt that he owed the best that was in him to the world. So he sacrificed himself for the good of mankind. He died August 25, 1867.

Another scientist to whom electricity owes very much is Count Alessandro Volta who was born in Italy, February 18, 1745, and died March 5, 1827. He was a famous professor, and was made a count by Napoleon. Volta made the first electric battery and discovered many other valuable things about electricity.

While Sir Humphry Davy was still at school, there was another man in England studying gases, and this man also found out several valuable things. His name was Joseph Priestley. He was born March 13, 1733. People knew him chiefly as a minister who preached good sermons and could speak eight languages. Near the minister's house was a brewery which gave off very strong smells, as breweries do. These smells set the minister to thinking about gases and led to several ideas that he turned to good account. Joseph Priestley discovered oxygen, the most life-giving part of the air we breathe, and several other gases that nobody knew anything about before. He spent the last years of his life at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, where he died, February 6, 1804.

You have, no doubt, sometimes visited a botanical garden—if you have not you ought to do so the first chance you get. You will notice that all the plants and trees and flowers are labeled with their names and the class they belong to. You didn't know, perhaps, that there are families of plants and trees, and that certain families are related to certain other families. And all the families that are related to one another make up a class. Now nobody knew anything about those things, or ever thought of dividing trees and plants and flowers into families and classes, until it was done by a young Swede named Karl von Linné; who is known to fame as Carolus Linnaeus.

He was born May 13, 1707. His father was a clergyman, and was very poor. But he had a beautiful flower-garden, and it was the great

delight of Karl, even as a baby, to get into this garden and make friends with the flowers. And seeing that he loved them so much, the flowers opened up their secrets to him, so that when he was four years old he knew more about them than his father did. At eight his father gave him a little patch of his own, and there the boy brought wild things from the woods and fields and grew them beside the garden plants. And he tended all those flowers and plants with the greatest care, and watched how they grew, and found out everything he could about them.

By and by he went to the University of Upsala to study medicine. But a kind professor there noticed that he spent most of his time in the gardens of the University studying the plants and flowers, so he made him his assistant, and after a time had him sent to Lapland to find out all about the plants and flowers there.

When Linnaeus got back he wrote a book about the trees and flowers and plants of Lapland; and this book brought him the friendship of John Clifftor, a rich Dutch banker, who had a most wonderful and beautiful garden. Clifftor employed Linnaeus to look after this great garden, and it was there that he began to divide the trees and plants and flowers into families and classes.

For the rest of his life he continued at this work of finding out the relationship of trees and plants and flowers; and he also studied animals. He gave his discoveries to the world in several books, lectured on them in many places, and taught them to students in several universities. His fame was great all over Europe and he was honored and loved by everybody. He spent the end of his life quietly and happily on a little estate at Upsala, where he had a wonderful garden of his own, and where he died peacefully, January 10, 1778.

It was a great work to divide all the trees and plants and birds and beasts into classes and show how they were related. But it was a still greater work to go away back into the dim beginning of things and find out the ancestor of each class and show how the different families in each class were descended from one ancestor. Yet that is just what was done by the great Englishman Charles Robert Darwin, who was born in Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809.

His father, who was a doctor, sent him to the University of Cambridge to study for the Church, and we learn that he was one of the most popular young men in the University. But he had more taste for the study of nature than he had for the Church; and so, when he saw the chance of a five years' cruise round the world in the ship "Beagle," he eagerly seized it. His



SCIENTISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

father did not want to let him go, but he was finally persuaded by the young man's uncle, who thought that Charles was meant for great things because he had a peculiar nose. Darwin used to say afterward that his whole career depended upon the shape of his nose, and it is quite possible that if he had had an ordinary nose he never would have come to be a great scientist.

In his five years' trip round the world Darwin studied all the trees and plants and birds and beasts he saw, and wrote a delightful book about them, which he finally called "Voyage of a Naturalist on H. M. S. Beagle."

Now, nobody thought that all the families of one class were descended from a common ancestor. Nobody knew, for example, that all the different domestic fowls we have are descended from the common Indian jungle-fowl. Nobody knew that the different sorts of pigeons we know —homers, pouters, fantails, turbits, jacobins, and the others—all come from the common blue rock-pigeon. Nobody knew that all the chrysanthemums in the world come from the common wild Chinese chrysanthemum. Linnaeus did not suspect those things, and neither did any other scientist who had studied the plant and animal world; but the things Darwin had seen in his voyage round the earth made him suspect them. He said nothing about it, and only worked and studied with all his power that he might find out all he could.

It was wonderful that he managed to work as he did, for he was very weak and ailing, and had to lie down exhausted on his bed after half an hour of labor. But he fought his sickness and his weakness with great courage, as great as ever was shown by any soldier on the battle-field, and at length he won. Darwin gave to the world a great book, called "The Origin of Species," that contained the results of his thoughts and his studies, and proved that his suspicions about common ancestors were right. The book caused a great sensation all over the world. Many men attacked it and its writer with great bitterness, but in the end nearly everybody admitted that most of the things in the book were true.

The most peculiar thing about the whole affair was that just at the time that Darwin made his great discovery another English scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, made almost the same discovery. Wallace was thousands of miles away from England at the time, and did not know anything about Darwin's ideas. So it was a very strange thing, you will admit, that each of them discovered the same thing at the same time. They were very friendly and generous toward each

other, and both were modest in wearing the honors that they shared.

For the rest of his life Darwin continued the same investigations, in spite of his weakness and his pains, and gave to the world many more great books. His life was the life of a hero; it was a full life and, except for his sickness, a beautiful one. Everybody loved him, he was so simple and kind and generous and tender. In his later years nobody could have believed that this shy and modest old gentleman could be the great Darwin who had stirred the mind of the whole world and whom scientists looked upon as greater far than any king. When he died, April 19, 1882, the English nation mourned and buried him with noble honors in Westminster Abbey.

The greatest supporter and teacher of Darwin's ideas was Thomas Henry Huxley, who was born at Ealing, near London, May 4, 1825. He became an assistant surgeon in the British Navy, and, like Darwin, he made a study of the plants and animals of the world, of which he brought home a wonderful collection of specimens. A professorship of natural history at the Royal School of Mines enabled him to devote himself altogether to his favorite work. Because his heart was in that work, and because nothing could make him give up the fight, he triumphed over poor health, just as Darwin had done, and he became known as the greatest speaker and writer on science in the whole of England. He also held many important positions in educational and scientific institutions.

Huxley was the strong champion of Darwin's "Origin of Species" against the critics who attacked it, and his great wit and eloquence and knowledge shielded the man who was too gentle and shy to come out and defend himself. He died June 29, 1895, beloved of all the people of England, and honored for his courage, his purity, and his devotion.

A man who gained fame by teaching the discoveries of others, rather than by any that he made himself, was the Frenchman Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, who is generally spoken of simply as Buffon. He was born September 7, 1707. Buffon, who was in early life a traveler, became keeper of the Royal Gardens and Museum in Paris. His great book on "Natural History" contains all the knowledge on that subject that was gained up to his time, and it is beautifully written. Though Buffon did not discover or prove anything important, his book is full of ideas that were afterward proved by other great scientists. Buffon was made a member of nearly every learned academy and society in Europe. He died in Paris April 16, 1788.



FIVE GREAT ENGLISH SCIENTISTS.

But while I talk about the men who studied all things on the earth that they might discover its laws you must not forget that there were others who went outside the earth to find the laws that govern the sun and moon and stars. Such a one was Pierre Simon de Laplace, the son of a poor French farmer, who was born March 28, 1749, and died March 5, 1827. He had a wonderful talent for mathematics, and was appointed to teach that subject at the famous military school of Paris when he was only twenty years old. He used his knowledge of mathematics to calculate the movements of the moon and stars, and taught the world much about these things that it never knew before.

You will find that most of the great scientists, as well as most of the great men in other walks of life, are the sons of poor men, or of men of moderate means. I will close this little talk by telling you about a poor man's son who was left an orphan at the age of five, who never got more than a common-school education, who worked as a stone-mason for fifteen years of his life, and

who still became a great scientist. This was Hugh Miller, who was born in Scotland, October 10, 1802.

Hugh loved the woods and the fields, the rocks and the sea, and whenever he got the chance he was out in the sunshine and the free air, and singing with the joy of life. At the same time he studied the flowers and the rocks and the birds so that he could tell you all about them. At night, when he was in the house, he read all the books he could lay his hands on. So that, although he was a stone-mason for so many years, he knew more than most men who have been through college. He wrote beautiful poems, and became so well known that he was made editor of a newspaper called "The Witness." Meanwhile he began to write books that would teach ordinary people the wonders of science, and no man ever did so much as Hugh Miller to spread scientific knowledge among the plain working people of the world. He died December 2, 1856, after a life of great success and great usefulness.



HOW THE SCIENTIFIC BEAR, WHEN HE WENT TO SLEEP FOR THE WINTER, ARRANGED TO WAKE UP EARLY IN THE SPRING.

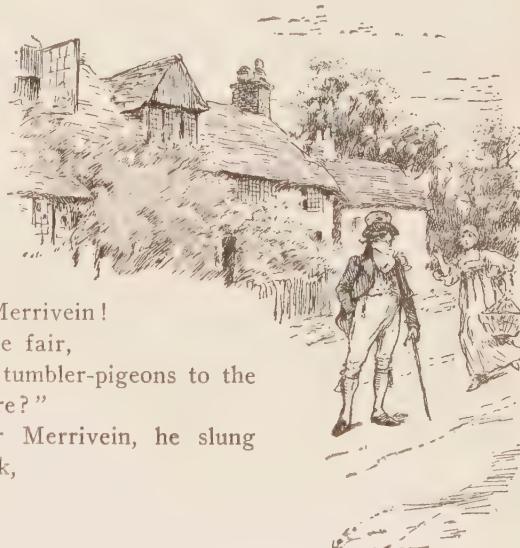
The Happy Holiday of Master Merrivein

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

"LL hie me up to Durley Fair," quoth Master Merrivein;
"A day of rest and jollity, then hie me home again.
With shillings in my pocket, and the harvest-work all done,
I 'll spend a happy holiday, then back by set o' sun!"



So blithesome Master Merrivein, all in his Sunday best,
Started straightway for Durley Fair, with energy and zest;
His stick upon his shoulder, most joyfully he sped,
But suddenly a voice from a neighbor's gateway said:



OH, Master, Master Merrivein!
As you go to the fair,
Will you take my tumbler-pigeons to the pigeon-fakir there?"
So, kindly Master Merrivein, he slung them on his back,

The pigeons and the pigeon-cage.

(They made a goodly pack!)

HOLD! hold, there, Master Merrivein! As you go through the town,
Will you leave this little donkey with brother Billy Brown?
The donkey is so gentle, and so tractable,
't is said,
That, if you do not beat him, he 'll just trot on ahead!"

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he added to his store,
By letting one small donkey just trot right on before.



Ho, there, you Master Merrivein!
Go you by Durley Fair?
Then please just take these candle-
sticks to cousin Betty Blair!

This bonnet, in the bonnet-box, I'll add, if you don't mind,
And these few little trifles I will just tie on behind!

"They 're for my sister at the Inn, good sir; and
mother begs
To add this green umbrella and a basketful of eggs!"



So, kindly Master Merrivein, he took them on his arm
For fear the bonnet and the eggs might straightway
come to harm.



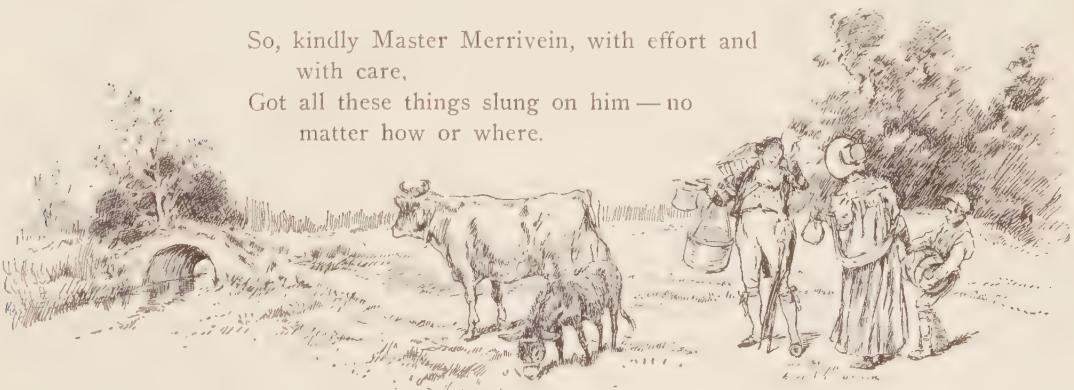
"H, Master, Master Merrivein! just step around this way!
If only you will drive a cow along with you to-day!
She 's the gentlest, kindest animal that ever yet
was seen,
And I've sold her to young Mistress Finch, who
lives on Durley Green!"

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he hummed a little song,
And the cow she switched her tail about and straight-
way went along.



"H, wait—wait, Master Merrivein! Please stop a moment where
The crossroads meet the schoolhouse, well-nigh to Durley Fair,
And give this keg of butter and bag of tarts so nice,
And this shawl and woolen comforter, to good old Granny Gryce!"

So, kindly Master Merrivein, with effort and
with care,
Got all these things slung on him — no
matter how or where.



Is that good Master Merrivein? Three squawking geese have I;
I'll hang them on your shoulder, and their feet I'll tightly tie.
Just leave them with Dame Blodgett, anear the crooked stile,
The other side of Durley Green, about a half a mile!"



"**O**H, stop—stop,
Master Merrivein! Go you to Durley Fair?"



Then I beg you take this finery for my daughter Meg to wear,
This flowered hat and tippet, the mitts and paduasoy.
She's at Aunt Elsie's cottage, and will welcome you with joy!"



"**W**AIT, there, good Master Merrivein! If to the fair you go,
Please take my fiddle and my flute to Uncle Jerrygo!

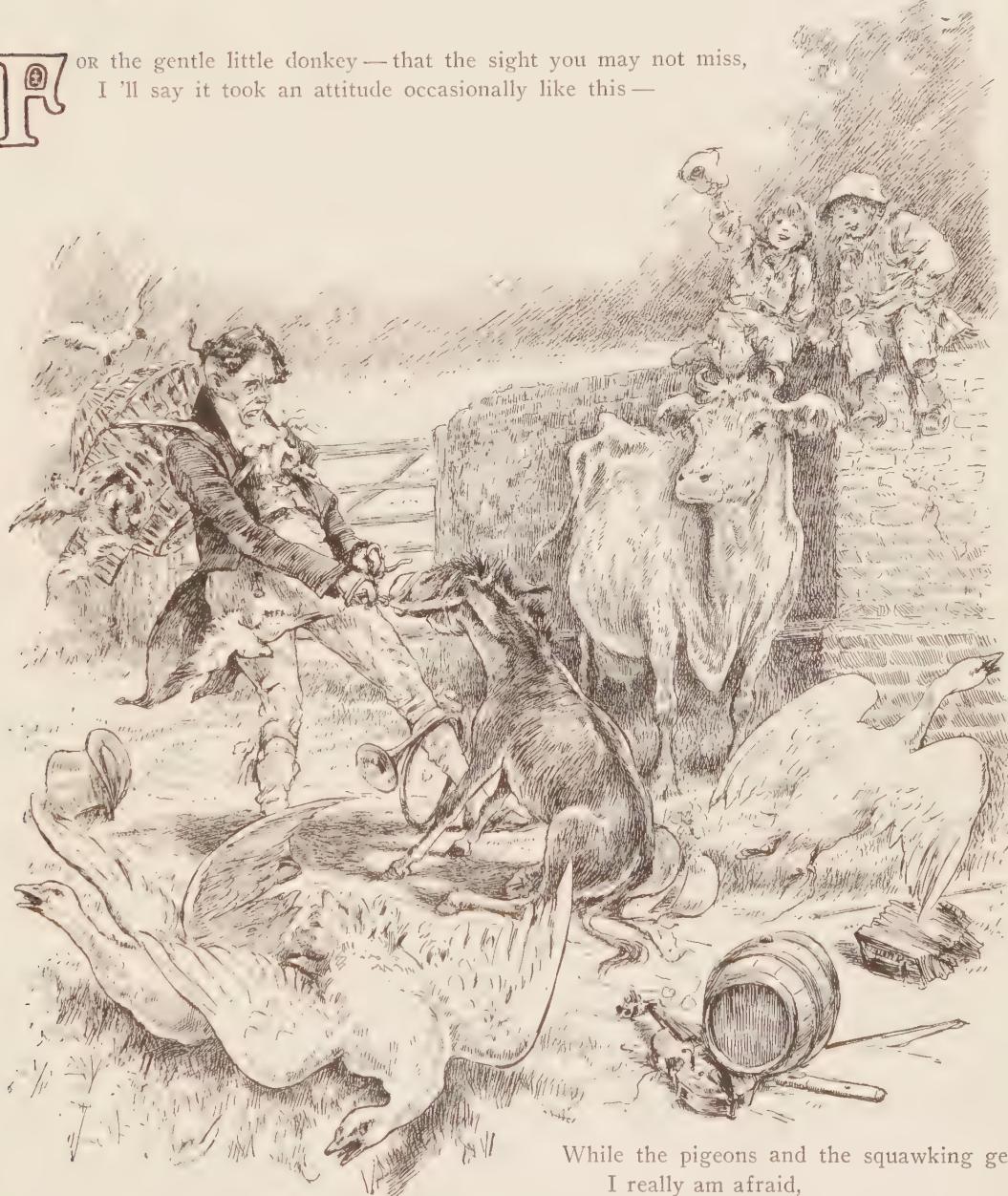


The tuning-fork and music-rack, accordion and horn,
Are for his son, who leads the band at Durley Fair each morn!"



So straightway, Master Merrivein, so good and true and kind,
Started him off to Durley Fair a day of rest to find.
But did he find it? Oh, dear me! Go ascertain, I pray,
Of all the curious country-folk who passed him on the way!

FOR the gentle little donkey—that the sight you may not miss,
I'll say it took an attitude occasionally like this—

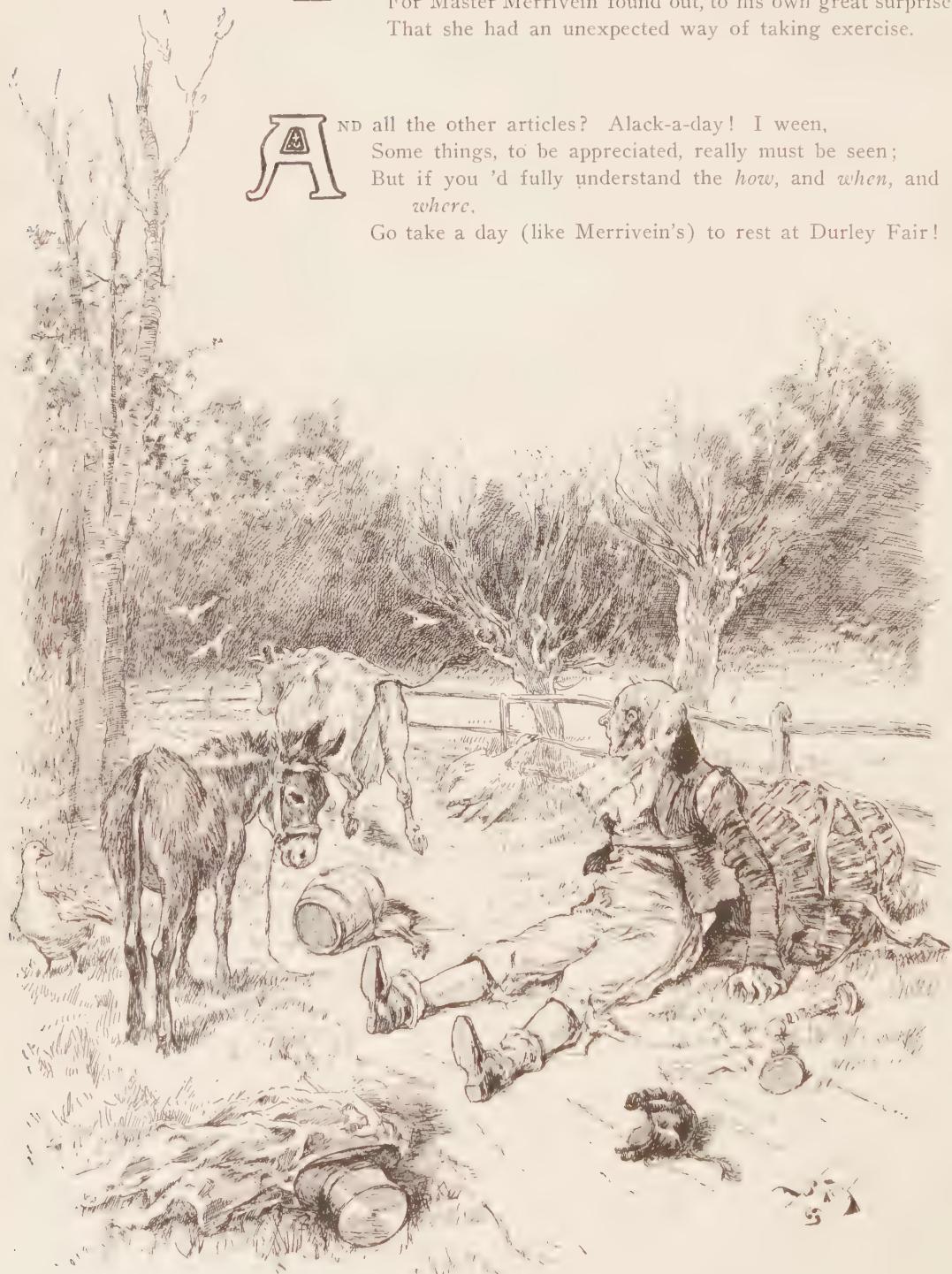


While the pigeons and the squawking geese,
I really am afraid,
That one small picture could not hold the
havoc that they made!

THE cow (that *gentle animal!*)—to-morrow, at the fair,
Young Mistress Finch may try to sell; I warn you, then
beware!

For Master Merrivein found out, to his own great surprise,
That she had an unexpected way of taking exercise.

AND all the other articles? Alack-a-day! I ween,
Some things, to be appreciated, really must be seen;
But if you 'd fully understand the *how*, and *when*, and
where,
Go take a day (like Merrivein's) to rest at Durley Fair!



TWO FAMOUS HISTORICAL NOVELS

HENRY ESMOND

Most of the famous novels written by William Makepeace Thackeray introduce us to characters whom we seldom grow to like so well as we do those of his great contemporary Charles Dickens. Of course, there are exceptions to these among his stories, for Thackeray was a gentle-hearted, lovable man and could scarcely have failed to give us some lovable characters. The novel chosen for reading here is in many respects his best; perhaps it is not too much to say that "The History of Henry Esmond" is the finest historical novel ever written. It is the most charming of all his works, Henry Esmond and Lady Castlewood being two of the noblest characters he ever created. The story was first published in 1852.

In the latter days of William III. and during the reign of Queen Anne, when there were many people in England darkly scheming to restore the crown to the son of James II., the events of this story are supposed to have taken place. Concerning the birth of Henry Esmond, it is necessary to know something at the outset, as much of importance later depends upon that. There was a certain Thomas Esmond, who had been to the Low Countries in the train of the Duke of York during the wars, and there he had married a weaver's daughter. They had one son, named Henry. Thomas Esmond, soon deserting his wife, returned to England and the unhappy woman entered a convent, where eventually she died.

Succeeding to the title and estates of his uncle the Viscount Castlewood, Thomas Esmond married his cousin Isabel and kept his earlier marriage a secret. Although he was in many respects a rascal, the new viscount was not without some touches of good nature, and on hearing of his first wife's death he had his little son Henry brought over to his fine ancestral home of Castle-

wood and placed in the care of his chaplain, Father Holt.

This was done, however, without his acknowledging the fact that little Henry was his rightful heir, or even admitting that he was his son. Indeed, the little fellow, as he grew up and gradually began to understand what others thought of him, gathered that he was supposed to be called Esmond by courtesy and not by right.

The Esmonds, though not all Roman Catholics, had, as a family, been loyal to the Stuart kings; and Father Holt, who was Henry's tutor, was a very active spirit in the Jacobite plots to restore James II. to his throne. Castlewood was, indeed, a center of political intrigue. The Esmonds had made many honorable sacrifices in their devotion to the Stuarts; and, when James II. made his historic effort against William III. at the battle of the Boyne, Thomas Esmond fell fighting for the defeated King. His widow Isabel, having been as strong a Jacobite as her husband, fled from the mansion of Castlewood and secluded herself in her house at Chelsea. Father Holt had also to take himself off, and little Henry was thus left alone with the servants at Castlewood, wondering what it all meant and feeling very lonely.

Soon, however, the new Viscount Castlewood, Colonel Frank Esmond, a bluff and hearty man of forty-five or fifty, came to take possession of the house and estates he had inherited from his deceased kinsman. With him came his wife, who was but twenty years of age, and their little daughter Beatrix, a lovely child of four, who kissed her cousin Henry the moment they met, though she had never seen him before. There was also a baby boy, carried in his nurse's arms. These were the four new friends with whom the life of Henry was now to be entwined.

When the young Lady Castlewood asked him his name he said, "My name is Henry Esmond," and looked up at her in a sort of delight and

wonder, for she appeared to him the most charming object he had ever looked on.

HENRY SEES A VISION OF BEAUTY AND BEGINS A HAPPIER LIFE

HER beautiful golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun; her complexion was of a dazzling bloom; her lips smiling, and her eyes beaming with a kindness that made Henry's heart beat with surprise. Her beauty, both of body and mind, was to be a guiding star to him through life; and little he guessed how dear they would become to each other, for although a lady of twenty is quite an elderly person to a boy of twelve, a time soon comes when the eight years of difference count for nothing.

Lady Castlewood was a devoted wife, but her lord was not the best behaved of husbands. She served and tried to please him in every way, she watched over her children with loving care, and treated Henry with a gentleness he had never known before, so that a new and happy life was opening out for him, when, by a strange fate, he became the innocent cause of much unhappiness to her ladyship.

On a visit to the village he had somehow caught the infection of smallpox, and on this being discovered at Castlewood, my lord made it an excuse for betaking himself to town with Beatrix.

HENRY INNOCENTLY CAUSES LADY CASTLEWOOD'S UNHAPPINESS

LADY CASTLEWOOD and little Frank, who stayed at home, also caught the disease; and when her ladyship recovered she had lost that delicate beauty of her skin which had first charmed the eye of her husband. When the viscount returned he did not disguise his disappointment at the change which the disease had made in his wife, and she never forgave the look he then gave her.

In due course Henry was sent to Cambridge University to study for the priesthood, and when he returned for his first vacation he found as a guest at Castlewood and a boon companion of the viscount a certain Lord Mohun, whose evil reputation was known throughout the country. Lady Castlewood was now clearly unhappy in her husband's conduct, while he, whose drinking habits were evidently growing, complained to Henry of how she treated him, saying, "It's been that way ever since you brought the smallpox into the house."

Her ladyship naturally disapproved of her husband's friendship with the notorious Mohun;

and when Henry returned from Cambridge a second time he found his lord and lady openly unfriendly with each other, and Mohun again a guest. Castlewood seemed to grow more reckless in his conduct, and one night before his wife he went so far as to say to Miss Beatrix: "When thou art old enough, Trix, thou shalt marry Mohun!" At this Beatrix laughed, and said Mohun had had a long talk with her mamma the night before.

"Ask Lord Mohun what I said to him, Frank," said Lady Castlewood, with great dignity, and taking her daughter by the hand, she swept out of the room.

A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO NOBLE MEN AND WHAT IT LED TO

"I WILL tell you what your wife said to me," said Mohun. "She asked me not to drink and gamble with you any more. You know best whether that was for your good or not."

"Oh, of course!" sneered Castlewood. "You are a model man, my lord."

"I am no saint, though your wife is," retorted Mohun. "And I can answer for my actions as others must for their words."

"When you please, my lord," said the viscount.

These words betokened the prospect of a duel, and Lady Castlewood was in great fear that such might be the case. But Mohun left the house next day, apparently on good terms with Castlewood. Soon an uneasy sense of trouble was felt by all at Castlewood, as the viscount grew moody and silent and had much business with his lawyer.

In about a month he declared that he was ill, and required to see his doctor in London. Henry was asked to accompany him; and at a tavern in the city his lordship met Mohun and others, and engaged in a game of cards, in the course of which Mohun and Castlewood quarreled. Henry could see at once that the whole thing had been arranged, and presently, as the party proceeded to Leicester Fields to fight a duel, Castlewood confessed to Henry that such was the truth. Mohun, he said, had written an insulting letter to Lady Castlewood which he had intercepted, and he would have challenged him earlier only that he had first to pay off the betting debts he owed to him.

Almost before Henry had quite realized what was happening, the duel was over, his misled but good-hearted master mortally wounded. It was a momentous event for him, for just before the viscount died, he handed him a document which disclosed the truth about his birth, and proved him to be the real heir of Castlewood, the secret

having been told to the viscount by the mysterious Father Holt.

What was Henry to do with this proof of his fortune? To claim the title and estates meant to dispossess young Frank, and to add to the already heavy sorrows of his beloved mistress. He threw the paper in the fire!

HENRY MAKES A GREAT SACRIFICE AND IS ILL-REPAID

THIS great act of self-sacrifice seemed to be badly rewarded when Lady Castlewood visited him in prison, where he was lodged for a time for his part in the duel. She reproached him bitterly for not preventing her husband's death. Distracted with grief, she was unwittingly cruel in what she said to him, and she left his presence declaring she never wished to see him more.

On being released Henry had to give up all thoughts of becoming a priest. But as the Lady Isabel offered to help him, he did not hesitate to accept her help, knowing how much more was within his right. Thanks to her, he secured a commission in the army, and for more than a year he saw much active service, winning the rank of captain. On his return to England he was greatly disturbed to hear that Lady Castlewood was expected to marry the Reverend Tom Tusher, a characterless creature, who was chaplain at Castlewood. This he determined to prevent at all costs, ignoring the fact that her ladyship had asked him never to see her again. So he posted off to Winchester, where she was staying; and there, in the solemn old cathedral, still in her widow's dress, he found her at evensong, and by her side her son Frank, now grown into a handsome youth. As the service finished, Frank saw him first, and rushed to Captain Esmond with an eager welcome; while Lady Castlewood said:

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry. I thought you might come."

LADY CASTLEWOOD AND HENRY BECOME GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN

SHE gave him her hand—her little fair hand. There was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. It was just as though they had never parted. And, best of all, there was not a word of truth in the story about my lady and Tom Tusher, which had been told to Esmond by the spiteful old gossip Lady Isabel.

As they walked homeward in the gathering dusk of the winter's day, Lady Castlewood told Henry of her joy in having him back again.

And he, in his new happiness, proposed that they should never part.

"Come away," he said. "Leave this Europe, which has so many sad recollections for you, and begin life again with me in the New World. There is that land in Virginia which King Charles gave our ancestor. Frank will give us that."

"Hush, boy," she replied. "For you the world is just beginning; for me, I must leave it and pray out my expiation, dear. But when your heart is wounded come to me, Henry."

When they reached the house, a new sensation was in store for Esmond.

THE BEAUTY OF BEATRIX BE- WITCHES HER COUSIN HARRY

DOWN the wide stairs of the old hall came the lovely figure of a bewitching young woman, carrying a candle in her hand, which lighted up the prettiest white neck in the world, and shone upon the scarlet ribbon she had donned on hearing that Captain Esmond was coming to dinner. This was Beatrix, whom he had left a girl and found a woman.

All the roses of spring could not vie with the brightness of her complexion. Esmond thought he had never seen anything like the sunny luster of her eyes. She was a brown beauty—that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine. She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced, holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

"Stop!" she said. "I am grown too big! Welcome, Cousin Harry!" And after making him a sweeping curtsey, she gave him both her hands and said: "Oh, Harry, we are so glad you are come!"

With many a tale of how the bewitching Trix had certain of the great noblemen of the day at her feet, Frank, in his boyish way, entertained Esmond during his stay. If Esmond did not as yet realize that Beatrix was, with all her gentler charms, not a little vain and somewhat fickle-hearted, he could see that whoever was to marry her would have to possess both rank and wealth. Yet deeply though he loved and admired Lady Castlewood, who was just as much older than he as Trix was younger, he was not without thoughts of asserting his claim to the Castlewood title and estates when he found himself be-

witched by Beatrix; so, to escape from his conflicting emotions, he went off again to the wars in Germany.

THE AMBITIONS OF BEATRIX. AND A JACOBITE PLOT

ON Esmond's return to England he found himself possessed of the small fortune and the valuable diamonds of the Lady Isabel, who had died in his absence. Beatrix he considered more beautiful than ever. She was now engaged to marry the Duke of Hamilton.

That eminent nobleman was about to proceed to France with the hope of inducing the son of James II., known as the Pretender, to come to England and make an effort to regain the throne, as Queen Anne was then in failing health. Beatrix was deeply involved in the plot, and was radiantly happy as she thought of her future greatness.

"Go and marry mamma," she said to Esmond, who had now attained the rank of colonel. "Go and be Darby and Joan for the rest of your lives! That's what you two are fitted for! Oh, cousin, when will you learn that I have no heart?"

At a modest house in Kensington, near by the palace, Esmond found his dear Lady Castlewood, and there learned from her that she too had come into possession of the secret of his birth, revealed to her by the Lady Isabel just before she died. It had been considered better for the cause of the exiled King that the secret should have been kept while Henry's father was alive. "But now the decision is with you, Harry," she said.

"My decision was made beside the death-bed of my dear lord," said Colonel Esmond. "I am the head of the family, but your son is Viscount Castlewood still."

"Dear, generous Harry!" cried the lady, throwing herself at his feet. "Nay, do not raise me. Let me kneel and—and worship you."

But the tragic death of the Duke of Hamilton, who had fallen, like the late viscount, in a duel with Mohun, though not before fatally wounding the rascal, was a sad blow for Beatrix.

Colonel Esmond himself now put in action a plan for bringing the Pretender, James Stuart, over to England, so that on the death of Queen Anne he might quietly be proclaimed king. In personal appearance the young Viscount Castlewood closely resembled the Pretender; and nothing was easier than that the son of James II. should travel disguised as that nobleman. So was it planned and carried out.

On reaching Kensington, however, James

Stuart seemed more eager to make love to Beatrix than to engage with his supporters in advancing their scheme, so Beatrix was practically banished to Castlewood.

One day, when the Queen was thought to be sinking rapidly, they discovered, to their amazement, that the Pretender had disappeared from the house in Kensington. At once they guessed that he had made his way to Castlewood, there to enjoy the company of the bewitching Trix.

Hastily getting to horse, Colonel Esmond and the young viscount spurred thither at breathless pace, and found they had guessed aright. Forcing themselves, no longer ceremoniously, into the presence of the young prince, Esmond



"LET ME KNEEL AND WORSHIP YOU."

upbraided him for his folly and the neglect of a great opportunity, saying that even now, it might be, the Queen had died, and here was he writing foolish verses to a beautiful but light-headed girl. James Stuart treated the colonel at first with haughtiness, but Esmond was determined to brook no opposition in the course he had now decided upon; and he asked the Pretender to accompany him into the chaplain's room, where, from a little secret chamber over

the mantelpiece, the colonel took some papers which had long been there concealed.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," said Colonel Esmond, "is the patent of marquis sent over by your royal father at St. Germain's to Viscount Castlewood, my father; here is the certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening. I was christened in that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank"—turning to the astonished young viscount—"and this is what I do with them: here go baptism and marriage, and here the marquisate and the august sign-manual in which the late King James was pleased to honor our race."

COLONEL ESMOND BREAKS HIS SWORD BEFORE THE PRETENDER

So saying, Esmond set the papers burning in the brazier, and continued addressing the young prince:

"You will please, sir, to remember that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours; that my grandfather spent his estate and gave his blood and his son to die in your service; that my dear lord's grandfather—for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too—died for the same cause; and that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, sent all her wealth to the King, getting in return that precious title that lies in ashes and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it; I draw this sword and break it and deny you; and Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brazier, took out his sword and broke it, saying:

"I go with my cousin," giving Esmond his hand. "It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen is dead most likely by this time, and you might have been king if you had not deserted your loyal friends in London."

ANOTHER DUEL INTERRUPTED BY MISTRESS BEATRIX

"*Thus to lose a crown,*" said the young prince, starting up and speaking in his eager way, "and the loyalty of such hearts as these! I offer you the only reparation in my power. Will you favor me by crossing swords with me?"

James Stuart and Esmond had no sooner crossed swords than Frank stepped forward, and

with the broken blade of his own knocked them up, just as Beatrix entered the room. A great change had come over her; her face had now assumed a look of deepest care, her cheeks were pale, her eyes glared.

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all she said; but, going up to Esmond, she hissed low a few words of bitterness in his ear. And, looking at her now, he wondered that he had ever thought of love for her.

When the King had reached London again, whither he was accompanied by Esmond and Castlewood, there was a great crowd outside Kensington Palace, and presently from the gates trumpeters and heralds came forth. The trumpets blew and the heralds proclaimed: "George, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith." And the people shouted "God save the King!"

Thus King George's trumpeters blew all the hopes of the Pretender to the winds, and that unworthy prince was soon hurried back in secret to France.

After the failure of the Jacobite plot the young Viscount Castlewood went abroad, and there he married, somewhat foolishly, a German woman. When, soon after, Beatrix left her mother and her home to stay in France, Esmond one day found Lady Castlewood in tears, and besought that dear lady to confide herself to the care and devotion of one who would never forsake her.

COLONEL ESMOND AND LADY CASTLEWOOD BEGIN A NEW LIFE

So it came about that this true hero and this gentlest of women joined hands as husband and wife; and Frank giving them the American property of the family in Virginia, thither they went and founded a new Castlewood.

"In our transatlantic country," to quote the words of Esmond himself, "we have a season, the calmest and most delightful of the year, which we call the Indian summer; I often say the autumn of our life resembles that happy and serene weather, and am thankful for its rest and sweet sunshine. Heaven hath blessed us with a child, which each parent loves for her resemblance to the other. Our diamonds are turned into plows and axes for our plantations, and into negroes, the happiest and merriest, I think, in all this country; and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison."

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

IF Charles Reade does not rank with the very greatest story-writers in the English language, he yet wrote many excellent novels and plays. His best book, "The Cloister and the Hearth," is certainly a fine historical tale, even though you should say that it is not so great as the best of Sir Walter Scott's, nor worthy to be compared with Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." The story is partly founded on fact, but its real interest lies in the masterly way in which the author shows us the contending influences of "the cloister," which stands for the monkish life, and "the hearth," which stands for the life of the home circle and the love of relatives and friends.

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century when Philip "the Good," by means not exactly honest, had been for many years ruling over Holland, that a well-to-do trader in cloth and curried leather, named Elias, together with his wife Catherine and their family, lived in the little town of Tergou, no great distance from the important city of Rotterdam.

The time had been when the nine children of Elias and Catherine had made merry music in the home, shedding brightness and happiness. But as they grew up, their various natures led them in different directions, and they brought sorrow and trouble where before they had made sunshine.

When our story opens, four of the family had left home, and were settled in various occupations, but five remained at Tergou. Giles, the dwarf, was a strange, passionate little creature with a shock of red hair, while Catherine was a poor little girl who could only move on crutches, but smiled through her pain and never spoke a fretful word. These two were unable to earn their bread, but the two others were unwilling. The unwilling ones were Sybrandt, the youngest, whose only desire was to pass his time in idleness or play, and Cornelis, the eldest, a mean, grudging fellow, who would not exert himself to advance his father's business, but was waiting for him to die, so that he might lay hands on his money. Time, however, played a game with him in which Cornelis was not the winner.

If their parents had but small comfort in contemplating these four of their children, and thought of them always with misgivings, they usually concluded in a hopeful tone by saying:

"But, thanks to St. Bavon and all the saints, there's Gerard."

For Gerard's future they had no fears, if they had no great hopes, as he was destined for the Church, having been carefully taught by the monks of a local convent. He was a skilled penman in an age when very few could write, and the ability to do so was considered a great accomplishment. But, more than this, there had settled at Tergou a certain Margaret van Eyck, sister of two famous brothers whose paintings are among the greatest treasures of European art to-day, and she taught Gerard the art of illuminating manuscripts in colors, at which he quickly became an adept. He was of a bright and happy nature, and if his thoughts were at all bent toward the life of a priest, that was less of his own free will than of his parents' wish.

Now, however unworthy the means by which Philip the Good had succeeded in imposing his rule upon Holland, the prince was at least a patron of the arts, and at Rotterdam he held a great exhibition, inviting all sorts of craftsmen and art-workers to compete for prizes which he offered. So Gerard sent in specimens of his illuminating and writing on vellum. On the day when the prizes were to be distributed, dressed in his finest clothes, and carrying a letter to the young Princess Marie from his teacher, Margaret van Eyck, he set out with a light heart and high hope for Rotterdam. Of all the many journeys of his life, this little journey was to prove the most eventful. On the way he fell in with an old man, accompanied by a beautiful daughter. They were evidently poor, and sat by the wayside exhausted. Gerard's kind heart was touched for them, and he shared his food with these weary wayfarers.

WHY THE BURGOMASTER HAD AN UNEASY CONSCIENCE

It so happened that while he was sitting with them, there passed by, riding on a richly caparisoned mule, the burgomaster, or mayor, of Tergou. This person, Ghysbrecht van Swieten, was a notorious miser, and his withered old crab-apple face was a veritable symbol to the people of Tergou of all that was mean and niggardly. But to-day he was riding along in quite a self-satisfied manner, for he was to sup with the duke at Rotterdam.

As he came upon the little group by the way-side, however, the smile on his face changed suddenly to an expression of anger and uneasiness. He alone, with his guilty conscience, knew the reason of this. Some twenty years before, by an act of dishonesty, he had succeeded in enriching himself at the expense of this simple old man by the roadside, and when he saw Gerard, young, active, and educated, in the company of Peter Brandt and his daughter Margaret—for these were their names—his suspicious mind at once had thoughts that Gerard might have discovered his secret, and would help his victims to get back the property he had wrongfully withheld from them.

GERARD WINS A PRIZE AT ROTTERDAM, BUT LOSES HIS HEART

WITH these uneasy thoughts, the burgomaster continued on his way, while Gerard and his companions, all unconscious of Ghysbrecht's suspicions, made slower progress to Rotterdam. Here the hopes of the young man were fulfilled, as he found himself the winner of the prize for penmanship, and had a gold medal pinned on his breast and fifteen golden coins put in his purse. Not only this, but, thanks to the letter he carried, he had been warmly received by the Countess of Charlois and her daughter, the Princess Marie, and the countess promised he should have the gift of a church the very day after he had said his first mass, for in those days the Roman Catholic Church was supreme. The Princess Marie would have had him a bishop at once, but her mother's promise was the easier to keep.

It would have been with the lightest of hearts and the briskest of steps that Gerard made his way back to Tergou, had he not, during his visit to the palace at Rotterdam, lost trace of Peter Brandt and Margaret. So charmed had he been with the old man's beautiful daughter, that the thought of not seeing her again made him sad. He had foolishly forgotten to ask their names or where they lived.

But he had not been long returned to his home before these were disclosed to him in a curious way. The burgomaster, keen to discover what Gerard knew about his relations toward the Brandts, sent for him on pretense of requiring him to copy out the town records. But the payment he offered for the work would barely have bought pens, ink, and parchment, and Gerard protested that he required some reward for the time the writing would occupy.

THE BURGOMASTER IS TOO CLEVER AND OUTWITS HIMSELF!

"YOUR time? Why, what is time to you at two-and-twenty? Say, rather, you are idle grown. You are in love. Your body is with these chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his red-haired girl."

"I know no Peter Brandt."

"Ye lie!" shouted Ghysbrecht. "Did I not find you at his elbow on the road to Rotterdam? And were you not seen at Peter's house at Sevenbergen the other day?"

Thus hoping to draw the young man to a confession, the burgomaster had only given him the information which Gerard most wished to have. Leaving Ghysbrecht's house, he set out forthwith to the neighboring town of Sevenbergen, bent on renewing his acquaintance with Margaret and Peter.

The burgomaster had sent a servant to spy upon Gerard, and when he heard whither the young man had gone, his worst suspicions seemed to be confirmed. So now he set himself to work against him by informing Elias and Catherine of their son's movements, telling the father that unless he adopted strong measures he would never see his son a priest, as he was in love with Margaret.

Gerard was truly in love with Peter's daughter, and when charged with it by his father, he frankly acknowledged that it was his hope to make her his wife and never to become a priest. Elias then told him before them all that he had ordered the burgomaster to imprison him in the town jail rather than let him marry Margaret. On hearing this, Gerard made a vow that he would never become a priest so long as Margaret lived.

In his trouble Gerard went to his gentle teacher, Margaret van Eyck, and she advised him to have but the courage to marry Peter's daughter and go away to Italy, where painters were honored as princes, and penmen were paid large sums of money for copying manuscripts. She even offered to find him the means of traveling. Gerard was determined, and though Margaret at first refused, she, too, was soon persuaded, and the banns of marriage were duly proclaimed.

At ten o'clock one morning, Gerard and Margaret took their places before the altar in the church of Sevenbergen, and the priest was just about to begin the religious ceremony, when the constables of Tergou came hurrying up the aisle and carried Gerard off a prisoner.

His father had kept his promise. For Gerard now found himself lodged in the town jail,

where he was told by the burgomaster that he would remain a prisoner until he made an oath to leave Margaret Brandt and return to the Church to which he had, in a manner, belonged from his very cradle.

"Death sooner!" was Gerard's only answer to Ghysbrecht's threats.

The cell in which he found himself lodged was high up in a tower, and although the window was easily reached, it gave no hope of escape, as there was no possible means of descent, and a fall meant certain death. The apartment was bare of furniture, save for an old oaken chest, on which Gerard was seated, hungry and despairing, when, to his surprise, something struck the wall beyond him, and fell at his feet. It was an arrow, to which a skein of silken thread was fixed, and on which these strange words were written:

"Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife, and lower to us; hold thine end fast, then count an hundred, and draw up."

In a sudden access of renewed hope, Gerard pushed the great oak chest toward the window, and, hastily following out the instructions, pulled up the silken thread again, to find attached to it a line of thin cord, which, when he had hauled it in, brought up the end of a good stout rope. This he passed through the handles of the chest, tying it securely; but before venturing through the narrow window, he sought to make sure that the chest was sound, and, jumping on it with all his force, to his surprise, the side opened, and a great store of parchments fell out. Unwittingly he had touched some secret spring, but he did not pause to examine the contents. Satisfied with the strength of the chest, he now forced his way through a window, and, passing down the rope, was safely received below by Margaret Brandt and Martin Wittenhaagen, an old soldier who was a warm friend of the Brandts, and whose well-shot arrow had opened the gates of Gerard's prison.

As the trio were hastening away from the scene, they were amazed, on looking back, to see a strange figure with a head of fire ascending by the rope down which Gerard had come. For a moment Martin was filled with superstitious fears of the "haunted tower"—for it had that reputation—but another figure stood below, white and motionless. Margaret, with her woman's instinct, thought of Gerard's sister Kate, and, running to the figure, found it was she. Gerard, too, came forward, just as a strange, weird voice high up the tower was shouting: "Parchment, parchment, parchment!"

High up they saw the little figure of Giles, the

dwarf, a lighted lantern hung at his neck, and his hands full of parchments, which he hurled down in bundles on their heads. When he had thus thrown out the contents of the chest, he slid down the rope himself, and, in his half-witted enthusiasm at the find he had made, offered to sell this unexpected stock to Gerard, for whom he had often found parchment.

GERARD'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER AND HIS PURSUIT

"Hush! You speak too loud," said Gerard. "Gather them up and follow us to a safer place." And, giving poor Giles a few coins, Gerard took the bundle, making all speed to Sevenbergen with Margaret and Martin.

There was great commotion the next day, when it was found that the burgomaster's prisoner had escaped and that the parchments had disappeared. His servant set out in pursuit, but failed to find the runaway. So, the day after, Ghysbrecht, with his constables, rode over to Sevenbergen, only to find Peter's house deserted. From an upper window, however, the burgomaster caught a glimpse of Gerard and Margaret, accompanied by Martin, making for the forest, and immediately with his men he started in eager pursuit.

The burgomaster, on his mule, was the first to come up with them, but Gerard disabled him with a blow from his oaken staff, and presently the three had gained the forest, where Martin led them by puzzling paths into a thick pine-grove, where their pursuers were not likely to penetrate.

In the excitement of having beaten down his enemy, Gerard was inclined to be proud of his feat, but his gentle heart was soon chiding him, and he now found himself hoping that he had not injured the old rascal very seriously. Another moment, however, and the fugitives had to think of themselves again. A deep baying sound coming through the woods proved that they were being pursued by bloodhounds.

Presently one of these fierce and ravening animals burst through the trees into the open wood, where Martin had now led his companions. But the deadly arrow of the old soldier laid the bloodhound lifeless on the ground, and a second animal that followed on the heels of the first, stopping for a moment to sniff around its dead companion, also fell a victim to Martin's bow.

Saved from this terror, the three now threaded their way through the forest, only to find the

burgomaster, seated on his mule and with a rough bandage across the lower part of his face, which had suffered severely from Gerard's attack. He was keeping watch on the likeliest place for them to leave the forest, but in a few moments Gerard disposed of him, by knocking him off the mule, upon which Martin mounted with the half-fainting Margaret. With the active Gerard running beside, they soon outdistanced their pursuers and reached the German frontier. Here Gerard took a heartbroken farewell of his wife, and leaving her in charge of the good archer, who promised to see her safely back to Sevenbergen, he struck over the border and began his long and eventful journey to Rome.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER GERARD'S FLIGHT FROM HOLLAND

HE had no lack of adventures by the way, found strange companions, suffered many trials, worst of all, his parting from a bluff, hearty soldier named Denys, with whom he had become very friendly. But we will leave him on his way into Italy and follow the fortunes of Margaret meanwhile.

Martin Wittenhaagen had safely escorted her back to Sevenbergen, and then going straight to Rotterdam, laid the whole affair before the duke, returning home with a free pardon for himself and Gerard. But the excitement she had come through resulted in Gerard's bride being taken with a fever, in which she was nursed by her good friend Margaret van Eyck.

A friend of that lady, who had been a pupil of her famous brother Jan, and who was himself to become one of the greatest of the Flemish painters, Hans Memling by name, was now about to start for Italy, that wonderful land of painters and poets, and to him a letter was intrusted for Gerard. Hans, unhappily, gossiped in one of the taverns in Tergou about this letter, and one of those who heard him was Gerard's youngest brother, Sybrandt, who told Cornelis, and together they plotted how they might manage to keep their brother in Italy, and so share his inheritance.

They found in the burgomaster a willing accomplice, as that old miser had now good cause for hating Gerard, especially as he discovered that the runaway had carried off a parchment relating to Ghysbrecht's transactions with Margaret's grandfather, which proved that the burgomaster had robbed her and her father of their property. Gerard had taken it away with him,

saying that, as it was not a town record, he would read it at his leisure.

So Ghysbrecht, all too readily, joined with Cornelis and Sybrandt in their plot against Gerard, and, writing a letter, he imitated, as well as he could, the handwriting of Margaret van Eyck, saying in it that Gerard's young bride had died of a fever. This letter the brothers managed to substitute in the wallet of Hans Memling for the true one, and so began all the tragedy of the story.

Meanwhile Gerard had taken ship from Venice, bound for Rome, and, suffering shipwreck, had narrowly escaped with his life. Rome, however, he reached at last, and not without friends; for he had been the means of saving a woman and her child, whose home was in that city, and also a great, burly Dominican monk who was bound thither.

The name of the woman he had saved was Teresa; and her husband, Ludovico, out of gratitude to him, secured Gerard an interview with Brother Colonna, a famous friar of the Dominican order, to whom Gerard submitted examples of his beautiful penmanship in Greek and Latin, and his illuminating. Delighted with this work, the friar sounded his praise among all the learned people of Rome, and very soon the art of the young man from Holland was in such request that he was in a fair way of making his fortune by his clever pen. Among those who employed him was a certain Princess Clælia, who not only admired his art, but fell in love with him; and if Gerard could have forgotten Margaret he might have risen, by Clælia's help, to fame in Rome and lived in luxury. But the princess, being of a passionate nature, and accustomed to have people do as she wanted, when she found him cold toward her, threatened in her anger to have him assassinated. So he told her the sad story of his leaving his native land, and how he had surrendered everything for Margaret's sake. The princess then advised him to quit Rome at once, saying: "Go! I will send you the means. If you cross my path again I shall kill you! Farewell! My heart is broken."

It was soon after this that, in a very gloomy frame of mind, Gerard one day found himself deciphering the contents of the parchment he had carried away with him from Tergou. To his amazement, he realized that it dealt with a loan of money granted by Ghysbrecht to Margaret's grandfather against the rents of certain land, but which loan must have been repaid many times over. The old miser had illegally kept the property, thus impoverishing Peter Brandt and Margaret.

HANS MEMLING'S VISIT TO ROME, AND THE FATEFUL LETTER

"Fool," he cried aloud, "not to have read this before!" Fool, indeed, and tardily awake to his foolishness. But now he was all activity, and, taking horse, he rode to the nearest port whence he could engage a passage to Amsterdam, meaning to clear up his affairs in Rome and to return to Holland at once.

On coming back from his errand, however, his landlady gave him a packet of silver crowns, together with a letter which Hans Memling, who had called in his absence, had left for him. Seizing the letter, he began eagerly to read it aloud, his voice changing presently to tones of terror, for it was the false story of the death of Margaret.

"It is a lie!" he cried, when he had read the bitter epistle to the end. "Where is this Hans? I will cram his murdering falsehood down his throat!" So saying, he fled from the house, and in the agony of his mind went furiously and aimlessly about the streets for hours before returning to his lodging.

There he fell into a fever, which continued many days. And when he came to consciousness again, it was to find Brother Colonna, accompanied by Brother Jerome, the Dominican friar whom Gerard had helped at the time of the shipwreck, seated by his bed. They tried to console him, and spoke of the consolations which the Church had to offer to the wounded spirit and the bruised heart; but Gerard, in the deep dejection which had now come upon him, no longer doubting that the news was true, was in revolt against all suggestions of religion, and blindly furious at his unhappy fate.

When his strength had returned and he was about again, instead of turning his thoughts to the Church, he sought to forget his unhappiness by sharing in the gay life of Rome, which was then at its gayest under the papal rule.

His companions now were fellows of bad repute; and once, when with a reckless company boating on the Tiber, he passed the Princess Clælia. She, recognizing him, was mortified to think that he should prefer such company to her own, and, her jealousy aroused once more, hired an assassin to kill him. This assassin was none other than Teresa's husband, and when he found whom he had to kill he could not do the deed. Instead of killing Gerard he saved that unhappy man from drowning in the Tiber, and on his way to his own house, carrying the dripping form of Gerard, he was hailed by Friar Jerome as he passed the monastery gates. That burly monk,

recognizing Gerard's face, bade Ludovico carry him into the building. Thus, when Gerard awakened to consciousness again, the Dominican monk was by his side.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LETTER MAKES A PRIEST OF GERARD

And now he was no longer angry at the consolations of the Church, nor adverse to the thoughts of a monkish life. Indeed, he was soon persuaded that peace of mind and rest for his troubled spirit were to be found only in the fraternity of St. Dominic; and so, in due course, Gerard took the vows, and became a friar under the name of Brother Clement.

Our story now shifts back once more to those whom Gerard had left behind in Holland. There in Rotterdam was another Gerard now, a little boy born to Margaret, named after the father who had never seen him. Denys, the jolly soldier, had gone away to Burgundy, and Margaret working as a laundress, was struggling to support her aged father. Poor though they were, she might have been happy if she had but news of Gerard.

The birth of little Gerard had a curious effect in making Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster, strangely uneasy about the wrong he had done to Peter Brandt and his daughter. Parched and dry though his soul must have been, his conscience pricked him when he realized that he stood the robber of three generations, and that he had written the lying letter which was keeping Gerard in Italy under the impression that Margaret was dead, and that nothing made it worth his while to return to Holland now. The slightest suspicious word from any one made the old fellow tremble at the thought that his secret had been guessed, and his days were filled with gloomy forebodings. Yet old Peter was left to slip away unconscious of how his inheritance had been kept from him.

Our story changes once again, and now the scene is the famous river Rhine, down whose stream and along whose banks two missionaries are journeying. On their way they preach in the churches, and have eager audiences, for both are eloquent and seem imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. Their purpose when they reach the city of Rotterdam, at the mouth of the Rhine, is to take ship for England, there to continue the work they have just begun.

But on their way they have parted company for a time, meaning to meet again at Rotterdam. Perhaps the fact that Brother Clement's sermons seem to have stirred the people more deeply than

Brother Jerome's has had something to do with this parting of their ways, for even preachers can be jealous of each other's powers. So that when Clement arrives at Rotterdam and inquires of the monks there about his old companion, they point out to him a ship which has just left port, and can now be seen making full sail toward England.

"What, gone without me? Oh, Jerome, Jerome!" Clement exclaimed.

"Then you must be Brother Clement," said one of the monks, handing him a letter from Jerome, in which the writer told him that he might follow to England if he pleased, but that it would be better to stay behind and preach to his own countryfolk.

A SHOCKING STORY AND ITS STRANGE RESULT

THIS was indeed a cruel cut to Brother Clement; but his heart was now in his work, and next Sunday he preached a splendid sermon in the church at Rotterdam. Here he learned news that shocked him, when he was told that Peter Brandt was dead and buried, and that Margaret still lived.

The person who had told him had been a servant of the burgomaster. He did not recognize in Brother Clement Gerard of Tergou; and when he went on to tell the monk that he also knew of Ghysbrecht's perfidy in having supplied the false letter to Gerard's brothers, the monk started up wildly, and rushing headlong down the street with clenched hands and blanched face, seemed like one gone mad.

As the other stood amazed at the strange result of the story he had told, his arm was grasped by a trembling hand, and Margaret stood beside him. When he told her in a few rambling sentences what had passed, she cried, in an excited voice:

"Oh, what have you done? See you not this is Gerard? Quick! Quick! Help me to Elias, for the power has all gone out of my body!"

At supper-time, when the family had assembled around the board at Gerard's old home, it was not Margaret who came in to take her vacant place, but a Dominican friar, livid with righteous rage. Stooping over the table in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, he shrieked aloud the most terrible words of agonized reproach, to which the perfidious brothers listened in terror and dismay, and, cowering and shuddering, almost hid themselves beneath the table, while Gerard tore a letter from his bosom and flung it down before his father.

"Read that," he said sternly, "thou hard old

man, that didst imprison thy son. Read and see what monsters thou has brought into the world. The memory of my wrongs and hers will dwell with you all forever. I will meet you again on the Judgment Day. On earth you will never see me more."

MARGARET GETS HER FORTUNE TOO LATE

AND in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold and white as statues.

Rushing from the house, white and raging, Gerard passed Margaret on her way thither, but stayed not his frenzied haste; while within the house old Elias in his wrath would have killed his two evil sons had they not escaped.

The rest of the story is soon told, for all its tragedy is now before us, and nothing remains but resignation and devotion to a new ideal for its chief actors.

The burgomaster lay dying when Gerard went to see him at Tergou, intent on making him restore to Margaret her fortune, which he did, with added interest, for all the years he had wrongfully retained it. But when Margaret looked on her wealth with wondering eyes, her only words were: "Too late! Too late!" Nor did the inheritance of the property of Margaret van Eyck, who died soon after, help to dispel the cloud that had now settled upon her life forever, for Gerard had disappeared again, as soon as he knew that Margaret was relieved of all worldly need, and she thought him hard of heart to show no wish to meet her or their child, forgetting, perhaps, the impassable barrier now between them.

But when the Princess Marie heard that Gerard was now a priest, she fulfilled the old promise, and appointed him Vicar of Gouda. Meanwhile, however, the monk had been living as a hermit in a cave at Gouda, and much persuasion had to be used before he could be got to go and live in Gouda Manse, where, no longer Brother Clement, friar and hermit, he stood forth as Gerard Eliassoen, Vicar of Gouda. Many serene and peaceful years were now to be lived by Gerard and Margaret, who, though restored to each other, could never be united. He attended to his priestly duties, and she to the rearing of their son and the help of the poor.

THE DEATH OF MARGARET AND HOW GERARD'S LIFE ENDED

As little Gerard grew up he was sent to one of the most famous schools, and great things

were expected of him, so bright was his intelligence. But the plague broke out in the town where his school was, and Gerard hastened over to bring the boy away, only to find that Margaret had been there before him, and had sent her son safely off to Rotterdam; but she herself fell ill.

Gerard was thus little more than in time to be with her, and comfort her in her last moments. He read the service at her grave with scarcely a tremor in his voice. But at the sound of the earth falling upon the coffin he uttered a piercing shriek, saying to a friend who stood beside him: "Ah, Jorian, something snapped within me! I felt it, and I heard it. Here!" And he put his hand to his breast.

It was no more than a fortnight later that Gerard himself, broken in body as well as in heart, sought refuge in the Dominican convent near Gouda, and wished to be accepted there as a new brother who had come but to die.

The temporary prior of the convent was one named Brother Ambrose, who, on seeing Gerard, exclaimed, "Clement!" and Gerard said, "Jerome!" for it was his companion of many years ago.

When Gerard died, a few days later, under his linen was found a horsehair shirt, and under that a long tress of auburn hair; and when the coffin was to be closed, Jerome cleared the cell, and put the tress of hair upon the dead man's bosom.

Elias and Catherine lived to a great age, so long, indeed, that both Gerard and Margaret grew to be dim memories to them; while the yellow-haired laddie Gerard Gerardson belongs not to fiction, but to history, as he lived to be the first scholar and divine of his epoch, and was also the heaven-born dramatist of his century. Under the name of Erasmus he is remembered for all time as one of the world's great men.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

PART VI

HOW THEY SLEEP

SOME things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads
away;

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in
church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still
in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would
go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for
their heads.

Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from
dreamland fall!

THE LITTLE KITE

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite, "only try!
Or I fear you will never learn at all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded. Said he, "Good-by,
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for a flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
"And all because I was brave and tried."

SNOW IN TOWN

BY RICKMAN MARK

NOTHING is quite so quiet and clean
As snow that falls in the night;
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed
And find the whole world white?

It lies on the window ledges,
It lies on the boughs of the trees,
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen door,
With a pitiful "If you *please*?"

It lies on the arm of the lamp-post,
Where the lighter's ladder goes,
And the policeman under it beats his arms,
And stamps—to feel his toes;

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball
To throw at the man with coals,
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a piece
Of flannel under her soles;

No sound there is in the snowy road
From the horses' cautious feet,
And all is hushed but the postman's knocks
Rat-tatting down the street,

Till men come round with shovels
To clear the snow away—
What a pity it is that when it falls
They never let it stay!

And while we are having breakfast
Papa says, "Isn't it light?
And all because of the thousands of geese
The Old Woman plucked last night.

And if you are good," he tells us,
"And attend to your A B C,
You may go in the garden and make a snow-man
As big or bigger than me!"

SPRING-TIME

BY MARY GORDON

"Oh, the spring has come," chirped the dear little birds,
As they opened their drowsy eyes,
And shook out the fans in their pretty tails,
And turned up their heads to the skies.

"The spring has come," said each little flower,
As she stirred in her damp brown bed.
First Snowdrop peeped in her neat white cap,
Then modestly hung down her head.

"Oh, there is a bee!" cried Miss Clover so red;
"He's buzzing because I'm not up."
So she sprang into sight with her sweet honey-jars,
And asked Mr. Bee in to sup.

A busy time is this fresh, bright spring,
For birdie and bee and for flowers;
There's work for each in its own little world,
And joy just the same as in ours.

THE MERMAN

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks

I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily.
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily,
But I would throw to them back in mine Turkis and agate and almandine;
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly.
O, what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold

Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the
gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nearest the sea.
But if any came near I would call and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from the
dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud from aloft
All things that are forked and horned and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the
sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

SOW, SEW, AND SO

BY ROSA GRAHAM

Sow, sow, sow—
So the farmers sow!
Busy, busy all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye for bread,
So the children may be fed—
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew—
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Pinafores, and pretty socks—
So, so, so.

TRAVEL

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where, below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where, in sunshine reaching out,
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts,
And the negro hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where, among the desert sands,
Some deserted city stands,
All its children—sweep and prince—
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And, when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls—
Heroes, fights, and festivals;

And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

OLD IRONSIDES

(U. S. Frigate "*Constitution*")

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE NIGHT WIND*

BY EUGENE FIELD

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoooooo! Yoooooo! Yoooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
When I was a little lad
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother said!
And wonder what boy she meant.
And, "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooo! Yoooooo! Yoooooo!"

That this was true, I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose that when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed you're sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yoooooo! Yoooooo! Yoooooo!"

JACK FROST

Who hath killed the pretty flowers,
Born and bred in summer bowers?
Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and robin, all away?
Jack Frost! Jack Frost!

Who hath chilled the rippling river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Jack Frost! Jack Frost!

Who doth freeze the traveler's toes?
Who doth pinch the school-boy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh-bells jingle?
Jack Frost! Jack Frost!

* From "Love Songs of Childhood;" copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Elves' Busy Work.

By A.S. Webber

'T is said elves thought a lack of time
Could be the only reason
The autumn leaves were not all curled
Before the Jack Frost season.

And so all felt that duty called
To them to help the bending,
And get each leaf in autumn shape
Before to earth descending.



They climbed the trees and tried to give
Each leaf a little turning,

But many, many floated
down
While they their task
were learning.



Then back they'd climb and work at what
They thought to be their duty,
Until no leaf remained uncircled,
And autumn lost its beauty.

They worked so fast and recklessly
That every other minute
Down came a leaf, toboggan-shaped —
A merry elf within it.

I know not if this *all* be true ;
To see the elves I'm trying.
The leaves float down, and some *are* curled,
While autumn winds are sighing.





Albertine Randall Wheelan



THE CURIOUS CASE
OF AH-TOP

(A Chinese Legend)

THE slant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried,
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad.
"My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me,
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."



Albertine Randall Whelan... 1891.

At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I'm a clever man!"

I know what I will do:
I'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,

He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He found the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I'll faster go.

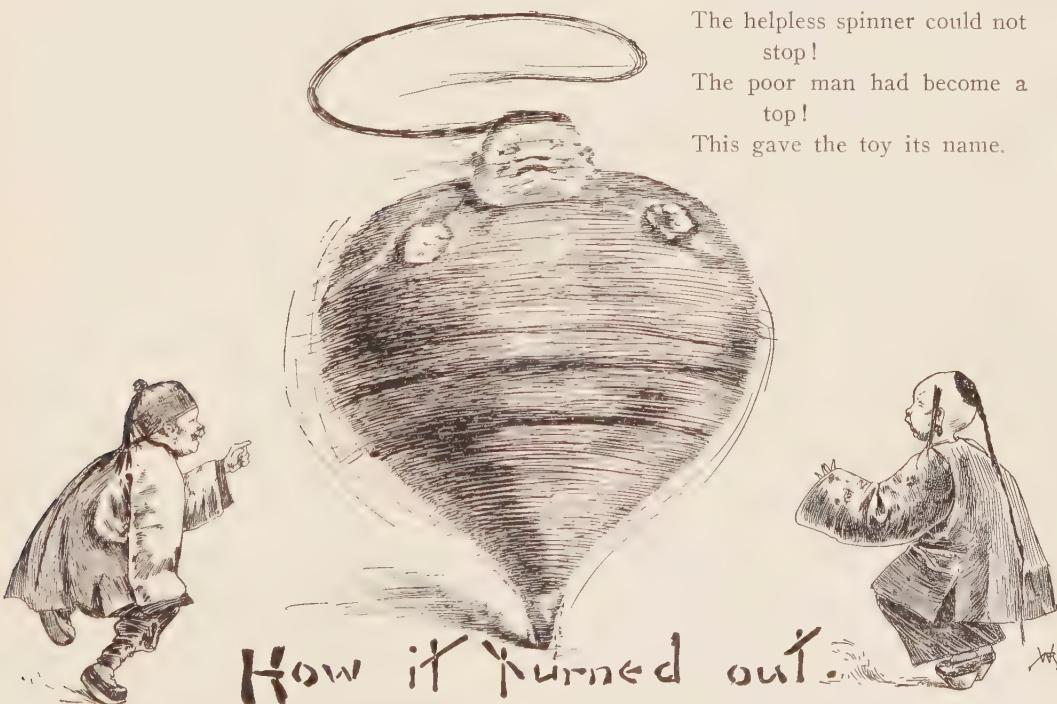
Besides, I stoppéd too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I'll turn myself the other way!"

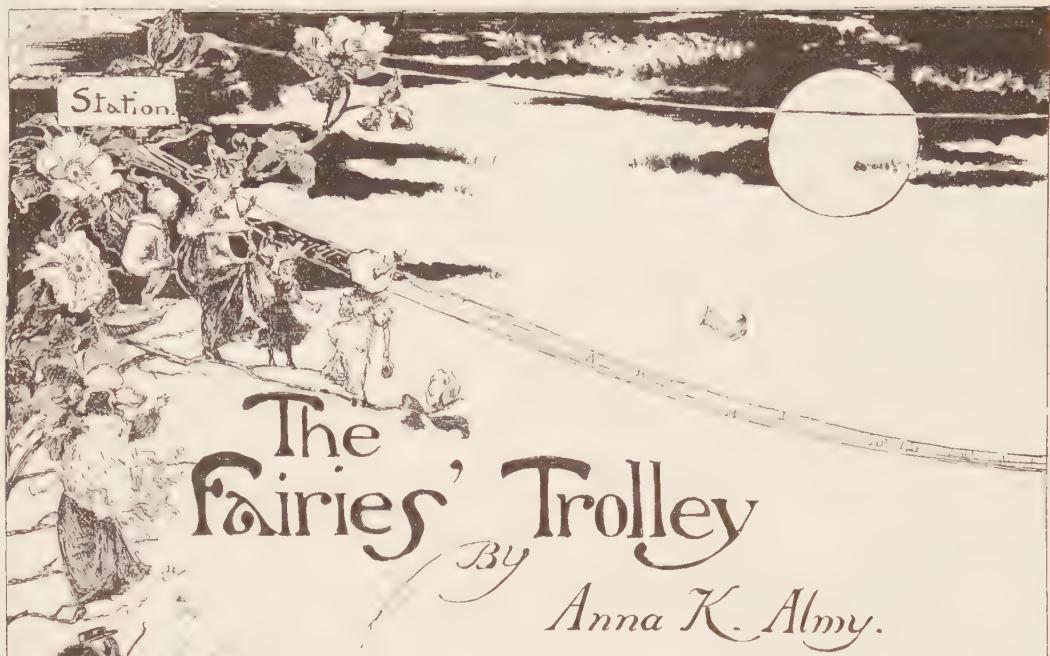
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.

An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not
stop!

The poor man had become a
top!
This gave the toy its name.





The Fairies' Trolley

By Anna K. Almy.

The Fairies laugh at mortals' folly
For boasting of their wondrous trolley,
For they were first, I know it well,
To run a line from dell to dell.

The spider spins, of course, the wire,
The fire-flies make the sparks of fire;
The line is hung from tree to tree,
And the motor-man is a Bumble Bee,



For he can hum and buzz, as well
As clang the gong, a big blue-bell:
His uniform is black and yellow,
He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the Wasp must take
For he can stinging speeches make.
"All aboard! Don't take all night!"
"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"

So if you find the Fairy Dell,
Listen for the big blue-bell;
You'll hear the train go whizzing by,
But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye.



WILLARD DOHERTY

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE

OH, Friday night's the queen of nights, because
it ushers in
The Feast of good St. Saturday, when studying
is a sin,
When studying is a sin, boys, and we may go
to play
Not only in the afternoon, but all the livelong
day.

St. Saturday—so legends say—lived in the ages
when
The use of leisure still was known and current
among men;
Full seldom and full slow he toiled, and even
as he wrought
He'd sit him down and rest awhile, immersed in
pious thought.

He loved to fold his good old arms, to cross his
good old knees,
And in a famous elbow-chair for hours he'd take
his ease;
He had a word for old and young, and when
the village boys
Came out to play, he'd smile on them and never
mind the noise.

So when his time came, honest man, the neigh-
bors all declared
That one of keener intellect could better have
been spared;

By young and old his loss was mourned in cot-
tage and in hall,
For if he'd done them little good, he'd done no
harm at all.

In time they made a saint of him, and issued a
decree—
Since he had loved his ease so well, and been
so glad to see
The children frolic round him and to smile upon
their play—
That school boys for his sake should have a
weekly holiday.

They gave his name unto the day, that as the
years roll by
His memory might still be green; and that's the
reason why
We speak his name with gratitude, and oftener
by far
Than that of any other saint in all the cal-
endar.
Then, lads and lassies, great and small, give ear
to what I say—
Refrain from work on Saturdays as strictly as
you may;
So shall the saint your patron be and prosper
all you do—
And when examinations come he'll see you safely
through.



WILLARD
BONTE

St. Saturday

THE SOCIAL SEASON

BY



Albertine Randall Wheelan

CATHERINE MARKHAM

WITH Pussy Willow's April cards
The social season is at hand.
Her outdoor functions are most swell,
With music by the Tree-toad band.



THE TREE-TOAD BAND.

All May the Birds keep open house;
And every nest has some young thing,
To celebrate a coming-out,
Or at a matinée to sing.



AT FIREFLY'S CARNIVAL.

Daisies and Buttercups receive
On every pleasant day in June;
One meets there Butterflies and Bees—
The dancing lasts till rise of moon.

And after Ladybug's "At Home,"
The world of fashion all is bid
To Firefly's carnival, or hops
With Cricket, and with Katydid.

The Owl and Bat have their "All Nights";
The Kittens give green catnip teas;
The raw-food lunch is Chipmunk's fad;
Dormouse delights in husking bees.

Such blithe affairs in constant round
A smart-set Elf of course attends;
No wonder rest-cure is prescribed
Just as the social season ends.



A FASHIONABLE "COMING OUT."



A LEADER AT THE "HOPS."



THE REST-CURE.



THE PLAYING CHILD TO THE READER

COME, play with me!
Under the boughs of the chestnut-tree,
Here and there and all about,
And we can shout
And run
In the yellow sun;
And you can say,
"When I was eight years old
I used to play this way."
And there 'll be flowers of gold
And silver-buckled bees,
And very tall green-armored trees
Like knights,
And oh! such lovely sights!
The sky all satin blue,
And clouds that hang in rows
Like children's little clothes;
All fluffy white they blow!
And then we 'll play some more,
The sunny spots are open sea,
And you with me will sail and sail;
And if there comes a windy gale,
We 'll step upon the shore,
And that will be
The shadows on the grass!
And we shall watch the kinds of boat
That in the sea of sunshine float;
Now there will be the daisy craft

With linen sails all white,
And on the right
The dandelion raft,
What fun to see them pass!
Come out this happy day!
Come out with me and play!

Yes, do come out!
And we will wander all about,
And you shall see
How nice a place this world can be!
For there are brooks,
And fairy books,
And every kind
Of odd and funny tree,
And we shall find
By the ocean, up and down,
Or in the street, or in the town,
So many things to see and do,
Where there are ships and lights,
And, too,
Things that look quite good to eat;
Just lots of pretty sights!
And you shall play some games of mine.
Ah! out of doors it 's fine, just fine.
Oh, come, do come away
This happy day, and play!

Emily Rose Burt.

THE BOOK HOUSE



A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in your Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they ask for all we learn.

John Martin

• This BOOK belongs to •

BOOK TREE

ABOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.

Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For years and years the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's best for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he needs and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

• John-martin •

H.S.



